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IMPRESSIONS

OF

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN EUROPE:

BEING

NOTES OF SUCCESSIVE JOURNEYS

IN

GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, AND THE LEVANT.

BY

WILLIAM EDWARD BAXTER.

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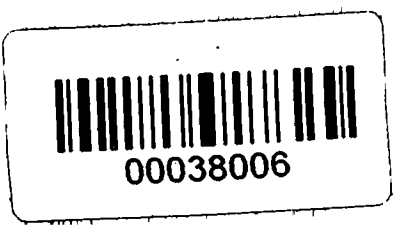

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PREFACE.

FROM the date of Napoleon's exile until the month of February, 1848, few events occurred on the continent of Europe, of sufficient importance to interest the British public. So quiescent were the nations, that John Bull relapsed into a state of something like profound indifference with respect to the politics, religion, and social economics of those various races, who, at the commencement of the present century, fought for conquest or for freedom on countless battle-fields. The events of the last two years have, however, awakened a spirit of inquiry which will render more or less acceptable the publication of extracts from the note books of those who have lately been abroad, especially such extracts as have reference to questions affecting the future prospects of powerful commonwealths and dynasties venerable from their antiquity. Being firmly persuaded that the existing generation will witness mighty changes in the poli-

tical arrangements of the Continent, and that the recent measures of certain courts, who imagine that liberal ideas have been uprooted by armies, tend to hasten rather than to delay the crisis, I have endeavoured, in the following pages, to direct attention to some facts and opinions relating to these deeply-interesting movements; at the same time that I have attempted to describe, in few words, the scenery of the beautiful countries through which I journeyed.

The chapters on Switzerland contain, in addition to what now for the first time appears in print, the substance of a few papers formerly furnished by me to a periodical publication; but the greater part of the volume consists of revised notes of a tour commenced so lately as March, 1849.

Dundee, 22d January, 1850.

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IMPRESSIONS

OF

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION. — TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT. — HEIDELBERG. — BANKS OF THE NECKAR. — AGRICULTURE OF WIRTEMBERG. — FRUIT TREES. — STUTTGARD. — REVOLUTIONISTS. — POLITICAL EDUCATION OF THE GERMANS.

This is emphatically the age of locomotion. "Men run to and fro over the earth," exploring the desert plains of Africa, the inhospitable interior of Australia, the passes of the Himalayas, and the sources of those mighty rivers which flow from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. The spirit of modern adventure has opened up every country which the three great oceans lave; even artisans in England now read of the manners and customs of nations of which their fathers knew nothing; whilst European ships anchor as fearlessly in the deep bays of New Zealand, or on the storm-beaten shores of Patagonia, as did the galleys of Venice in the Ægean Sea. The British merchant and the British mis-

sionary may be found civilising cannibals in the Antipodes. The centre of the African continent alone remains a real "terra incognita." At our own fire-sides, when frosts and snow render the open air uninviting, we can travel in any part of the world to which our fancy leads us, and enjoy with adventurous men the wild sports of Maories or Chippeways. Wonderfully does the printing-press conduce to the mental happiness of man! Allied to the ship and the Bible, it becomes one of the most powerful instruments provided by God for the civilisation of the human race. That its influence be exerted for wise and virtuous ends, should be the anxious desire of every one who loves his fellow-creatures, and wishes to promote good-will on earth.

In these days of "excursion trains," "congresses," and "pleasure trips," the continental tourist attracts a very small share of public attention; the mass of readers preferring works relating to territories more distant, comparatively unexplored, and as yet beyond the pale of civilisation. When one can read of Polynesia, Oregon, California, Chinese Tartary, or the Celebes, he cares little for books upon "Central and Southern Europe."

But there are others deeply interested in the social and political movements of this stirring time, to whom even "impressions" of those countries now so unsettled and disquieted may not be unacceptable. Their whole mind dwells with eagerness

on the present state of Europe, anxious to investigate the causes of revolutions, of national prosperity, adversity, and demoralisation, and of religious ardour or decline. Few studies can be more profitable than that of the people of Christendom in the nineteenth century. Our newspapers publish column upon column of "foreign intelligence;" correspondents send them daily communications from all parts of the Continent; throughout the British Islands the words "Hungary," "Rome," "France," "Prussia," "Germany," "Switzerland," and "Denmark," are on men's lips; and therefore do we hope our remarks may not be reckoned redundant, or unsuitable to a travelling and book-making age.

Of mere journals the British public have enough. Every circulating library teems with volumes narrating the towns and countries passed through by tourists during a few weeks' residence on the Continent; indeed, Rhenish Prussia, and France, may now be considered as well known as English counties, and much better known than the splendid highland scenery of Ross-shire, or the noble bays on the Atlantic coast of the Sister Isle. The political economist, likewise, has published his views of matters abroad, affording valuable information to the thinking philosophical mind, although unsuitable to the reading multitude. In the succeeding chapters we have endeavoured to record observations likely to be interesting to both parties. That

our sentiments will not meet with general concurrence we expect, but it is consolatory to know that many men of great acquirements and European experience heartily approve of them all.

We, for obvious reasons, shall not weary the reader with a narrative of visits paid to the churches of Belgium, with descriptions of Paris and the cities of France, or trips on the banks of the Rhine; but pass on at once to begin our remarks at a beautiful little town on the confines of Central Europe, often visited, but not sufficiently admired.

Who has not heard of Heidelberg, — that seat of ancient learning and modern radicalism? For ages its university has been crowded with students, who, spreading over all parts of Germany, have exercised no little influence on national politics, besides extending the literary fame of their *alma mater*. The town boasts of a most magnificent situation at the base of wooded mountains, on the left bank of the Neckar, not very far from the junction of that river with the Rhine. Overlooking the houses stands a ruined castle of great extent, where formerly the Electors Palatine held court, regaling their friends with the contents of the great wine-tun, now as empty as the fortress which guards it. How we enjoyed a ramble among the groves and gardens which adorn the terraced walks on the hill-side, and from which a view is obtained more beautiful far than any which tourists have witnessed between Coblentz and Bingen! In

the foreground, beneath us, were the antique buildings, clustering around a stately church; the fine old bridge spanning the river; and the villas of the opulent burghers embosomed amongst foliage. Beyond, our eye wandered over the Rhenish valley, till it lighted on the indistinct summits of the Vosges. We lingered a few days at this lovely spot, fortunately long enough to witness a thunderstorm of extraordinary violence. The houses in the square seemed to shake; their inhabitants were dumb with astonishment, as peal after peal awoke the echoes of the impending rocks, and prepared the way for the waterspouts of heaven. Even now we think with awe of the roar of that artillery.

Glad to escape from the beaten track of tourists, we followed the course of the Neckar as far as Heilbroun. There is a wildness in the midst of fertility, about the banks of this stream, which one seldom meets so near the great highways of nations. Within a few miles of Heidelberg are scenes resembling more those to be witnessed in the Highlands of Scotland, or the lower valleys of Switzerland, than any in populous Germany. The road, however, soon leaves the rocky glen, through which the river forces its way, and traverses an open country, where barley, rye, potatoes, and tobacco are the staple crops. Not an isolated house there presents itself, the people all living huddled together in villages; a precaution quite

necessary in former ages, when every man's hand was against his fellow. The fields around these hamlets are much more fertile than those at a distance from them, it being difficult to convey manure in sufficient quantities to the latter. The absence of cattle grazing surprises the Englishman who travels in this, as well as most other parts of the Continent. These animals are, in most European countries, fed within doors; their owners alleging, with some reason, that much valuable food, which oxen tread under foot in Britain, by this means is saved, while, at the same time, the cows thrive remarkably well in their confinement. We have made particular inquiries on this last point, and find men in lands far apart coinciding in opinion that this habit is not prejudicial to the health of cattle. A perfect avenue of fruit trees, — walnuts, pears, apples, and cherries, — extends almost the whole way from the suburbs of Heidelberg to the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and from thence onwards to Heilbroun. When will Englishmen be sufficiently civilised to permit such ornaments to flourish, unmolested, on their highways? Alas! in most parts of our country, fruit in exposed situations is never allowed to ripen; the law of *meum* and *tuum*, if known, being by no means respected. Even the privilege of walking in public gardens we grossly abuse. This destructive spirit is not creditable to the nation; it indicates a lamentable want of proper feeling, of

that refinement which gives dignity to the character of man.

It is a pretty drive from Heilbroun to Stuttgard among the tobacco-fields and vineyards of northern Wirtemberg. The peasantry wear the usual blue cotton blouse or frock-coat, and a singular three-cornered cocked hat, the latter of which has rather a ludicrous appearance. The women are exceedingly plain-looking: you always find them at work among the crops, and perhaps this exposure to the weather mars their beauty. We were not much impressed with the splendour of Stuttgard. It is a very ordinary sort of place, with little of a metropolitan aspect, and no buildings to boast of except the Palace. Nevertheless it stands in a pretty valley, blessed with abundance of good things. Yet perhaps nowhere in Germany does the spirit of disaffection, — of restless, meaningless inquietude, — more widely prevail. The people seem swayed by hastily conceived impulses, tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, grasping at shadows without substance, anxious to revolutionise society on no fixed plan. It is strange how ill-considered are the movements of some well-educated clever men, who at present preach discontent on the Continent. They really do not know what they would be at; their sole object *seeming* to be to emulate the Parisians, and perform a notable *coup-de-main*. If this opinion be incorrect, on what principle can the outbreaks in

Wirtemberg and Baden be accounted for? Earnestness in the support of wise and rational reforms in government we admire. It has saved our own country from untold disasters. But no such laudable feeling actuated those bloodthirsty anarchists who have of late been playing their part in southern Germany. They profess hatred to tyranny only to get an opportunity of tyrannising themselves. Without one quality requisite for statesmen, they would at once seize the reins of power from Hamburgh to Constance. We hope that the cause of liberalism will not long suffer from the fanaticism of these erring men.

Ever since the revival of letters in Germany, mental speculation has absorbed the attention of it authors; suppositions, ideas, theories, imaginations, without end, having emanated from their pens, addressed, not to the public, but to those possessed of a smattering of scientific knowledge. Unlike the writers who influence affairs in England, these philosophers only dream: they live not in a real but an ideal world; their startling opinions producing discussion for a while, but speedily sinking into oblivion. In no country of the world do books circulate more freely: perhaps a greater number of works appear annually at Leipsic than in any other European or American town. But neither reading nor writing proves sufficient in itself to *educate* a nation. A country may be thickly planted with schools, and yet the

minds of the people remain uncultivated. This is emphatically the case in Germany, where multitudes can read or write without ever exercising their faculties as morally and intellectually responsible beings, capable of acting, thinking, and speaking for themselves as part of the great family of man. Their newspapers are not read by the masses, but by the shopkeepers and literati. Who ever hears of the debates in their representative assemblies, or of the cases in their courts of law, being made public so extensively as in England? They want freedom of movement. *Drilled* into many customs of themselves beneficial, they lose individual energy and become mere machines, fond of theatres, coffee-houses, tea-gardens, concerts, and, in fact, every occupation which requires no mind.

Such a population afford excellent materials for serving the ends of political dreamers and enthusiasts. Englishmen examine every new theory, whether in politics, morals, or religion, with scrutinising care; their common sense rising against visionary projects; their free intellectual development detecting impracticable schemes; but in Germany no such tests need be feared by the expounders of any novel system. Let it be ever so absurd, multitudes of people, *educated* in the common schools, will fight in its support, and to insure its triumph brave every obstacle. The people are speculative not practical. This unfortunate state of matters has conduced in no small degree to the

fomenting of anarchical disturbances in Baden as well as other provinces. Enthusiastic theorists proclaimed all sorts of wild notions; the dull, ignorant mass of the labouring people responded to them under the influence of temporary excitement, and evil spirits from every part of Europe gladly rushed to the scene of conflict, adding fuel to the flames of social discord and ready to shed their lifeblood in attacking existing institutions.

CHAP. II.

GEISSLINGEN. — NATURAL SCENERY. — VIEW OF ULM. — BAVARIAN PLAIN. — DRESS OF THE WOMEN. — AUGSBURG. — RAILROAD TO MUNICH. — THE LATE KING. — BUILDINGS OF THE CAPITAL. — ENGLISH GARDENS. — BAVARIAN BEER. — SUNDAY IN MUNICH. — LOVE OF AMUSEMENT CHARACTERISTIC OF FOREIGNERS. — ATTEMPTS TO ASSIMILATE THE TASTES OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN GREAT BRITAIN WITH THOSE OF GERMANY. — PLEASURE VERSUS POLITICS. — YOUNG ENGLANDERS. — INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS. — THEIR INJURIOUS EFFECTS IN ITALY. — ARMY OF BAVARIA. — EDUCATION.

The first village on the great road between Stuttgard and Munich is Esslinghem, on the banks of the Neckar. The hill-sides in its vicinity are covered with vineyards, while in the plain patches of maize here and there appear. In this part of the country the rural population work from morning to night in the fields, exposed to every variety of weather. Men and women look much more unhealthy than the generality of those English factory operatives over whose lot so many philanthropists have lamented in undue degree. The ground is well tilled; the crops flourish; the farm-houses seem abodes of plenty; but the peasantry, with their decrepid frames and worn-out countenances, mar the pleasing effect of the landscape. On leaving the little market-town of Goeppingen, the scenery

becomes striking. On all sides rise hills of the most fantastic shape: at one time a perfect cone appears before the traveller; at another his prospect on the left is bounded by a gigantic pyramid. Indeed, we almost fancied ourselves in the great valley of the Nile, when passing Hoe-Stauffen and the other singular mountains which so much resemble the mighty mausoleums of Egyptian kings. To these hills succeeds a no less curious valley, or rather gorge, guarded on both sides by lofty wooded eminences. We stopped at Geisslingen, a pretty village situated in this narrow cleft. On ascending the hills, we found a table-land stretching away for many miles on a level with their summit and covered with low brushwood. Many and beautiful are the woodland walks above the village: along them, in the "twilight hour," descended herds of goats; the copses being rendered musical with their tinkling bells. In long strings, like camels in the East, they wended their way down the rocky pathways, till they reached their nightly abode. Many a time by the mellowed light of a setting sun, when the church-bell had just ceased its toll for vespers, and a delightful quiet pervaded all nature, have we watched these active denizens of the mountain-sides, trotting along on their homeward journey, followed by their sturdy overseer, a rosy-faced youngster, carrying some trophy of his day's adventure to grace the shelves of his poor abode. A rural scene like this is a joyous, a tran-

quillising sight, which reconciles one to the crosses of his worldly lot. He feels as if these peasants had found true happiness on earth. Alas! a more intimate acquaintance with their feelings would dispel the vain illusion:—

> "True happiness is not of earth;
> The search is useless if you seek it there:
> 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
> And only blossoms in celestial air."

The pass beyond Geisslingen, at the southern extremity of this pleasant valley, terminates in a bleak, bare, dreary table-land, dividing the plains of the Rhine and the Danube. Vegetation of every kind is stunted here; the rye crops are diminutive in stature and blasted in appearance. Slowly our voiture rolled along this waste, till, arrived at the brow of the hill, we looked down on the vast fortifications of Ulm. The name of this irregularly built dirty old town recalls many incidents in the history of Europe. Surveying its situation, we could fancy ourselves in the presence of French and Austrian armies, striving to outmanœuvre and circumvent each other. The calm, cautious Moreau, baffling the schemes of the still more timid Archduke Charles, rose before us; at one time the plain seemed alive with Gaulic cavalry, pressing on to Hohenlinden; at another, we had visions of Britain's squadrons following John of Marlborough to conquer at Blenheim. The prospect was a

martial one, for that valley has too often been the battle-field of Europe.

But, shaking off these recollections, we must pursue our more peaceful progress across the dark rapid Danube, and along the plain of Bavaria. This is emphatically a hay country. Meadows of it extend as far as the eye can reach, varied only by slight-rising grounds, on which rye and barley are cultivated. Fashion is regulated by no law, at least if we may judge from the dress of the Bavarian women. They wear a skull-cap on their heads, attached to which, and hanging down the back of the fair lady, are three or four ribbons. Their gowns are richly embroidered with various designs and colours; while a load of necklaces, ear-rings, finger-rings, and ornaments of all descriptions, complete their inconvenient costume. We slept at the village of Gunzburg, and next afternoon drove into the famous city of Augsburg, so celebrated in the history of the Reformation. Even yet, it is a literary place, and boasts of a newspaper which has perhaps the largest circulation of any in the world. High walls, and fourteen steeples, give an imposing appearance to this town. We welcomed the presence of railway carriages in which to perform the tedious journey from the banks of the Leck to the city of Munich. A dull uninteresting plain it certainly is; but beyond its sandy downs, far in the distance, we could see the bold outline of the Bavarian Alps. Can there be anything more

pleasing than, after travelling for days over a plain, all at once to come in sight of lofty mountains? Few travellers are ignorant of the delightful sensation experienced on such occasions. We recollect well with what joy we welcomed the wooded summits of the Alleghanies, when ascending the valley of the Patapsco, after a journey of several weeks along the flat Atlantic coast of the United States. We gazed on the snowy summits of these Alps, until the whistle of the locomotive announced the proximity of a capital.

Munich, the chief city of the Bavarian dominions, is one of the handsomest towns in Germany. Its palaces and picture galleries, — its theatres and churches, — vie with the most magnificent buildings on the Continent. The late king had an extraordinary *craze* for fresco-painting; so much so, that almost all the public erections, inside and outside, have been disfigured with specimens of this art. He was also — that is to say, before Lola Montes won his "young heart" — a most devout Roman Catholic. Frequent journeys to the Eternal City, — the building of splendid places of worship in many marts of the kingdom, but especially in the capital, — and the discontent of his Protestant subjects, testified his zeal for the faith as held by the disciples of the Vatican. But now these pursuits are forsaken. Discarding religion and the fine arts, he has vacated his throne to bow at Venus's ignoble shrine. How little was such a consummation thought of, when

Louis swore everlasting fealty to the holy Church at the feet of Peter's successor!

The situation of Munich—on a flat sandy plain, watered by the glacier-coloured Isar—is the very reverse of picturesque. Yet its fine wide streets, its noble buildings, and its collections of pictures, have acquired for it the reputation of the most interesting capital in Europe. We spent a week in visiting its various exhibitions, and *certes* they are on a scale of wonderful splendour. One cannot help thinking, after wandering through the regal halls glittering with gold, that they are quite out of keeping with a petty German sovereignty, and that the treasures expended in their gaudy decorations might have been laid out to much better purpose in promoting the real interests of the nation. The new Palace is a monument of royal extravagance, as well as of artistic taste. The Library in Ludwigstrasse, a fine building 520 feet long, contains 800,000 volumes, along with many old manuscripts of great value. We inspected with peculiar pleasure an autograph letter of Luther's, preserved in it. In the same street stands the University, attended by 1400 students; and beside it the gorgeous church of St. Michael. But there are two buildings in Munich, both situated in the Faubourg Maximilian, and both remarkable specimens of architectural skill,—the "Glyptothèque," or gallery of sculpture, and the "Pinacothèque," or gallery of painting. The statues in the former are

arranged in different halls, to represent the progress of the art: the first being the "salle Egyptienne,"—the twelfth and last the "salle des Modernes." It would be in vain to attempt a description of the master-pieces in marble, which King Louis has preserved there. The picture-gallery is similarly arranged; it contains 1300 works, chiefly by men whose fame has long ago extended over Europe. At the conclusion of a few days' wandering in Munich, the stranger feels convinced that frescoes must be as cheap there as plaster of Paris. We have never liked that kind of painting since witnessing its profusion in Bavaria. It was pleasurable to escape from its glare to the English gardens, which extend for several miles on the north-east of the city, and are watered by numerous branches of the milky Isar. There is no artificial stiffness about this noble park. Its ancient trees, extensive ponds, groves, temples, and statues, are mingled together with great taste, affording a delightful promenade for the citizens. It is the very beau-ideal of a pleasure-ground; no other garden in Europe can be compared with it in point of beauty. Munich is generally reported to be an immoral town. As far as drunkenness is concerned, we think the charge proven; although even in that respect it contrasts very advantageously with our large Scottish cities, so sadly demoralised by low disreputable whisky shops. Bavarian beer has a Germanic fame. We much admire the beverage, but in warm weather

one is apt to take too much of it, as the noise to be heard in the coffee-houses of Munich testifies. In sober Germany, it is unusual to meet with drunken men in the streets. This makes their prevalence in the Bavarian capital still more striking. We spent two sabbaths there. The shops were all closed during both forenoon and afternoon services — a circumstance which goes far to disprove the assertion, so frequently urged as an excuse for the profanation of the after-part of that day in Popish countries, viz., that, according to the Romish Church, the sabbath ends at twelve o'clock. If this be the case, why is business suspended during the entire day? Mass over — the whole population of the city flock to the beautiful "English Gardens," to wander about on the banks of the swift-flowing Isar, and listen to regimental music in shady groves. Many travellers have expressed an opinion that the custom, so universal on the Continent, of the townspeople spending their evenings, especially their sabbath evenings, in coffee-houses and tea-gardens, is preferable to the manners of our British population. They love to place the thoughtless German workman in a much more favourable light than the intelligent artizan of England. They forget that the former acquires by his habits a love for excitement, a longing after something new, which incapacitates him from adequately fulfilling the duties of a husband and a parent; — they forget that a man thus devoted to pleasure is miserable

alone, and very liable to neglect the interests of an eternal world. These habits of constant diversion have, we are persuaded, been nurtured in Germany by the Church of Rome, in order to turn away men's minds from study and thought. The encouragement of idleness and gaiety amongst the people, is just one of those masterpieces of worldly policy which have so unworthily distinguished the Antichrist of prophecy. Never may we live to see the day when the peace and serenity characteristic of a Scottish family circle, assembled around the domestic altar on the Lord's day evening, shall be changed into the giddy mirth and unreflecting jeer of a German coffee-house or a Bavarian beershop! Sorry are we to notice the existence of a party in Great Britain, who wish to raise the condition of the working classes by means of amusements. These people think that society is in a deplorable state, — that we are on the verge of national ruin. Good old customs have been neglected; discontent has usurped contentment's throne; low characters are taking a part in politics; aristocratic prerogatives are in danger. To remedy this frightful state of affairs, it is proposed to employ the people in playing at cricket and handball, instead of giving them books to read. Newspapers are to be eschewed as dangerous; whilst those who formerly read them are to be invited to prize-fights and running matches. We heard one disciple of this school lately advocating, with great warmth, the claims of Punch and

Judy. This intellectual exhibition he regarded as the great desideratum of the age, — one effectual means of preventing the spread of bad principles among the working men. These Young Englanders wish to bring back the feudal ages, — to arrest society in its march, — to stop the progress of knowledge, — and discourage the study of politics. Amuse the people, is their constant advice. Give them tennis-courts and nine-pins, and you may shut up the libraries and reading-rooms. The sabbath is to be made a holiday, rather than a day set apart for religious observances. Innocent pleasures are to be encouraged after forenoon worship; every puritanical rite is to be abolished. Thus are they to save Great Britain from a fate worse than that which befel Carthage and Rome. Now these experiments have already been tried with modern society. In Germany, pleasure-seeking has prevailed for a long course of years, — and are *its* inhabitants in a sounder political state? Let Anglo-Catholics study the condition of Baden, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Prussia, and answer that question. Instead of rendering demagogues less dangerous, the love of amusement which characterises foreigners has given them a double power. The workmen of Britain study; therefore their struggles are bloodless: abroad, you have coffee-houses, games, holidays without number, theatres, Sunday-pleasurings, — and together with these things, desperate political fights, fearful discontent,

legalised murders, martial law, sieges, and bombardments. Many an English enthusiast has painted in glowing colours the happiness, contentment, and comforts of foreign communities, disturbed by no Chartist meetings, no Anti-Corn-Law Leagues, no politics-loving artizans. Outwardly all was prosperity. Tea-gardens were open, but club-rooms were shut; the great and noble alone being allowed to interfere with government, while their inferiors amused themselves and were obedient. Since the publication of these vain imaginings, the storm has burst forth. In a voice of thunder, Europe has proclaimed that lasting prosperity and peace can only be obtained by educating the people, abolishing class privileges, destroying every vestige of feudalism, and placing the *enlightened many* in the possession of power. This Young-England theory of amusing the masses, betrays a perfect ignorance of human nature; it is a chimera of which every child's book of history shows the absurdity. These men talk of new discoveries; but they are behind the age: they are like the last of the Aztecs, who, when the flag of the Spaniard waved over Tenochtitlan, clung to the fortunes of Montezuma's race, and called aloud for vengeance from the teocallis of their gods.

We do not intend, in these remarks, by any means to depreciate out-door amusements, many of which are of the greatest utility. They might with advantage be practised by the working classes

much more frequently than at present; but at the same time it is necessary to keep them in their own place, and not talk of them as substitutes for literary or political study. This is the age of thought. With the frivolities of medieval times we have long ago done. Those who wish to elevate the condition of their fellow-men in the humbler walks of life must seek to improve them by means of publications, lectures, reading-rooms, and such like useful appliances, not by endeavouring to reduce them once more to a state of intellectual serfdom. Vain will be all attempts to check liberal principles, to prevent the spread of knowledge amongst the people, and to restore veneration for rank by encouraging mere amusement. Those who harp upon this panacea for social disorder are two centuries behind the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The same class of people who prescribe holydays and cricket as a remedy for social ills, generally tell us much about the beneficial influence of the fine arts on national character. "Oh that the artizans of England could be induced to spend the time which they can spare from their work, and their wickets, in gazing on those noble pictures which adorn the galleries of Italy! Can we by any means create in these Chartists a love for painting, sculpture, and theatrical representation?" So say our friends who think Great Britain will be ruined by literary clubs, political mill-workers,

reading-rooms, and newspapers. They beat the air; for more substantial pleasures must be provided for the men of this nineteenth century.

Pictures, architecture, and statuary are not to be neglected in their proper place. Every civilised people displays a taste for them; in their production, talent of a peculiar kind finds scope; we derive pleasure from their exhibition: man to dispense with them must return to a state of barbarism, and even then the artist haunts him.

But to say that the people of this country manifest their inferiority to the Flemish and Italians by preferring the useful to the fine arts, and applying their intellect to inventions and pursuits which materially improve their social state, besides sharpening their mental powers, is to take a very unphilosophic view of civilisation. Nothing in our opinion more forcibly illustrates our advancement in wisdom, than this indisposition to sacrifice our leisure time and surplus capital to painting and palace-building. Mind becomes more active, the moral faculties shine brighter, when the fine arts do not so exclusively occupy public attention. How immeasurably more intellectual and enlightened is the essayist, the mechanic, or the manufacturing inventor, than even your Raphaels, Vandykes, and Thorwaldsens! To illustrate this position, let us compare two countries,—the one noted for its attention to the useful arts, the other glorying in its pictures and sculpture.

Let Scotland and Bavaria appear. Say, ye admirers of Michael Angelo, which of these two nations has advanced farthest in civilisation; — mentally and morally, which of them deserves the prize? Call us Vandals and Ostrogoths if you please, but give us the former with her engines, her factories, her magazines, her reviews, her railroads, her charitable institutions, and her churches, and we leave you to experiment till patience fails on the morals, mind, and religion of painting-adorned Munich.

Good people cease not to speak of the humanising, civilising, softening effect of the fine arts. Can they refer us to that chapter in European history which shows this? for we have searched in vain. Humanising indeed! Look at Italy. Go with us to the palaces of Genoa, erected by architects of no common fame, — enter the picture-galleries of Venice, — inspect the statuary of Milan and of Rome. During prosperity, when riches flowed into that peninsula like a river, when her merchants acquired princely fortunes in the Eastern trade, the people did what a certain class wish England now to do, — they turned their minds to the fine arts, leaving mental science, politics, mechanism, manufactures, and literature to after generations. On all hands rose splendid palaces, designed by men whose study had been solely architecture, — churches adorned with every device which artists could think of were built, —

paintings could not be finished fast enough to meet the demand, — treasures were exchanged for well executed statues, and Italy became one vast museum. Did all this outlay, — did this taste for fine works of art benefit the people? Experience declares to us emphatically that thus was brought about their commercial, mental, and moral ruin. The capitalists of that country sunk their means in unproductive enterprises. The mouldering palaces of Venice, the half-tenanted mansions of Genoese nobility, remain as warnings to all nations not to neglect the useful for the ornamental, or misemploy their precious time. We shall tremble for Old England when she begins to emulate foreign countries in spending money upon paint and marble, when it can be so much more profitably employed in ships, books, manufactories, and machine shops.

"How inferior are Britons to Italians in point of taste!" we hear young gentlemen and ladies from London observing to each other in the galleries of Florence. They know not what they speak of. The taste of Englishmen, fortunately for their country's sake, lies in a more advisable direction. Pictures they can admire like other men; palaces with finely executed masonry they now and then erect; a sculptor may, in their principal towns, gratify his love for the chisel's work; but they have no *taste* for national decay, they do not relish the prospect of sharing a fate which an inordinate

taste for the fine arts materially assisted in bringing upon Italy.

Let these remarks not be misunderstood. They might be made by Michael Angelo as well as by the political economist; one may be a devoted admirer of pictures and still think it unadvisable that to them the attention of a nation should be CHIEFLY directed. We may travel over Europe, inquiring into the condition of the masses in every land, but, like Dr. Goldsmith, at the end of our pilgrimage, we exclaim, —

> "Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
> That bliss which only centres in the mind."

By the exposition of paintings or sculpture, you will never make men love the fine arts, if their taste is not in that direction ; but by substituting such exhibitions for newspapers, books, and literary clubs, you may produce a mental inactivity by no means favourable to a nation's prosperity, or its progress in those arts which tend to the advantage of the multitude. The press is a far more powerful instrument for the civilisation of a people than galleries of pictures.

Like too many continental countries, Bavaria supports an army out of all proportion to the population. Every seventy-five people have one soldier to protect them and live upon their industry: in times of peace, however, leave of

absence is given to a large proportion of these warriors.

A lamentable amount of ignorance prevails among the labouring class in this kingdom; notwithstanding the elementary schools, of which there are many, higher branches of knowledge cannot be learned out of the larger cities. Superstition, and a blind adherence to the dogmas of Romanism, tend to perpetuate this state of things in no small degree.

Few countries in Europe have been the scene of more memorable conflicts than Bavaria. Catholics and Protestants fought on its plains before Gustavus Adolphus conquered on the banks of the Lech. Farther north, the names of brooks and villages recal to our mind that campaign which Marlborough ended on the field of Blenheim; while Ulm, Ratisbon, Echmuhl, and Hohenlinden, are places familiar to the reader of French history. Let us hope that a happier destiny awaits the country in that good time coming, when spears will be turned into pruning-hooks, and swords into ploughshares, when the nations will no more learn the art of war.

CHAP. III.

LEAVE MUNICH. — PEASANTRY. — TEGERNSEE. — ALPS OF BAVARIA. — AACHENSEE. — GRANDEUR OF THE MOUNTAIN PASSES. — DESCENT TO THE VALLEY OF THE INN. — INNSBRUCK. — SCENERY ON THE RIVER. — LABORIOUS HABITS OF THE TYROLESE. — THE FINSTERMUZZE PASS. — PILGRIMS. — SOURCE OF THE ADIGE. — MERAN. — CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL. — DEVOTION OF THE PEOPLE TO ROMISH CEREMONIES. — NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION. — ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM ABROAD. — SUPERIOR FERVOUR OF THE ROMANISTS. — CAUSE OF THIS. — UNITY OF THE PAPAL CHURCH APPARENT, NOT REAL. — CONNECTION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE. — ITS EVILS. — VOLUNTARYISM THE TRUE REFUGE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

We left the Bavarian capital without much regret; for, although containing many gorgeous galleries of art, its frescoes become wearisome, and one is glad to escape from the noise of beer-shop revelry. The sun was rising behind the Plain of Hohenlinden, when we passed the sentinel at the gate; before us rose the snowy mountains glistening in the morning rays, while at the bottom of a grassy slope were the glacier streams of

"Isar rolling rapidly."

A change was now observable in the dress of the peasantry. Men and women alike wore the conical hat, so peculiar to the Tyrolese, and generally or-

namented with a bunch of flowers. The houses, too, were different from those of Northern Germany, being no longer built of substantial brick, or of baked mud, but of wood, with balconies and decorated fronts. At Holzkirchen, the first stage from Munich, we recommend all travellers to dine, for there they may obtain an excellent meal, with abundance of Bavarian beer, for sixpence. In the afternoon we left behind the pine-forests of the plain, and reached an undulating meadow-land, fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers of endless variety and every hue. Neat châlets and romantically situated chapels enlivened this peaceful landscape,—hermitages where the toiling trader might forget the sorrows of a changing, discontented world. At the base of the mountains, buried in their wild embrace, lies a lake of the most exquisite loveliness, gazing on which the traveller stops to wonder if he really beholds the land of fairy kings and elfin queens. On the greenest banks were the peasants' cottages, with their tidy plots of ground attached; above them a distinctly marked line pointed out the separation between the hardwood forest trees and the pines; while here and there minarets of rock pierced the blue canopy of earth. You think of Rasselas's Abyssinian lake when passing by the rippling waters of Tegernsee. We were now fairly in the mountains, following the course of a noisy torrent, through woods of exceeding beauty, as far as the Baths of

Kreuth — a favourite summer lounging-place of the Bavarian noblesse. The road from these mineral waters to the frontiers of the Tyrol passes through the wildest gorges of the Bavarian Alps, where jungles of copsewood alternate with rocks and pine plantations. Not a dwelling enlivened our path, save the log-huts of the cow-herds, who spend there some months every year making cheeses. The Austrian custom-houses crown the summit of this pass. We exchanged civilities with the officers, and then drove along the banks of a mountain torrent, which rises in the Aachensee. There is a silent sublimity about the scenery in the neighbourhood of this lake which awes the stranger. Its waters are of the deepest mazarin blue; lofty frowning rocks rise abruptly from its edge; on every side aiguilles of the most fantastic forms shoot out from among the forests — guardian genii of the scene. The road is either hewn out of the cliffs, or carried on wooden galleries above the lake. All is stillness and solemnity in this palladium of Alpine nature. As you pass musingly along, no sound meets your ear save the gentle breaking of the little waves in the hidden caverns below, or the shrill note of the kingly eagle whirling around the pyramids of rock.

On reaching the farther end of this secluded tarn, we crossed an elevated table-land, and descended a valley surpassing in sublimity even Aachenthal itself. Oh for the pen of Milton to

describe that chaos of impending precipices, peaks, waterfalls, and foliage, which snowy mountains guard, and only wolves inhabit! Again and again we stopped to ponder on the majesty of the prospect. The pass terminates at the meadows, through which the river Inn pours its deep and rapid glacier flood to Salzburg and the Danube. The cottages in this part of the country have a highly picturesque appearance, with their wooden roofs covered with large stones to prevent damage from storms. Each has beside it an immense pile of firewood, most systematically built, and ready for use during the long winter.

The first thing which the traveller notices particularly in this plain is the excessive number of monasteries, once rich and powerful, now reduced both in resources and influence, but still exercising a most pernicious effect on the morals of the people. Throughout the Tyrol, monks and friars abound, lazy good-for-nothing fathers, who live on the earnings of the toiling peasant, and exact for themselves a degree of reverence due to God alone. Often have we seen the poor mountaineers falling prostrate on the path, that these begging gentry might tread on their bodies. We long to see the Christianity of the Bible introduced into these valleys, that monasteries, rich and poor alike, may be hurried into a speedy decay.

On the road-sides we observed crosses and images at almost every turn, before which men, women,

and children chanted their *Ave Marias* on their way to work. It is no uncommon thing to see human beings ardently embracing the most hideous representations of the Virgin Mother or the crucified Saviour. How melancholy to witness a chivalrous people thus polluting the worship of the King of kings! "These be thy Gods, O Israel!" say the blind teachers of the Tyrolese.

We much enjoyed our drive up the banks of the Inn, through extensive fields of Indian corn and meadows watered by tributary streams, to the picturesque old town of Innsbruck, so famed in the history of the country of which it is the capital. It is an interesting place, with antique houses, spacious streets, and strong defences. Instead of crossing over to Venice by the Pass of the Bremner, we shaped our course up the banks of the Inn, that, by making a *detour*, we might see as much as possible of the Tyrol.

Nothing can surpass the romantic beauty of the mountains between Innsbruck and Landek. At one time they present to view lofty symmetrical cones, at another sharply outlined pinnacles, and occasionally peaks of the most fantastic forms. Nearly all the Tyrolese hills are thus shaped, few of them having massive rounded summits, like those in our native land. The effect of the scenery is thus much enhanced. Every turn of the road opens up new points of beauty. Sometimes we were travelling far up on the hill-side, the river

rushing impetuously at the base of the precipice on the edge of which we trod; at other times we were driving over hay meadows, watered by the same stream, meandering peacefully.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Tyrolese are a handsome, merry race, whose life is a pleasure, and whose cares are few. Incessant toil is, on the contrary, their lot; their looks betray anxiety; they too frequently sink into premature old age. Women and children all labour in the fields, for it requires industry to provide for the winter wants of the family, to say nothing of the countless friars who demand a share of the good things. Instead of envying these people, we felt sorry for their lot. The valley of the Inn abounds in churches, so that the inhabitants are in no want of religious instruction, *such as it is.*

The clouds were rolling below the mountain summits, unfolding pointed rocks, glaciers, and deep ravines, by turns, as we entered the stupendous scenery of the Finstermuzze Pass, on the confines of Switzerland. In that defile, buried, as it were, from mortal ken by the ranges of a land too little known, rock vies with rock, cliff overshadows cliff, forest trees are crowded with aerial crags into a chaos of interminable gloom; while the river, dashing its spray over the foliage, is spanned by a rustic bridge, beside which a little chapel invites the entrance of the pilgrim saint. Whilst we gazed on the awe-inspiring spectacle, a number of Ro-

manists, on their way from Italy to worship at some northern shrine, passed hurriedly by, never looking at God's wonders displayed before them, but repeating audibly, and with great earnestness, those paternosters, which, according to their spiritual teachers, facilitate the road to heaven.

Meditating on nature's glories and man's folly, we ascended the hill and reached the cold inhospitable valley at the base of the Gloththurn, which forms the cradle of the Adige. Snowy summits, elevated some 10,000 feet above the sea, surround the birthplace of this well-known stream, and from their glacier caverns send down torrents of milky white, to water the olive-yards of Italy. On the bleak grassy plain below, the dun-coloured cattle of the Tyrolese pass their days, and at sunset hour every village market-place is filled with flocks of goats, returned from their scanty pasturages on the neighbouring hills. In the morning, you are pierced by the keen winds of this Alpine region; in the evening, you may be sitting luxuriously among the vine arbours of Meran, basking in the sunshine of a climate oppressively warm: so striking are the variations of temperature in the vale of the Adige.

The peasantry of this province are a hard-working race. Louis Blanc's fraternisations of idleness meet with no support from them. On the first dawn of daylight the men are found hurrying to plant the corn; the women to weed the bean fields

and prune the luxuriant vines with which the hill sides are clothed. The former are in general good looking; but the latter bear marks of toil, and seem afflicted, to an unusual extent, with bodily defects. The men wear a broader brimmed and lower hat than their brethren in the northern valleys. They have also a curious usage in respect to another part of their dress. Wide braces, of a red or green colour, are worn above the vest, covering nearly the whole of it. The low ground near Meran is laid out entirely in grass parks, irrigated from the neighbouring streams, and separated from each other by rows of willow trees. Below the grape festoons on the hill sides, Indian corn, beans, rye, and barley are planted, so that no ground may be lost. Nothing can exceed the devotion of the people to the Romish ritual; the village churches are every evening crowded with zealous worshippers, assembled to offer up the customary vespers and chant their hymn of praise.

We spent a Sabbath at Meran,—a little paradise in the midst of mountains. Early in the morning, from our window we could distinguish groups of peasants, in their best attire, winding down the sides of the hills, amidst the foliage of the vine, the mulberry, and the olive, and doubtless repeating their matin prayers. We mixed with the crowding congregation assembled at the Virgin's shrine, heard the Ave Marias, and witnessed the benediction pronounced by the officiating priest. Motionless was

that mass of human beings as the cup and wafer were exalted, and their minister partook of "Christ's very body and blood." Their devotions, however, can scarcely be called a weariness; for, no sooner did the chapel clock strike twelve, than every coffee-house and wine-shop opened, to regale those merry votaries of Rome. The sins of the week were soon forgotten, as the goblet circulated freely, and the sturdy mountaineer led off his lady fair in the mazes of the dance. This is a sort of religion against which the natural man will not rebel. How pleasant to sin freely all the week and be absolved by a reverend friar on the Sunday! Speaking of friars, this valley abounds with them; on the roads they are continually to be met with, and very unpleasant glances do they cast upon you, if you neglect the usual salute. We shall not soon forget the scowl of a sackcloth girded monk, to whom we omitted to do obeisance after the orthodox plan, as he passed us on the streets of Meran.

Oh! what noble Protestants these mountaineers would make! Yet Protestants exist not in the Tyrol. Amid the glorious scenery God is not worshipped in spirit and truth. The state of religion in that province proves how necessary it is for man to have a revelation of his Maker's will, and how impossible it is for him to learn his duty from the manifestations of nature alone. Standing before his chalet door, the Tyrolese looks down upon a

wild torrent or a deep blue lake, reflecting in its still waters the multiform images of the objects around, and bearing on its surface the tiny bark which unfurls its latine canvas to the evening gale. He looks up to the aiguilles, the summits of which even the chamois never trod, or the dark precipices on which the eagles flutter, or the snowy domes which seem to touch the heavens. And, after gazing on a prospect so ennobling, he stoops to kiss a good for nothing monk, to worship a gaudily dressed doll! Ensnared by cunningly devised fables, he adores the creature, amid the stupendous monuments of a Creator's power. Send the Bible to these valleys, ye who esteem it, and the Tyrol of Hofer may yet be free.

The contemplative traveller who visits these mountains has the religious state of the continent forced upon his consideration. He cannot avoid it. The manners of the people, the condition of the churches, the crucifixes by the way side, the monks and friars who beset his path invite his attention to this important subject.

We believe that a good deal of misconception prevails in this country regarding the position and prospects of both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant church abroad. No profound thinker has yet investigated, for the public benefit, this deeply interesting subject. Our periodicals, works of travel, and missionary societies, no doubt give publicity to many facts pertaining to these com-

munions; but we lack a man of powerful, grasping, unprejudiced mind, to discuss, philosophically, the causes which have led to the present religious state of Europe. Information, to be permanently useful, must be connected. Intelligence without reasoning and deduction takes little hold of the mind.

Perhaps we may thus, in some measure, account for the delusions prevalent even amongst educated people in Great Britain, respecting the popish clergy on the Continent. Do not ministers of religion frequently describe them as sunk in the grossest ignorance, enjoying princely incomes, and committing the foulest crimes? None of these charges can be truthfully urged in this nineteenth century, however correct they might have been before society emerged from the darkness of mediæval times, and the French armies pillaged the rich sanctuaries of Christendom. In very few countries, at the present day, are the revenues of the Roman Catholic priests excessive. Indeed a small proportion of the monasteries and convents retain possessions adequate for the support of their inmates in luxury, or even comfort; and hundreds of these establishments may be considered as closed, the brethren and sisters who linger within their walls being preserved from starvation by the benevolence, either of private individuals or of strangers. Begging friars swarm in some Papal countries; a rich ecclesiastical establishment being looked upon

as a rarity. The eloquent enemies of Popery, who tell Englishmen of clergymen living in opulence and splendour, need not look beyond their own island for notable examples of the evils they so vigorously denounce. The wealth of British and Irish bishops would fairly astonish many an ecclesiastic on the Continent. No members of the Protestant Episcopal churches in England or Ireland should animadvert upon the richness of Romanist priests, or their undue exaltation above the people whom they serve. How would many a continental bishop envy the occupants of sees not far from London!

Again, it cannot be denied that the laws of such religious fraternities as that of the Jesuits, and even the commands of the Papal Church, in certain circumstances, afford a direct encouragement to sin. Well meaning men have been by them led astray, the wicked and designing meanwhile eagerly embracing holy orders, which place them under no moral restraint. But whilst so far we admit that corruption even now taints the Papacy, we by no means sympathise with those uncharitable ones, who represent the great body of that church's clergy as willing criminals against the laws of God. On the contrary, we believe that thousands of them lead spotless lives in the faithful execution of those duties devolving upon them and endeavouring to show themselves examples to their flocks. We go

a step further, in order to declare our conviction that many of these parish priests preach more scripturally, evangelically, and piously, than no small proportion of ministers connected with the Reformed faith. British Christians travelling abroad have been surprised to hear the Gospel proclaimed with feeling in Popish churches, whilst in English chapels, in every part of the Continent, the clergymen read mere moral essays, which Plato might have composed and Mahomet approved of. Not that these simple-minded labourers deny the errors of their church, but they declare the truth despite of them, and, making no noise in the world, their teaching continues uninterfered with by the superior clergy.

No one who has had opportunities of contrasting Protestant and Roman Catholic congregations abroad can have failed to notice the superior attention and fervour of the latter. Every worshipper seems absorbed in his devotions, regardless of strangers, time, or place. He fixes his eye intently on the altar where stand the sacred symbols of divinity; heartily he joins in oral praise, and steadfastly he follows the ritual on his prayer-book. His whole soul appears engaged in the service of God.

How differently does the Lutheran worship, as he lolls in his pew, gazing indifferently around him, evidently regarding the sermon as nonsense, and the prayers as relics of superstition! His atten-

tion every sound distracts, he praises with the lips alone; the heart refuses to comply.

Of course, we do not mean that piety has no existence in the Reformed churches, or that all Romanists manifest religious zeal; but, that fervour characterises the latter and spiritual deadness the former, few who know any thing of the matter will be inclined to question. Nor need we go far to discover for this position of affairs a sufficient reason. The Papist believes salvation to depend upon ceremonies, fasts, prayers, communions, confessions, recitals, pilgrimages, and other outward observances; therefore he strives to attend to all these duties rigidly, and he finds little difficulty in complying; for no doctrine recommends itself more effectually to the carnal nature of man than that of justification by works. He prays, praises, and recites fervidly, because he believes that by thus doing he obtains eternal blessedness.

The Protestant, on the other hand, has been taught to regard all ceremonies as utterly valueless in themselves, and as mere incentives to the devotion of the heart. Salvation, his creed tells him, depends upon the belief of abstract truths. Bodily exercise he holds as unprofitable, his Master requiring mental conviction, real repentance from sin, and a reception of the Gospel in the love of it. Such services are by no means of so easy performance; the man who would walk hundreds of miles to visit a holy shrine, crawl on his knees over the

cold stones, recite paternosters till speech failed him, rivet his gaze on altars, and scourge his body as the priest required, shrinks instinctively from a doctrine lightly esteeming all such observances, and exalting in every act of worship the intellect and soul. We believe the superiority of Roman Catholics to Protestants, in devotional fervour, to arise solely from this simple cause.

The apparent unity of the Papal Church has no inconsiderable effect in attaching the people to it; not that in reality its votaries believe the same truths any more than do Reformers, but that its machinery so works as to hide all jarring and discord. Those who have mingled much with Roman Catholics on the Continent know very well that doctrines — as far sundered as the poles — obtain credence among members of that communion. Calvinists and Armenians, Episcopalians and Independents, Puseyites and Covenanters, Evangelicals and Socinians do not differ more in sentiment than do Popish priests and Popish people in various circumstances and various parts of Europe. But this fact the masses do not understand; they worship a unity, not of opinion, but of form alone.

Unfortunately, some Protestants, who ought to know better, have fallen into the same snare. On this delusive principle has Frederick William of Prussia founded the so called Evangelical Church, which, in reality, has no doctrines at all. Such unity impedes, not assists, the triumph of the

Reformation. It is a mockery of Christian alliance, having all the evils and none of the advantages of that apparent harmony which characterises the million congregations composing the structure of the Papacy.

It must be allowed that since the times of the early Reformers, great spiritual deadness has distinguished the Protestant churches abroad; that they have made no progress in popular affections; and that Roman Catholicism has gained, rather than declined, in influence for a long period of years. This fact cannot be controverted; but it can be accounted for. The main cause of Protestantism thus losing ground, we believe, to have been its secularization: its unhappy connection with national governments.

Observing the powerful influence exerted by Christianity on the human race, statesmen bethought themselves of making it subservient to their ends. For this purpose they resorted to bribery, represented the inadequacy of voluntary contributions to maintain, with a due regard to the requirements of clergymen, the various officers connected with the Christian church, and held out the bait of sufficient revenues paid out of the state treasuries. By accepting these offers, the church became a mere political engine, controlled in all its movements by another power, interfered with at every step by men of no religion, and employed

to rivet upon a persecuted race the chains of absolutism and tyranny.

The national churches of Switzerland and Prussia are as much parts of governmental machinery as militia or police. Politicians bend them at pleasure, councils and cabinets insist upon implicit obedience from them, as national institutions. Even in Scotland we know what it is to govern by means of the clergy. Thus situated are all the Protestant churches abroad. The people regard them with the same feelings as they do soldiers, statepaid schoolmasters, and excisemen. The Roman Catholic church occupies a different position. It acts independently of state control; receives the emoluments, but yields no obedience in return. It has no king but the ecclesiastical Cæsar: no laws but those which emanate from the Vatican. It stands, therefore, on vantage ground compared with the establishments of the Reformation; the people see and acknowledge its superior position.

This distinction shrewd men have not failed to discover in all ages since Luther appeared. A church professing Protestant doctrines, paid by the state, yet not subjected to state control, was a favourite idea with the divines of the seventeenth century. The Free Church of Scotland and the Anglo Catholics in England did not originate the plan. They but follow the example of Roman

Catholics, and the advice of many excellent Reformers who perceived the evils of Erastianism.

Experience and history have, however, utterly condemned such an arrangement. No religious establishment supported by national funds can exist except under national supervision. Churches cannot be allowed to be independent of, and yet dependent upon the state. Spiritual powers of this kind would be subversive of all liberty; they would act as the Papacy has done in crushing freedom of speech, and preventing the development of mind; for belief in certain prescribed forms of doctrine does not change man's heart or afford a guarantee to society against religious tyranny. Several countries have tried this experiment without success. Late events in Scotland emphatically pronounce it to be in practice unsuccessful.

If this scheme be dangerous to society and practically valueless, where then must we look for a refuge to the Protestant church from those evils which have afflicted it, since the electors of Germany spread over it their protecting shields? New England, the United States of America answer the question. Reformed Christianity to maintain and extend its influence, to prevent the progress of a rationalistic deadness, and stand its ground against the church of Rome, must renounce the patronage and pay of the civil power, as well as its control and interference. Society will not now tolerate any ecclesiastical *power* in its midst; it

requires the management of its own concerns, not the substitution of one dominant authority for another.

No state, no church has any right to address a motley assembly of people, and say, you must worship after this fashion, or you must pay so much for the support of religion. In this solemn matter, every one must be left to act as conscience dictates; to compel either adherence or payments is altogether at variance with the Christianity of the Bible, and unspeakably detrimental to the interests of the church.

The two things — government and worship — must be divorced. There exists no connection between them, except the latter be considered in the same light as an effective system of police. We believe, with all deference to good men who hope for Anti-Erastian establishments in the Millenium, that there cannot be any medium between churches shackled by the civil power — somewhat in the position of that Prussian institution, whose ministers are required by government to preach from particular texts on particular days — and churches as unconnected with the state as literary associations or missionary societies.

The comparative merits of the two arrangements may now be studied by those who look at Switzerland and Prussia on the one hand, and Scotland and the United States on the other. In the two former, freedom of sentiment has no existence;

religion being an engine of state, a part of the system of government. Conscientious ministers are forced to leave their flocks at the point of the bayonet, while vice reigns unchallenged in high places and low. On the contrary, the two latter, with their network of churches, schools, and colleges, their missionary institutions and agencies, their religious liberty, and their comparatively moral people, present spectacles which the eye rests on with pleasure. We speak of Scotland in the same category as New England, because the great majority of her people support dissent. Statesmen may shake their heads, churchmen may give battle to intellectual progress; but, notwithstanding an advocacy in too many instances injudicious, the Anti-state Church Associations have the best of the argument, and triumph will yet crown their exertions.

CHAP. IV.

VALLEY OF THE ADIGE. — BOTZEN. — TRENT. — THE BRENTA. — MISERY OF THE PEOPLE. — PLAIN OF ITALY. — VENETIAN VILLAS. — VENICE. — HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS. — FIRST SAIL IN A GONDOLA. — ARMENIAN MONASTERY. — POLITICS OF THE VENETIANS. — THEIR RELIGION. — SUNDAY EVENING IN THE PIAZZA ST. MARCO. — STILLNESS OF THE ISLAND CITY. — RAILWAY VIADUCT. — PADUA.

THE valley of the Adige opens up considerably as you approach the busy little town of Botzen, still the greatest mart for merchandise in the Tyrol, though shorn of that importance with which it was invested, when Venice, mistress of Mediterranean commerce, transported by this route the luxuries of India to the sons of the north. Here we entered the region of mulberry trees, denoting the presence of the useful silkworm. The walnut also abounds, supplying the people with a valuable vegetable oil. The only means of conveyance in this part of the Tyrol, to the traveller, who has been improvident enough not to bring a carriage along with him, are heavy lumbering omnibuses, vehicles, the excessive ponderosity and slowness of which would awake, on behalf of the unenergetic population, the loudest sympathies of Brother Jonathan. The modern maxim, "Go ahead," is little understood

there; the natives being the happiest of mortals, when immured inside of an omnibus during a roasting summer day, with a full complement of passengers, all air carefully excluded, every gentleman puffing his tobacco, and the horses proceeding at the rate of four miles an hour.

The feudal castles between Botzen and Trent are both more numerous and more romantically situated than those on the Rhine. As we espied the church towers of the latter city, we thought of the proceedings of that famous council which sat there for eighteen years regulating the ceremonies of the Romish faith. A miserable population inhabit the adjoining country, which is at no time free from the malaria arising from undrained marshes. The priestly owners of the soil of course never dream of improving it, or of rendering these pestilential bogs fit for the abode of man; their intelligence corresponding, not with the increased knowledge of the nineteenth century, but with the antiquated wisdom of their historic council. You find them exactly what they were in 1545,—an unenterprising and slothful order of men, who act as an incubus on the progress of society, and everywhere perpetuate the national lassitude.

Ascending the heights on the east of Trent, we had a splendid view of the ancient city, and there parted for a while with the Adige, to meet it again under the battlements of Verona. The road led through plantations of beech copsewood, and along

the shores of little lakes, to the upper part of the vale of Brenta, where we observed a great change in the state of the country and its inhabitants. The carefully cultivated lands of the Upper Tyrolese had given place to the garden of the sluggard; provisions were unpleasantly dear; the houses wretched, generally devoid of chimneys, and their inhabitants wandered about with looks of deep dejection, clothed in the veriest rags. The deplorable poverty and filth reminded us of southern Tipperary. The only objects of interest in this dismal valley are large buildings for the feeding of silkworms and the winding of the silk, the latter being done after the insect has been killed by immersion in hot water. It requires six weeks feeding to prepare it for this process, and during that time the consumption of mulberry leaves is astonishing. In these factories vast numbers of people are employed; but the work is said to be unhealthy.

The Pass of Covelo terminates the vale of Brenta; on emerging from it, we, for the first time, beheld the great Italian plain. A short drive along its dusty roads conducted us to Bassano, an ancient and regularly fortified town of 10,000 inhabitants, the silence and gloom of which might induce the stranger to believe himself treading on the Roman pavements of Pompeii. But wearying of such spectral cities, with their alarmingly dirty inns, we travelled post haste along the straight highways, between barley fields and vineyards, to the

shores of the Adriatic. The country residences of Venetian noblemen lined the road; their grotesque and statue-decorated pleasure grounds leading us to put them down as the greatest Goths and Vandals in the world. An Englishman cannot conceive of anything more helplessly ugly than these Italian gardens; their stiffness gives him an unfavourable impression of the people, before he has spent an hour in the country.

At the dirty village of Mestre we were beset by scores of clamorous boatmen, eager to paddle us over the clear lagoon to the "City of the Waters." Seating ourselves on the prow of a tiny bark, we were swiftly rowed down the canal, and turning abruptly round the corner of a fortified dyke, the gondoliers stopped suddenly, and with looks more expressive than orations, pointed proudly to their fondly loved Venezia. *We* kept silence also, for the occasion admitted not of words. Sparkling in the rays of a bright morning sun, we gazed on the "Queen of the Adriatic," reposing calmly on the sea. Like the masts of a Britannic frigate were the spires of her holy fanes. Lost in wonder, buried in thought, we heard a distant chime "stealing slowly o'er the waters." The vision before us was real; the sound came from no fairy dwelling; it was the bell of St. Marco's tower.

What recollections crowd into the mind of a traveller, when for the first time, seated in his gondola, he is paddled over the shallow lagoon

separating Venice from the Italian continent. He thinks of those halcyon days, when the republic sent her navies to command the Levant, and her armies to overawe the monarchs of Germany. Long before Holland obtained a pre-eminence on the seas, when England was yet an obscure semi-barbarous power, the "City of Palaces" monopolised the commerce of India, extending her sway over regions even beyond the limits of Christendom. Her merchants, like those of Tyre, were princes "trading in blue and purple from the isles of Elishah," and "importing the white wool and wine of Arabia and Damascus." Well might the Doges of such an enterprising state wed the Adriatic!

But the boatmen are now increasing their exertions as they draw near the canal, along which we sail into the midst of the city. The gondola passes swiftly a noble marble palace of some ancient family, and we scarcely have time to admire it, when a sudden turn brings us into the grand watery thoroughfare which bisects the town, and is bridged by the massive Rialto. On every side are those splendid dwellings which tell of a bygone age, some of them yet tenanted by descendants of their former lords, others transformed into public offices or the abodes of humble gondoliers. That mansion is now an hotel; the one opposite, the consulate of England, — the republic's successor in the empire of the seas. The scene is truly exciting,

as we pass the marble dome of Santa Maria della Salute and disembark in front of the Doge's Palace, where two Athenian pillars, trophies taken in former wars, guard the entrance to the Place St. Marc. Near them is the famous Campanella Tower, the view from the top of which is of a most novel character. We enjoyed it in a fine summer's day, when the peaks of the Styrian and Tyrolese mountains were distinctly visible. Even the highland near Trieste was faintly discernible; while westward our eye wandered over the vineyards of Italy. Below us lay a city with 142 canals instead of streets, 100,000 pleasure-seeking inhabitants, marble palaces towering above the houses, and church domes overtopping them in turn. Several small islands intervene between the city and a long narrow bank of sand called the Lido, which protects the buildings from the swell of the Adriatic. Asylums, quarantine stations, and monasteries, occupy these oases in the watery waste, and vessels of all nations lie at anchor quietly around their walls.

We visited the Armenian monastery of St. Lazarus, situated on one of these islands, and were kindly shown over it by a brother of the order. The fraternity consists of about forty monks, natives of Armenia. They are possessed of considerable revenues, which they expend in printing works of all kinds, secular as well as religious, for circulating among the four millions of their countrymen

scattered over the world. In one room we were astonished to see Finsbury printing presses busily at work throwing off a translation of our English Penny Magazine.

Venice remains as it was when its rulers defied Barbarossa's arms; but, alas! how degenerate the inhabitants! The pursuit of pleasure, that idol of theorists even in our own land, is the engrossing employment of young and old, rich and poor. The effeminate heir of a hard-earned fortune rises at midday to sip ices and smoke cigars in the coffee-houses of the Piazza, till it is time to frequent the billiard rooms or the theatre; the gondolier plies his oar for an hour or two in the morning, that he may spend the afternoon and evening in sleep and idleness. But we hope that Austrian despotism has now fairly roused the spirit of the past. Long have Venetians endured it; but there is a point beyond which even lovers of amusement cannot be driven. This truth the House of Hapsburg know full well; the state of its coffers show it. We should like to know how much money has been expended in reconquering Milan, trying to crush Hungary, and cannonading Venice. Before these wars broke out, we remarked the antipathy with which the people of the latter city regarded the troops of Austria. There was no friendly interchange of civilities between the native nobles and the officers; even the ladies, who generally are little loth to cultivate the society of military men, seemed

to avoid the imperial uniform in the cafés and places of public resort. The Austrians were even then hated as the conquerors of Italy, the foreign occupants of a country which once was free. This feeling we observed to prevail over all Venetian Lombardy; subsequent events have proved its intensity; and neither the talents of such veterans as Marshal Radetzky, nor the misrepresentations of London newspapers, will prevent it one day proving triumphant.

We are sorry to observe that the religion of the Venetians is now a mere name. Seldom do they even attend mass. Infidelity widely prevails, especially amongst the higher classes, with its attendant evils — a lax morality and a love for foolish amusements. The Cathedral of St. Marco is a gorgeous building, in the Saracenic style, situated in the Piazza. A few people were there on Sabbath morning to hear masses said for the souls in purgatory, and contribute a zwanziger to aid their departed relations in their attempts to get out of that dreadful abode. Beyond this, we observed no celebration of Jehovah's praises, or calling upon his name in the great congregation. It is only on feast days that the priests themselves worship. If the churches were empty on the Sabbath, not so the coffee-houses or the gondolas. Buying and selling also were going on as usual, both in the great square and the inferior steets. Towards evening, when the intense heat of a July day had

given place to the cool Adriatic breeze, what a scene presented itself on the Place St. Marc! The Austrians during our visit were in full possession; and the band of the guards played in the centre of the spacious quadrangle. Men of all nations were there — from the tall athletic Englishman, to the self-satisfied Turk. Romish priests and Jewish rabbis, German officers and Armenian monks, fleeted about in the glittering throng; while elegant Venetian ladies sipped ices at the café doors, enjoying the music, the costumes, and the twilight air. This evening was that of the Sabbath! Most of these idlers were professing Christians!

Life in Venice we should weary of very soon. Lovers of painting and antiques may delight in its fine art galleries; but there is far too much indolence and luxury for us. We had seen all the lions and longed for the country once more. Tired of spending day after day in exploring tortuous canals, or still more tortuous alleys, in the mazes of which so many travellers lose their whereabouts, we had sailed over to the Lido, and walked on its cool sands. But go where we would, there was no green thing, no sound of carriage, or tread of prancing steed. Nothing was visible but marble palaces, — nothing audible but the warning cry of gondoliers, the chime of bells, and the breaking of the waves on the Lido's shore.

We passed under the Rialto for the last time, said farewell to many a subsidiary bridge over

narrower channels, and soon were outside "the renowned city which was strong in the sea." The reader wonders that we have said nothing about Titian's pictures, the Doge's palace, its sunken dungeons, and stately halls, that we have not quoted largely from Shakspeare, or even mentioned the Bridge of Sighs. It would be tedious in us to attempt a description of such well known objects: we are recording our "impressions" of Venice, not giving an account of what the stranger sees there.

A handsome viaduct now connects, or rather did connect, for we know not what mischief cannon balls have recently effected, the city with the mainland; railway Vandals having invaded even the dominions of the Adriatic. Its destruction is ardently prayed for by sentimental tourists. The road to Milan leads through a populous country along the banks of the Brenta, where are situated scores of Venetian villas. The most remarkable, and certainly the ugliest, feature in the pleasure gardens of these mansions is the number of statues, of all sorts, colours, and sizes. Their uncouth proportions are often perfectly ludicrous; yet not a single individual seems to possess enough good taste to dispense with them. Lofty dykes or embankments have been built to protect the villages and fields in this vicinity from the inundations of the Brenta, which, at certain seasons of the year, pours down terrific floods from the mountains of the Tyrol.

The first city on the route is Padua, the seat of a famous university, which, in later years, has lost much of its former celebrity. An air of desolation pervades the streets; and half inhabited houses testify that the glory of this Alma Mater has passed away.

CHAP. V.

PADUA TO VICENZA.—VERONA.—ITS AMPHITHEATRE.—HOUSES OF ROMEO AND JULIET.—FORTRESS OF PESCHIERA.—LAGO DI GARDA.—AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT IN LOMBARDY.—FUNCTIONARISM.—THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.—ERROR COMMITTED IN EXTENDING GERMAN DOMINION ACROSS THE ALPS.—DISCONTENT OF THE INHABITANTS.—AGRICULTURE IN LOMBARDY.—TENURE OF LAND.—IRRIGATION.—INDIAN CORN.—WINTER MEADOWS.—VALUE OF LAND.—PARMESAN CHEESE.—SILKWORMS.—MULBERRY TREES.—POVERTY OF THE PEASANTS.—ABSENCE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

A RICH and productive country intervenes between Padua and Vicenza. Indian corn is the staple grain; the fields being separated from each other by rows of walnut trees, upon which, in most places, the vines are carefully trained. In every plot of ground you see groups of husbandmen, hoeing the corn land, or providing for its effective irrigation. The latter operation they perform by means of the mountain streams, which are carried over the soil in artificial channels, so as to neutralise the effects of a burning sun. These rivulets in general descend from great elevations, thus acquiring in their course sufficient impetus to prevent the waters from stagnating on the plain.

Vicenza stands finely on undulating ground, a little way from the base of the Tyrolese mountains.

We have unpleasant recollections of the road westward from it, which has scarcely a single curve. You see many miles in a straight line ahead, on both sides are stupid willow trees, each one the exact counterpart of its neighbour, while every now and then a cloud of penetrating dust overwhelms the hapless traveller.

Between the hills which form the eastern shore of the Lago di Garda, and that assemblage of rugged peaks which act as an Alpine body-guard to Monta Novegno, there is a narrow valley, through which the Adige pursues its course, after leaving Trent in the Tyrol. Stern and wild is this part of northern Italy; but at Rivoli new prospects burst upon the traveller. Suddenly he emerges from the mountain gorges, in full view of the plains of Lombardy, with the river rolling its majestic floods into that land of vineyards, one of Europe's favourite battle-fields. Not far from the boundary of this champagne country, built chiefly on a commanding eminence overhanging the left bank of the Adige, stands the ancient city of Verona, once an independent capital, afterwards a Venetian dependency, then conquered by French valour, and now chief town of an Austrian province. A modern castle occupies the summit of the rising ground, and many buildings of unquestionable antiquity, scattered in streets and squares, recall the days of ducal greatness. But the lion of the place is the Roman amphitheatre, a vast pile of stones and

mortar, similar to the Colosseum, where the masters of the world feasted their eyes on infuriated beasts and dying gladiators. The arena is in wonderful preservation; it is a noble ruin, which has survived many other memorials of a bygone age. But there is another respect in which Verona is interesting to the English stranger. In addition to its historic celebrity and its venerable monument, it enjoys a fame as being the scene of Romeo's love, and the city of the Capulets. The mansions of these personages are still pointed out by all the *ciceronis* with as much gravity, as though romance were history. The reader will recollect that it was within the fortifications of this town that the venerable Marshal took his stand last year, and defied every effort of the Piedmontese to dislodge him. As we left Verona by the western gate, we entered upon a more uncultivated and barren district, than exists anywhere else between Milan and Venice. The fields were covered with large round stones, indicative of their having been formerly under water; the crops of maize did not seem to thrive, and were often separated from each other by morasses. Before entering the fortress of Peschiera, beautifully situated at the point where the Mincio flows out of the Lago di Garda, the road is carried over several high embankments. This place has, since our visit, become famous in the records of warfare; patriot battalions have besieged it, and German regiments directed its murderous

fire. We stopped at its little inn on a lovely day in July, when the sun was darting down its rays on a peaceful country, and many picturesque vessels were skimming the surface of the lake. Flowers grew in profusion at the water's edge, and groups of children amused themselves on those ramparts which have since been reddened with the blood of Austrian soldiery. We remember well the quiet loveliness of the prospect from the window of the Albergo over the broad expanse of the Italian Loch Lomond, the further extremity of which was hidden by the hills of the Tyrol. How changed that village now! With its houses levelled by cannon shot, Peschiera testifies how dreadful are the effects of war.

Passing the small towns of Desenzano and Lonato, now well known to newspaper readers, we traversed a rich agricultural district before reaching Brescia. On this journey we met several bands of state criminals, escorted by troops of the imperial line, and on their way to a place of confinement. An expression of sullen determination, easily discernible on their countenances, prognosticated the late revolution; and, as they marched along in silence, the peasants stopped their work to gaze with looks of unmistakeable hate on the uniform of the military.

Somehow or other an impression prevails even in free England, that Austria governs Lombardy with wisdom, equity, and intelligence. We have met

parties who maintain this so positively, that it would be "casting pearls before swine" to reason with them. Without blaming the cabinet at Vienna for bad intentions, or accusing them of willingly oppressing a people of whose social state they know nothing, who appear in Germany not as they are, but as stupid functionaries represent them to be, we do maintain that the Venetian Lombards are mere vassals of the Emperor, not subjects of a liberal monarchy. One very obvious evil connected with the rule of foreigners, is the necessity of inundating the country thus held in subjection with civil officers of all kinds belonging to the governing nation, and deriving their subsistence in a great measure from voluntary or compulsory payments, extorted from the inhabitants of the occupied territory. These folks wanted places, the acquired province provided them; but work as well as pay had to be sought for. The Austrians find it in interfering with every department of private enterprise. A crowd of custom-house officials blockade all the cities, towns, and even villages to examine vehicles and passengers going in or out; military patrol the byways to watch the movements of the peasantry; no man can pass from one place to another without appearing before the authorities, and answering all sorts of questions in order to get a passport; bribes must be given right and left to save one from every species of annoyance and petty tyranny; political conversations

are not tolerated; groups of men can scarcely meet on the road without being charged by cuirassiers —and this Englishmen call good government! We should like to see these admiring friends subjected to it for one short year.

Few statesmen have for any length of time directed the councils of a nation, without committing some unfortunate mistakes. Able and active navigators they may have been, but even the best sailor, through an erroneous observation, occasionally allows his vessel to be driven about in furious eddies between the rocks and whirlpools of an unknown strait. The same remark applies to the wisdom of assembled sages; which likewise has been often found sadly at fault. Plans which to their authors appeared not only unobjectionable, but in the highest degree admirable, have been proved by experience attended with no small danger. Their probable consequences may have been well considered; the "multitude of counsellors," spoken of by Solomon, may have deliberated seriously to give them permanent effect: but the fallibility of human nature shone forth conspicuously, when an unlooked for casualty fired the explosive train, which had all the while been laid beneath the structure thus carefully reared.

The peace of Europe is commonly dated from the day on which the treaty of Vienna was ratified by the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the stipulating powers. All looked upon that agreement founded

on the wise theories of such diplomatists as Prince Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, as a guarantee for continued tranquillity; they witnessed kingdoms formed on the most politic principles, and firmly trusted that so wise a distribution would end all strife. In many instances the Congress did act prudently; but they studied too closely the interests of princes to be always right. One main object they had in view was to adjust a balance of power; for its security, the feelings of the people were in some instances not sufficiently accounted of. They overlooked national peculiarities, the differences of race, the varied institutions of provinces, to create a sort of royal road to territorial equality. One great principle seems to have been sadly undervalued, viz., that *permanent* peace can never be secured as long as populous and wealthy states are governed by foreigners. But, perhaps, we judge too harshly; it may be that these European portioners, at least in the case of Venetian Lombardy, succumbed to a hard necessity, and made a virtue of what they could not help.

On these plains contending armies had fought once and again. The Austrian had debouched from the pasess of the Tyrol to meet Napoleon at Marengo and at Lodi. Every village among the vineyards had been the scene of some exploit; and foreigners had so long held the strongholds that they regarded them as their own, deaf to the claims of Italian liberty. The country *must* be-

long to the Gaul or to the German, and when Waterloo humbled the former, the latter, without scruple, hoisted the double eagle of Hapsburg on the citadel of Milan. Thus did the wars of emperors enslave a neutral territory.

"Force first made conquest
And that conquest law."

The arrangement was unnatural, as time has shown. The Austrian empire is as clearly bounded by the Bellunese Alps as is Great Britain by the German Sea. As soon as you emerge from the deep ravine of the Adige into the great Italian plain, or cross from the upper Engadine to the baths of Bormio, another language meets your ear, new manners and customs attract your eye. The Hollanders do not differ more from the sprightly French than do the inhabitants of Venice, Verona, and Milan from the mountaineers of the Tyrol. The former are as good Italians as the children of St. Peter; their complexion, their gait, and, above all, their eye, betray their origin to the first glance of the stranger. That these men should be ruled by German functionaries is an anomaly in the arrangements of the contracting powers.

If, however, Austria had governed her southern subjects wisely, the question of right might have been allowed to slumber; but every peasant in Venetian Lombardy can, as we have formerly shown, tell a very different tale. These Italians are in every respect a conquered people. They

have not amalgamated with their rulers, as did the descendants of Harold and William the Conqueror in England. Restless, discontented, sullen, unhappy, and (we add emphatically) trampled on, they have been since Austria entered upon possession. It is our firm opinion that the case will thus remain, till new arrangements have been entered into, and not a German soldier remains on this side the Tagliamento to recall the memories of the past.

Lombardy, the most populous and best cultivated province in Europe, deserves more than a mere passing notice from the traveller. Not only is there much to interest him in its splendid cities, but the state of the rural districts may also be profitably studied. He observes the appearances of wealth in the towns, and the abject poverty of the peasantry. The cause of this must be looked for in the mode of farming the land, which belongs generally speaking to great proprietors, having in many instances under them middlemen, as in Ireland, who let their fields to the real cultivators. This class rent large tracts of country. The farmers again seldom hold more than thirty acres, their chief attention being given to dairy produce. But most of the surface of Lombardy is cultivated by labourers called Coloni, who each occupy an acre to an acre and a half of soil, and account to their masters for half of the crop thereon produced. All practical agriculturists know that the labour em-

ployed in cultivating corn costs much more than one half the value of the produce, even when horses and oxen assist the tenant. When he performs all the work with his own hands, of course he can afford to pay a still smaller rent. Under these circumstances, then, we cannot wonder that the mass of labourers in Northern Italy should be more wretched than those of other countries, or that they should attempt frequently to keep back more than their stipulated share of the crops, when they can with difficulty sustain life, aided by the nuts of the forests and the roots of the earth.

Nowhere in the world is irrigation so well understood as it is in Lombardy. Every running stream, canal, ditch, lake and spring has its owner, who derives from them very great revenues. It is more dangerous to take liberties with them, than to shoot a partridge or snare a hare in England. By means of water, the country has been converted into a garden, teeming with the fruits of a genial climate and supporting an immense population. Cultivators value canals more than springs, as the former enrich as well as refresh their fields. For the same reason, water, which has passed over soil, rents for a still higher sum. One third of the arable land grows maize or Indian corn, which produces more human food per acre than any other plant except the potato. The peasants live almost entirely upon it, it being cheaper than wheat, more nourishing, and more easily convertible into whole-

some diet. When green, the grain serves as vegetables; cattle dearly love the fresh leaves, dried they make capital mattresses, the stalks are used for fuel, and besoms are made from the flowers. With these advantages, maize has yet another, viz., the faculty of growing on all kinds of soil. In marshy ground, the peasants cultivate rice to a considerable extent, but the evaporation from these fields so injures the health of those residing near them, that restrictions have been imposed upon the quantity of soil devoted to this branch of agriculture. Bearded wheat comes next in order among the products of the land in Lombardy. Not above 400,000 quarters of this grain, however, are produced in the whole province. Rye, millet, beet, rape, flax, and hemp may also be met with occasionally in small quantities. A large proportion of the ground of this country consists of meadows, mowed four and even six times a year, manured with the greatest care, levelled with precision, so that the water may never stagnate upon them, and always situated where a stream can be so turned as to flow over every part of them. They are called winter meadows, because all the season round they produce crops of grass or hay for the stall-fed oxen. These animals seldom if ever are permitted to graze, and then only for a short period. Thus supported, the cows thrive better, and are more valuable for affording manure than with us. Most systematically do the farmers collect

the dung for their fields. They have long been practically acquainted with agricultural chemistry, and the necessity of covering their deposits of manure with sheds, so as to preserve them from the rains of winter and the drying heat of summer. Six to seven pounds sterling per annum is the ordinary rent of rich well watered meadow lands near towns, while 2*l.* 10*s.* to 3*l.* may be obtained for fields in other situations devoted to less profitable purposes. Few people have not heard of the famous Parmesan cheese, which is the product of Lombardy, and chiefly of the district around Lodi. The annual value of the exports of this article may be returned at about two millions sterling.

The northern provinces of Italy have long been celebrated for their silkworms, fed exclusively on mulberry leaves. In consequence of this article of commerce having risen lately so much in price, large additional tracts of country have been planted with these trees, chiefly the slopes of the hills immediately overlooking the plain and the fields at their bases. It is more profitable to plant ground with mulberries for the sake of their leaves, than with any other trees for the sake of their fruit. The silk spun by worms fed on wild mulberries, has a greater reputation than that produced by the insects nourished by the nursery-reared tree. Few good wines are to be obtained in Lombardy, the vineyards being chiefly in the hands of the ignorant, impoverished Coloni, who have neither motive

nor knowledge sufficient to improve the plants. They endeavour to extract as much liquid as possible from the fruit, without regard to quality, seeing that quantity is of such importance to them.

We mourn to see the peasantry of so fertile a country, on account of a vicious system of landholding, thus condemned to rags and poverty in hovels which only Tipperary can rival. In Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua and Venice, are spent the rents, which a miserable tenantry pay, first to useless middlemen, and, through them, to nonresident proprietors. The people work as oxen to fill their bellies for the day, leaving the future unprovided for; and begetting children not better cared for than the brutes which perish. Their condition can scarcely be called superior to that of Russian serfs or Lacedemonian helots, for few of them do not owe money to their masters which they may never be able to repay; and those few must continue to toil in their vineyards from the impossibility of obtaining work elsewhere. Thus situated, the Coloni steal without remorse, soothing conscience by thinking of their deplorable lot. When these dishonest dealings come to light, mutual hatred of course arises between master and serf, injurious alike to the interests of both, and originating many crimes.

But the poverty of the peasants produces evils of another nature. Without comfortable homes to

resort to at meal times, or when a sinking sun warns them that the day's work must draw to a close, they seek the trattoria or coffee-house, where idlers discuss the gossip of the province. Let no one think that these places of entertainment have been erected for those who have money to spend on trifles and leisure to devote to talk. You see them in thinly peopled, poor districts and frequented exclusively by semipaupers, who find it more economical to eat in company than to prepare their meals in their own miserable huts. Neglect of family duties, a love of company, pleasure and scandal, arise from this practice and embitter many an impoverished Italian home. When we contemplate this too truthful picture our heart beats high with patriotic feelings; for it is domestic comfort which has been chiefly instrumental in raising England to the high place she enjoys among the nations.

CHAP. VI.

BRESCIA TO MILAN.—CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.—VIEW FROM ITS SUMMIT.—CONFESSIONALS.—RELIGION IN NORTHERN ITALY.—ECCLESIASTICS.—LAKE OF COMO.—SUBLIMITY OF THE SCENERY.—VARENNA.—VESPERS.—MALARIA.—PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.—MOUNT SPLUGEN.—CANTON OF THE GRISONS.—DIVERSITY IN LANGUAGE AND RELIGION.—THE VIA MALA.—PROTESTANTS OF THE ENGADINE.—COIRE.—COURSE OF THE RHINE.—LAKE OF WALLENSTADT.—LAKE OF ZURICH.—INDUSTRY OF THE PEOPLE.—ZURICH.—ORIGIN OF ITS MANUFACTURES.—ZWINGLE.—CANTON OF ZUG.—ASCENT OF THE RIGHI.—STORM.—SPLENDID PROSPECT.—STRANGE SCENE IN RIGHI-CULM INN.—DESCENT TO LUCERNE.—CIVIL WAR IN SWITZERLAND.—ITS ORIGIN AND PROBABLE EFFECTS.—LAKE OF LUCERNE.—THE FIELD OF GRUTTLI.

Between Brescia and Milan, the road crosses, first the Oglio, and then the Adda, flowing from the northern mountains to join the Po. The manufacture of silk is carried on to a considerable extent in the villages of this district. Chiari is another Spitalfields. We observed particularly the beautiful system of irrigation in the fields around it. It reflects great credit on the ingenuity of the peasantry. The waters of all the streams are made available for this purpose; and artificial courses, with frequent sluices, supply the Indian corn with moisture sufficient to compensate for the want of rain. Lombardy is very thickly populated, containing more inhabitants to the square mile than

any other district of similar size on the continent. The people live entirely in the towns and villages; scarcely a house is to be seen in the country, as in those happier lands where life and property are more secure.

After a long day's journey across a burning plain, we entered an avenue of trees, leading to the eastern gate of Milan, the capital of the province, a wealthy city showing no symptoms of that decay which produces feelings of melancholy in Padua and Venice. Before the late war, the "corso," or public drive on the battlements, was crowded every evening with carriages and horsemen: Austrian officers dashed past on their war steeds, Italian beauties reclined in equipages which rivalled those of Hyde Park itself for splendour, and young nobles drove along their handsome teams. In how short a time was the scene changed! Cannon took the place of carriages, and artillerymen watched in the pathways where lovers had been. Besides Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting of the Last Supper, now sadly defaced by time and French soldiers, there are many wonderful pictures in Milan, masterpieces by Raphael, Titian and Guido, which, in our very humble opinion, cast into the shade the cherubic monstrosities of Peter Paul Rubens. At the entrance into the city of the great road over the Simplon stands a noble arch, erected by Napoleon. A group of war horses in bronze, formed out of

the cannon taken at Marengo, surmounts it. The structure itself is of marble, exquisitely chiselled.

But what is Milan apart from its cathedral? We have seen most of the large churches in Europe; to mention any of them in the same breath with that white marble Duomo would be inexcusable. It as far excels them, as does Mont Blanc the Scottish Grampians. Again and again we walked around it, astonished, awed, "in admiration rapt." But when our feet trod on the roof, and we stood in the midst of its countless pinnacles, with statues executed by Canova and Thorwaldsen looking down upon us from their lofty niches, and sculpture covered buttresses projecting below us, astonishment fairly took possession of our mind. Engrossed with a survey of the wonderful work, we almost forgot to look beyond the marble towers at the glorious view on every hand. Toward the north, in one unbroken chain rose the Alps, and, overtopping them all, Monta Rosa's dome of everlasting snow. In a moment, our eye glanced on every peak in the giant range from the distant Mont Blanc to the hills of the Tyrol; between them the passes of the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splugen and the Stelvio. On the other side the pine-clad Apennines hid the Italian peninsula; and, between the chains, lay a valley of vineyards, watered by the tributaries of the river Po. Man had reared his architectural masterpiece beside the Alpine creations of his God!

Within the Duomo, after the celebration of mass on Sabbath forenoon, we heard an eloquent charity sermon. During its delivery, several poor women were confessing their sins in the box-like erections behind the high altar, most of them apparently in great distress of mind. As usual, we observed some of the listening priests tittering irreverently at the tales of transgression. The conduct of one in particular we can never think of, to this day, without disgust. Naples is the only place in Europe where we have seen any of the male sex at the confessional. Few but frail women thus place themselves at the mercy of priests, betraying to them the secrets of families, and affording Mother Church a powerful instrument wherewith to crush the nations.

The northern Italians present a remarkable contrast to their neighbours, the Tyrolese, in their attention to religious rites. Amongst the former there is little or none of that ardent devotion, that strict observance of ceremonies, that reverence for the priests and almost worship of the monks, which are so characteristic of the latter. Practical atheism prevails to a very great extent among all orders, especially the higher; even the clergy themselves being much more worldly than the spiritual guides of the Belgians and the Tyrolese. This carelessness is observable in other parts of Italy; so that proximity to the pope does not seem to make more devout Roman Catholics. This fact

admits of easy explanation. The fountain head of Popery has long ago been thoroughly corrupted.* Whatever there may be of a praiseworthy nature in the efforts made by Romish propagandists to convert the Indians in the sierras of the Andes, or the disciples of Confucius in semi-civilised China (and we by no means censure a zealous man because we dislike his doctrines); whatever piety may be concealed amid mountain fastnesses in the Tyrol in the breast of pastors, simple as the people they instruct, there is very little indeed to commend in the character of Italian ecclesiastics. They are generally finished men of the world, politicians, manœuverers, sensualists, attentive to everything but their holy duties.

Turning our faces towards the Alps, we left Milan's glistening minarets of marble, which even now, after the lapse of more than one long year, seem to rise before our dazzled eyes. At Monza, Lombardy's former capital, the royal gardens of which wait the election of an Italian king, the road leaves the plain to cross a series of little hills, bounding on the south the glorious lake of Como. Near Lecca, the Adda flows out of the lake, and,

* "We," wrote Pope Adrian to the Nuntio, "we know that for a long time many abominations have existed near the Holy See; abuses of spiritual things, excess in the exercise of authority; everything has been turned to evil; from the head the corruption has spread into the members: from the Pope to the prelates, we have all gone astray; there is none of us that hath done well — no, not one." — *Ranke's History of the Popes.*

crossing this river, we proceeded on our northern journey. Long to be remembered are the days we spent beside those clear blue waters, in which are reflected, in all their ruggedness, the lofty precipices of the everlasting hills, with the gentler grassy slopes, on which the wealthy Milanese have built their dwellings amidst groves of mulberry trees and terraces of vines, away from Austrian soldiery. The lake divides into two branches at its southern extremity. Bold cliffs, crowned with foliage, terminate the projecting promontory, which luxuriant gardens, villages, and church spires adorn. The Isola Comacina casts its dark shade over the western arm, on the shores of which stand villas innumerable, and the Somariva palace. Behind rises a towering peak, flanked with stern walls of adamant. Looking down upon that pointed summit, a still loftier mountain acts as sentinel to the opposite shore. The Splugen road has been tunnelled in many places through the rocky base of this giant hill; while, in others, it has been carried on piers of solid masonry above the waters.

Under a crag which is crowned by a ruined stronghold, and commanding the finest view of that scenery, stands the village of Varenna, truly one of the loveliest spots on God's earth. Here we witnessed a most impressive scene. Attracted by the sound of praise at sunset hour, we sauntered to the chapel, and there found a large congregation both within the building and kneeling around the

doors. Although pitying the ignorance of these poor people, we could not but admire their devotion, as they joined with energy and feeling in an anthem of adoration to the Redeemer of the world, and chanted in solemn chorus a song of thanksgiving for the mercies of the day gone by. The effect was strikingly grand, as the sound, caught up by the echoes of the hills, gently died away on the bosom of that peaceful lake.

The Adda flows into the Lago di Como near its northern extremity, creating a pestilential marsh, over which malaria for ever hangs. A few miserable, ague shattered, human beings inhabit this slough of despond. We were glad to cross it and ascend the healthier valley, terminating at the town of Chiavenna, where commences the ascent of the Alps. We shall not weary the reader with a description of the pass. Many of them are already familiar with those sweeping zigzags, those covered galleries which protect the road from avalanches, those precipices and defying mountains which the traveller sees between Italy and Switzerland. They, too, have heard the glaciers cracking, and have felt the chilly air; they have looked down on valleys miles below them, and up to summits which the eagle haunts alone.

Feelings, consonant to elevations such as these, we experienced on a beautiful day towards the end of July, as we stood on the highest point of the Splugen road, gazing on that terrific gorge of the

Cardinell, where Macdonald's brave army suffered so severely from the avalanches on its way to conquer at Marengo. How exhilarating to enjoy a mountain prospect like this, after idling so long on the flat plains of Italy, exposed to the rays of a summer's sun, and witnessing on all hands the degradation of a people deprived of their bodily and mental liberty!

We descended to the valley of the Hinter Rhein and the Canton of the Grisons. This district is peculiarly remarkable, on account of the strange diversity in language and religion amongst its inhabitants. Scarcely a single commune speaks the same tongue, or professes the same faith, as the one immediately adjoining. Coire is German and Protestant; Reichenau, German and Catholic; Bonaduz, Romansch and Protestant; Katzis, Romansch and Catholic, and so on to the end of the chapter. Romansch is a singular dialect, confined to the valleys in this vicinity, a sort of patois, resembling both German and Latin. Generally speaking, the inhabitants of these "unsocial" villages are peaceably disposed and tolerant towards each other; sometimes, however, a religious feud breaks out, and then sad scenes may be witnessed in the Grisons.

A few miles beyond the hamlet of Andeer, the road enters one of the wildest gorges in Europe, — a savage, dismal chasm in the rocks, at the bottom of which the Rhine is heard struggling and growl-

ing in its narrow and tortuous channel. Fifteen hundred feet above the path, which is either hewn out of the cliffs, or swung over the precipices on arches of mason-work, you see the tall stems of the pine trees and the clear azure sky ; while on each side are the refted rocks, and, far below, almost hidden from view, you hear the subterranean river plunging wildly in its confined channel, now dashing in spray over some opposing barrier, and again forming a furious fathomless whirlpool. The suppressed roar of these accumulated waters serves to remind man of the great natural convulsions which the earth experienced on the second day.

This tremendous defile is called the Via Mala ; it opens out into a pastoral valley, at the end of which stands Reichenau, where Louis Philippe taught a humble school, when driven into exile by the outburst of the first French revolution. How little did Napoleon think, when debouching from the Great St. Bernard upon the battle-field of Marengo, that an usher in a village school of the Grisons should, in a few short years, reign in the Tuileries as King of the French !

Not far to the eastward of this place, in the most secluded and elevated valley of the Tyrol, near the sources of the Inn, dwell a race of hardy, courageous mountaineers, who extract a maintenance from the sterile soil of the upper Alps, and, though poor, are distinguished for their independence of spirit and social virtues. They are

Protestants, whom all the wiles of ecclesiastics, and all the persecutions of Austria, have failed hitherto to convert. Among them are many devoted servants of God, labouring continually in the work of the ministry; men whose equals are not to be found in any of the rich hierarchies around. They are supported by the people of their charge, out of their scanty means; but, despite their poverty, they live far happier and more useful lives than the archbishops and cardinals who surround the throne of their king. A visit to the Engadine valley will well repay the admirer of ecclesiastical simplicity.

Coire is the capital of the Grisons. The cantonal council meets within its turreted walls. We merely stopped to dine and rest our horses at its inn, as we had to reach Ragatz in the evening. This village is a collection of hovels, near the famous baths of Pfeffers, which are romantically situated in the wild gorge of the Tamina. Here, turning our faces westwards, we left the river to explore Switzerland. It is a curious fact that the embankment between the Rhine and a little rivulet tributary to the Lake of Wallenstadt is only 200 yards broad and 20 feet high; so that a great natural convulsion, consequent upon the powerful river changing its course, is by no means improbable. What extraordinary alterations would occur, were the Rhine, in some fitful mood, thus to diverge from its former channel, and, avoiding

altogether the Boden-see, to take a short cut by Wallenstadt and Zurich!

From the deck of the little steamer which plies on the Lake of Wallenstadt, we had a fine view of the vast mountains which surround it, the rugged defiles which separate them, and the romantic villages which seem to be suspended above the waters. Towering thousands of feet above the pretty hamlet of Wesen, where we landed, rise the rocky peaks of the Sieben Kurfursten. A short drive brought us to the western extremity of the Lake of Zurich, the banks of which present a most cheering, animated, and thriving appearance. The fields are richly cultivated; the peasants' houses appear abodes of plenty; while a great number of cotton and silk manufactories are in active operation, giving employment to the villagers and bringing wealth to their country. The prospect is one of the most pleasing we have anywhere witnessed; it resembles very much some scenes in the New England States of North America. At Rapperschwyl, there is a bridge across the lake 4800 feet long, and without parapet of any kind. It was evening when, after a delightful sail, we reached the city of Zurich, a well-built town, containing 15,000 inhabitants, who are as industrious and literary as any in Switzerland. They carry on a great trade in silk, the raw material being conveyed over the Alpine passes, and, after having been manufactured into an article of wear by the

busy Swiss, transported northwards to the markets of Europe. This district can boast of nearly as many spindles as Lyons itself. Cotton spinning is also in active operation throughout the canton.

At Zurich is a cathedral, through the lofty aisles of which resounded the impassioned words of Zwingle, preaching the tenets of the Reformation, and awakening, from a hundred mountain sides, echoes responsive to the truths he loved. The city owes its prosperity to the tyranny of the Romish Church, — a church which, while it still holds in its grasp the forest cantons of Switzerland, has lost for ever its dominion on the plains. The Protestant citizens of Locarno on the southern slopes of the Alps had long been remarkable for their manufacturing skill, as well as for their integrity of character and devotion to reformed doctrines. Persecuted to the death by a bigoted and envious priesthood, they at length were driven into exile for conscience' sake, and, in the sixteenth century settling in Zurich, brought along with them that knowledge of manufactures which has been of such vital importance to their adopted country. Thus, as in many other notable instances, has "God made the wrath of man to praise him."

Glorious times were these, when Zwinglius, from his ancient pulpit, denounced, with convincing power, the corruptions of Rome. Almost single-handed, at first, did this earnest man wage war

against bishops and cardinals, who flocked from every nation around, buoyed up with a vain hope of crushing Lutheranism in its bud. But the shepherd preacher proved too strong for them: his evangelical clearness, his disinterestedness of purpose, his intellectual vigour, had fairly roused the Helvetians from their slumber, and established in several cantons the ascendency of principles which have survived the fatal battle of Cappel, and the soldier-like death of this Cromwell of the Reformation. Zurich is, conjointly with Lucerne and Berne, the seat of the federal government. The canton is one of the most powerful in the union; and has, during the late contests, taken a very decided part against the Jesuits. Nowhere, probably, are the priests more disliked, or the faults of their system more strongly inveighed against. The blazing faggots which consumed the *heralds* of Protestantism in this theatre of polemical strife, seem not to have been forgotten by their descendants. Would that the simple truths of the gospel had been treasured up likewise! Alas! a heartless rationalism has superseded them. In the same church where Zwinglius preached the doctrines of the Cross the stranger may now hear the tenets of Socinianism promulgated.

We parted from these famous scenes to set out on a tour of exploration in the region of the higher Alps, through the forest cantons, where, hidden from vulgar gaze, are spots sacred to civil liberty.

Crossing the Albis range, the road descended gently to the Lake of Zug, and again we were in the country of Ave Marias, having images of the saints for milestones, and Benedictine monks for companions by the way. Ignorant and priestridden as these mountaineers are, you cannot forget their heroism in ages past, nor be regardless of the fact that on the other side of that hill which separates Zug from the little lake of Egerie, lies the field of Morgarten, where thirteen hundred patriots from Schwitz, Unterwalden, and Uri fell like an avalanche on twenty thousand Austrians, and proved to Europe that

> "They scorned the decree
> Of the world, and its proud ones, and dared to be free."

The ascent of an isolated and conical mountain, called the Righi, is a favourite expedition, undertaken by all travellers who wish to enjoy the finest view of the Bernese Alps. We commenced this journey from the valley of Arth, which, in the year 1806, was the scene of a natural convulsion, the most dreadful in Swiss history. One shoulder of the lofty Rossberg became detached by some means or other from the remainder of the hill, and fell with terrific force into the ravine below, burying three entire villages, crushing to death four hundred and fifty human beings, and overwhelming with rocks and debris the once rich and smiling pasture fields. The soil of the valley was literally

ploughed up by this terrible catastrophe, and huge boulders were driven with irresistible power up the slope of the Righi on the opposite side. On the summit of this last mountain is an excellent inn, 5700 feet above the sea, where weary travellers rest before rising to view the sunrise. It is, indeed, a glorious sight to enjoy on Righi-culm a panorama of Switzerland. Far below you is the lovely Lake of Lucerne, —

> "Withdrawn among the hills,
> Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
> Built by the giant race before the flood."

Beyond it are the mountains of Unterwalden, the Pass of the Brunig, and the Lakes of Alpnach and Sarnen, backed by — oh! how grand are those pinnacles of snow! — the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, and the Finster Aarhorn, or Peak of Darkness. On the east rise the rugged ranges of Glarus and Schwytz; while on the north are several beautiful vistas of the Lake of Zurich, the stern peaks of the Sieben Kurfursten, and in the distance the Bodensee. Toward the west, you have an extended view over the plains watered by the Reuss and Limmat with that famous Lake of Sempach, on the banks of which another handful of Swiss overthrew the hosts of Austria.

This splendid prospect we enjoyed in the morning; for clouds and stormy vapours veiled the heavens the evening before. The sun was shining

brightly when we commenced the ascent; but we had scarcely reached the pilgrim chapel of Notre Dame des Nieges, after a steep clamber through the brushwood, when the sky began to lower; first fell a few large drops, and then upon devoted pedestrians opened the flood-gates of heaven. In five minutes, we felt the chilly pressure of soaked clothes; but onwards was our watchword; and not even a tempting dinner-table at Righi Stafel Inn, half-an-hour's walk beyond the church, induced us to linger. The mist became denser and denser; the little streams roared in gullies of the mountain; we felt lonely and wished for a haven of rest. To add to our troubles, several perplexing paths diverged in more than one direction, and, in our solitude, we knew not which to take. We were thinking of precipices, snow-drifts, and the dogs of St. Bernard, when a drenched shepherd approached near enough to be distinguished in the haze. Accosting him, we eagerly demanded the way to Righi-culm. Assured that it was near at hand, our spirits rose; and when a house with a sign-board did appear we thought our sorrows had ended. Squeezing our way between a group of shivering fellow tourists who crowded the porch, we entered the *salle à manger*. What a scene was presented there! In one corner sat a group of Germans calling for eatables and brandy; at the door a few luckless Frenchmen groaned in spirit and looked unutterable things when any one mentioned

the weather; while, in the middle of the room, with might and main, danced some half-dozen young Englishmen, resolved to restore heat to their bodies, and delighted with the execrable music of a fiddle which one of their number grated on unsparingly. Is it possible to describe our astonishment, when we learned that the place was not the Righi-culm after all? Deceived, provoked, reckless of consequences, we rushed out to face again the pitiless tempest; and, following a rough path, at length tottered within the portal of the sought for inn. It was full of company in every variety of *déshabille.* Coats, waistcoats, gowns, and even slips were nowhere — but on the stove; the rooms were filled with the fumes of brandy-and-water; while poor Germans and Frenchmen crouched around the drying garments, anxious to attract caloric to their miserable frames. We shared a closet with three gentlemen, and thought ourselves amazingly lucky; for subsequent arrivals had

> " To dance all night
> Till broad daylight,"

to neutralise the effects of their drenching, and to make up for the want of beds. In this strange region, we had a table d'hôte, at which ladies and gentlemen all appeared destitute of upper garments, but merry notwithstanding. Dinner over, an Oxford man seized a fiddle, a Cantabrian opened an old pianoforte, and dancing commenced in earnest,

tables and forms being little respected by the uproarious Englishmen who obeyed the musician's call. Meanwhile the shivering foreigners looked on in absolute dismay, astonished that men should be happy when comforts were so few. By midnight the "mirth and fun grew fast and furious;" the landlord seemed to fear for the stability of his house, and his French guests declared they had got into Bedlam. We at length turned in to our closet; but sleep refused to refresh us as long as such deafening halloos, with fiddle squeaks and pianoforte bursts, resounded from the *salle à manger*.

Morning, however, at length dawned upon the rioters, the tables were required for coffee, and we rose, as the clouds rolled upwards on the Alps, revealing glaciers far distant, and terrible mountains which seemed to touch the heavens. Gradually the vapours vanished till that prospect, in all its perfection, claimed our admiration.

Various phases of this extraordinary panorama presented themselves as we descended to the little hamlet of Weggis, from whence a steamer carried us to the romantically situated town of Lucerne. This is the head-quarters of the Roman Catholics in Switzerland, and the capital of the Sonderbund. Here originated that dispute which, shortly after our visit, caused a civil war. Like Friburg, Lucerne was completely under the domination of the Jesuits: *no Protestant could exercise the rights of*

citizenship; liberty of the press was unknown; and the strictest ecclesiastical surveillance prevented the circulation of the Oracles of God. The spiritual tyrants had effectually acquired a supreme power over the common people, whom they excited to persecute their fellow men. This state of matters, assuming every day a more formidable aspect, led to an interference on the part of the Federal diet, not strictly constitutional indeed, but, we are inclined to think, in some degree necessary. The immediate expulsion of all clerical plotters was the measure demanded by the Protestant majority, and strenuously resisted by the Catholic League of the Sonderbund. Both parties at length became so exasperated, that an appeal to arms followed. As must have been expected by every intelligent spectator, the mountaineers were beaten, and compelled to banish from their borders the hated Jesuits. We confess a decided feeling of sympathy for this bold act on the part of the Federalists, although their subsequent conduct has been most inconsistent with loud-sounding professions of liberal ideas. Having conquered clerical despots, they imitated their acts, and passed laws so iniquitous and arbitrary as to call forth the reprobation of Europe. The sway of infidels is certainly as tyrannical as that of Jesuits; at least, if we may judge from the enactments recently made by some of the Swiss cantonal governments, forbidding evangelical Christians to worship according to their

conscience, and establishing a sort of popular inquisition for the punishment of all who are not socialists and demagogues. Let not, however, the religious people of this country, in their righteous indignation at the mobocracy of Vaud and Berne, overlook the plots of those priests who ruled with a rod of iron the forest cantons of Switzerland.. The Liberals were right when the struggle commenced; and, if piety had pervaded their councils, the thanks of mankind would have been their due. Even as it is, we anticipate that, eventually, much good will result from the late triumph over priestcraft. The tyranny of the Federalists cannot endure, and we shall, ere long, see Protestant missionaries in the land of Tell. The issue of all the turmoil may, very probably, be to open up valleys closed for ages against the Gospel by the abettors of a venerable superstition.

We left with regret the curious old town of Lucerne, with its picturesque watchtowers, and its singularly painted bridges, which span the blue arrowy Reuss. A little steamer waited to convey us along that enchanting lake, the glories of which the pens of essayists and bards have failed adequately to describe. Before us rose the culm of the Righi; and, on the right, Mount Pilatus, with its sharply outlined peaks, arrested the progress of the fleecy clouds. The morning was lovely and still; scarcely a ripple agitated the surface of the waters; the chariot of Æolus had forsaken the

earth, and whirled in the higher regions of the air; silence was alone broken by the splash of the paddle-wheels, and the merry laugh of travellers on their way to the glaciers of the Grimsel. We passed close to several rocky islets, romantic spots abounding in natural grottoes and thickets of loveliest green; the large dew-drops were falling from the foliage as the sunbeams began to scatter the mists of the morning, and the chapel-bell of a village on the mountain-side tolled for the matin song of praise. Turning round a picturesque promontory, we beheld the Bay of Kussnacht, with its smiling banks opening up to view; but, while the eye was eagerly searching for the little church associated with the history of Tell, another rocky headland intercepted the prospect, and induced us to cast a glance across the lake, where forests of stately growth overshadowed the placid waters, in which were reflected the images of snugly planted villages. Above them rose bare rugged crags, the haunts of those eagles which ever and anon dart upon the lowland farm-yards; and, higher still, openings in the vapoury clouds revealed the snow-clad monarchs of the scene. We stopped for a moment at Weggis, a hamlet among vineyards, and, sailing round the base of the Righi, entered the magnificent Bay of Uri, the natal land of Switzerland's hero—a sacred scene. Yonder, half-way up the side of that romantic hill, is the field of Grüttli, where three immortal patriots, Tell, Furst,

and Melcthal, looked up to heaven by pale moonlight, and took the oath of liberty. The village on the far-off plain is Altdorf, that monument of a father's skill and a son's cheerful devotion; and there, within a stone's cast of the ship, is the very rock on which Gessler's heroic prisoner leaped ashore. Here must we pause, and with the gifted Coleridge call—

"Awake, my heart, awake;
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn."

CHAP. VII.

THE BAY OF URI. — FLUELLEN. — PASS OF THE ST. GOTHARD. — DEVIL'S BRIDGE. — VALLEY OF URSEREN. — PASS OF THE FURCA. — GLACIER OF THE RHONE. — PASS OF THE GRIMSEL. — LAKE OF THE DEAD. — HOSPICE. — THE FINSTERAAR-HORN. — OBERHASLETHAL. — MEYRINGEN. — LAKE OF BRIENZ. — INTERLAKEN. — STROLLING ENGLISH. — THEIR OCCUPATIONS. — GRINDELWALD. — PASS OF THE WENGERN ALP. — AVALANCHES. — LAUTERBRUNNEN. — LAKE OF THUN. — THE SIMMENTHAL. — GRUYERE CHEESE. — CHATEAU D'OEX. — SUNDAY SERVICES. — SWISS PAROCHIAL SYSTEM. — PASS OF THE DENT DE JAMAN. — FIRST VIEW OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA. — VEYTAUX. — SUNSETS. — CHURCH OF MONTREUX. — CANTON DE VAUD. — CIVIL WARS. — ECCLESIASTICAL DISRUPTION. — FOOLISH DREAD OF LIBERAL MEASURES. — EDUCATIONAL CONTROVERSY IN THE VALLAIS. — SECULAR EDUCATION NOT NECESSARILY CONNECTED WITH RELIGIOUS TRAINING. — THE JESUITS IN SWITZERLAND. — THEIR EXPULSION JUSTIFIABLE.

NEVER, in any of our wanderings, have we chanced to witness natural scenery so impressively sublime, so surcharged with all the elements of grandeur, as that which calls forth the admiration of the traveller when entering the Bay of Uri from the Lake of Lucerne. Unwillingly did we leave these classic waters, even to climb the heights of the St. Gothard and tread the Grimsel's everlasting snows. We landed at Fluellen, the port of Altdorf, and soon reached that little cantonal capital, in the square of which Tell shot the apple on the head of his son. A pleasant pastoral valley, dotted over with pea-

sant's dwellings and miniature forests of chestnut trees, led to the narrow defile of Schellinen, where not a shrub enlivened the solitude, not a chalet announced the presence of man; nothing met the eye but vast impending cliffs of granite; no sound cheered the loneliness but the dashing and roaring of the impetuous Reuss. The road became steeper and steeper, and we distinctly heard the suppressed roar of a cataract; as we wound up the hill by means of several zigzags, a sudden turn revealed a scene so savage that we started instinctively at the sight. The river, previously lashed into foam by broken rocks, took one tremendous leap into the dark chasm at the mountain's base, where it growled in the recesses of unseen caverns; a cloud of spray rose from the abyss, and, in the midst of it, an elegant bridge spanned the torrent. Well may this cleft be named after the enemy of man! Leaving it, we passed through a tunnel and emerged into the green valley of Urseren, a pastoral region, where grain does not ripen, but, nevertheless, boasting of two villages —Andermatt at the lower extremity, and Hospenthal at the higher end. The inhabitants derive their support chiefly from travellers passing the St. Gothard. The air felt chilly as we entered the little inn of the latter village, for we were fairly among the Upper Alps, far away from fertile plains and corn-land, but close to glaciers, on which human foot has never trodden. After dining on goat's

flesh, which our host in vain endeavoured to pass off as chamois venison, we sauntered out to view the entire desolation, — the wonderful wildness of the scene. Next morning we were early on foot, traversing a path which leads at right angles to the St. Gothard road up a solitary Swiss Glencoe. The absence of sheep on the hill sides is surprising; for they afford excellent pasturage and could support thousands of these useful animals. But in Switzerland you seldom see them, although goats are popular. As we ascended, the verdure became more and more scanty, till it altogether gave place to the eternal snows, and we stood on the highest point of the Furca Pass, in sight of the Bernese Alps, and 8300 feet above the level of the sea. As soon as the traveller reaches this dreary elevation, a sublime prospect of the snowy mountains bursts upon him. Peak after peak rears its untrodden summit on high, its icy diadem glittering brilliantly in the rays of the sun, and its rocky pinnacles seeming to bid defiance to the researches of man. After resting to enjoy the scene, we began to descend; and, turning an angle of the hill, stood suddenly in full view of that magnificent glacier, the vast subterranean caverns of which serve as the cradle of the Rhone. A stupendous sea of ice it is, with its rugged battlements and grottoes of deepest blue, gurgling in the recesses of which you hear invisible waters in motion. As we passed this frozen fountain head of a mighty

stream, and gazed on its terraces, piled up on the side of the Galenstock, a terrific sound broke the silence of the scene, and was re-echoed many times by the cliffs of the loftier Alps: — the ice had cracked, and, after the cloud of vapour vanished, we could discern a frightful fissure near the centre of the impending mass.

A rude auberge has been erected a short distance from the spot, where the turbulent river flows out of the glacier, and from which a steep and tedious path leads to the summit of the Grimsel Pass, and the dismal little Lake of the Dead, so called because it serves for the tomb of travellers who perish by the way. We reached this scene of utter desolation during a thick storm of snow, and never can we forget the thrill of horror which we felt when, benumbed with cold and worn out with fatigue, we passed between the yawning chasms of a glacier and the dark dreary waters of this Alpine tarn. How delightful, to a traveller so circumstanced, the sight of the Grimsel Hospice in the rocky glen below. This is one of the highest, and assuredly the gloomiest, abodes in Europe; it is built of rough unhewn stone, and has had more than once to resist the ruthless fury of winter avalanches. An hour's walk from it takes you to the Aar glacier, celebrated on account of the experiments carried on upon it by Agassiz, Hugi and Professor Forbes. From its midst rises the magnificent Finster Aarhorn, or Peak of Dark-

ness, its needle-like summit towering far above the other hills. This is the loftiest of the Oberland Alps, and, Mount Blanc not even excepted, the most sublime, awe-inspiring mountain we have ever seen.

> "O! dread and silent Mount, I gazed upon thee
> Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
> Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
> I worshipped the Invisible alone."

But we anticipate; for, in the midst of a tempest, we were hurrying down a rocky path to the Hospice of the Grimsel. Thoroughly drenched and very cold, we were ushered into a room where the scene on Righi-culm seemed in process of repetition. Seated around the festive board were gentlemen and ladies of every nation, the English, of course, greatly preponderating. Arrayed in various costumes, despoiled of many upper garments, they laughed and chatted, unmindful of the dreariness without. We were soon joining in the general merriness, and doing ample justice to the viands of this traveller's home. The evening passed rapidly away in the relation of Alpine adventures; and next morning we were trudging over the snow down the Oberhaslethal, which leads from the hospice to the cataract of the Aar. In this wild scene, you seem fairly to have got to the ultima thule of creation, and to be entering upon primeval chaos. The path was cut out of the rock, at a giddy height above the stream, and overhead frowned bare

aiguilles, pointed as minarets, and silent as death. Taking a hurried look at that wild chasm into which the impetuous Aar plunges in one tremendous leap from the rocks two hundred feet above, creating a perfect tornado of wind and spray, we again set out, staff in hand; and, passing through pine forests, thinned by the avalanches, reached an open valley, studded with chalets and producing plentiful crops of potatoes and beans. Below it the river forces it way through a singular cleft in the rocks to the Lower Hastlethal, a pastoral valley where you see the Swiss peasantry in all their native simplicity of manners. The village of Meyringen, within an hour's walk of the famous fall of the Reichenbach, is the very spot where a wearied traveller ought to stop a day or two and enjoy rustic ease; the cares of life being banished for a while by the mellowed sound of distant cascades and the euphonious notes of the Alpine horn.

We left one delightful morning in August; and, walking down the valley, embarked in a little steamer which plies on the Lake of Brienz. At the western extremity of this sheet of water, on the flat space of ground separating it from the Lake of Thun, stands Interlaken, which, being almost entirely peopled by English, has degenerated from a secluded Swiss village, into a sort of second-rate Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells. Balls and concerts are given either at one or other of the *pen-*

sions almost every evening during " the season,"— a singular and certainly most irrational way of spending time in Switzerland. Interlaken is much frequented by a class of people, who of all men are the most thoroughly contemptible; — strolling countrymen of ours, who winter in Italy and kill the summer in cooler countries, insensible both to the sublimities of nature, and the peculiarities of national character; and who talk as pompously of their travels, as if they had discovered new continents, or opened up the Northern Passage.

Can any thing be more monstrous than to patronise balls and games within sight of the Jungfrau, to saunter along the roads of a village and gossip with neighbours, when the Bernese Alps rise in majesty all around? Did the reader ever meet these folks, and ask them how they liked Interlaken? If so, we can tell the answer given: they found the accommodation excellent; at the table d'hôte nothing was lacking; every week they could get up a concert; they raced boats on the lakes, played at football in the meadows, escorted young ladies to see the steamer arrive from Thun, had glorious fun at cricket, and enjoyed the society of lots of English. Let it be borne in mind that such constitute the employments of men, sojourning in the midst of the finest scenery which Europe affords, almost within hearing of the roar of the avalanches, as they descend on the opposite side of the Wengern Alp, a forenoon's walk from the

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glaciers of Grindelwald, a day's journey from the cataract of the Aar.

Some of these people affect to have seen so much that nature's wonders are nothing to them. In reality they have seen less than the English tradesman, who has spent a week in Wales; for with all their locomotion, they know no more about foreign countries, their peculiarities and people, than British peasants who wish to go to America by railroad. But, leaving them to their jigs and their cricket matches, we hoisted our knapsacks on our backs, and, following the course of the foaming Lutchine, enjoyed an invigorating walk up a narrow, but green and grassy valley, terminated by the snowy precipices of the Wetterhorn.

At Grindelwald we stopped to visit the two glaciers which have been pushed down from the icy seas around the Peak of Tempests, and then ascended a fatiguing path, leading over the Wengern Alp to the ravine of Lauterbrunnen. This is an exciting excursion, replete with sublime prospects of the Eigher, Monch, and Jungfrau, three snowy mountains of the most majestic appearance. From a little inn on the summit of the pass, we waited to witness the avalanches, which descend almost every hour from the cliffs of the Jungfrau. A loud report, like that of thunder overhead, first attracts attention; and then you see a vast mass of ice and snow, loosened from the mountain-side, bounding with terrific force over

the ledges of rock, till it is hurled with a crash into the defile below. We can compare the sound to nothing, except, perhaps, that of Niagara's cataract; the effect is stunning, as the stupendous mass breaks off with a noise exceeding that of cannon, and, descending with a hollow booming roar, awakens the echoes of these Alpine solitudes. How expressive Lord Byron's words, —

> "Ye toppling crags of ice,
> Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
> In mountains overwhelming!"

A wild and tortuous path leads from the summit of the Wengern Pass to the deep defile of Lauterbrunnen, and the cascade of the Staubbach, formed by a small mountain stream falling over a rock 900 feet high. In these valleys of the Bernese Alps, the cottages are very neatly ornamented with carved work. They are the real Swiss chalets, of which models adorn our drawing-room tables. Scarcely any grain ripens in the fields; consequently the inhabitants devote themselves to rearing cattle and other animals which can be fed on hay. Cherry trees abound on the road side. From the fruit a palatable wine is made.

Returning to Interlaken, we took the steamer at Neuhaus, on the Lake of Thun, the banks of which are very beautiful. Two curiously shaped mountains of great elevation rise on the south; while the cliffs on the northern shore display an in-

finite variety of picturesque scenes. The town of Thun itself is a curious old place, with a castle and church, situated side by side on the top of an isolated rock, near the point where the river Aar issues from the lake. Around are innumerable lovely walks, and unequalled views of the snowy mountains, in the recesses of which we had witnessed such transcendent proofs of creative Power.

Our destination was Geneva; but we disliked proceeding thither by the dusty roads on the plain. So we resolved to deviate from the usual track, and journey by the Simmenthal and the Pass of the Dent de Jaman. The first part of this route led us through scenery of the most rich and varied character; pine forests alternating with green pasturages, rugged ravines enlivened by torrents, and cliffs overhung by foliage, presented every mile new prospects; while, at intervals, openings in the lesser hills revealed snowy summits in the distance, and the bristling masses of elevated glaciers, appearing like the shining battlements of some city in the clouds.

After a dreary Alpine ascent at the head of this valley, we reached a table land, from which there was an extended prospect over the vale of Saanen, famous for its pasturages, which produce the well-known Gruyère cheese. No corn is there raised; each small farmer, who is also the proprietor of his land, devoting his sole attention to the cows, which, during the very hot months are sent to graze on

the mountain sides, as the latter are possessed by all the inhabitants of the district in common. This is one of the few spots on the Continent where cattle are fed for any length of time out of doors. The people speak German in the upper part of the valley, but at Chateau d'Oex, where we spent a quiet Sabbath, French was the prevalent language.

At nine o'clock on the morning of that day, while standing at the window of the humble inn, we perceived parties of neatly dressed peasantry carrying hymn-books, and bending their steps towards the village church. Following the others to that sanctuary, we found a large and respectable congregation listening to the clerk who was reading a portion of the Scriptures. Soon afterwards the minister entered and began the service by the form of prayer used in the Swiss Reformed Church. He then read a psalm, which the people sung, a small organ leading the music. The sermon itself was only a brief exhortation to keep the peace and avoid immoralities, a species of composition appropriately termed "a sermonette." Another psalm followed. The tune was "Luther's hymn," and we almost fancied ourselves in some sanctuary among the Scottish hills, when listening to that well-known air, sung by the peasantry at Chateau d'Oex. About an hour after the dismissal of this assembly, the pealing of the bell again summoned us to the house of God. At the conclusion of the usual exercises of prayer and praise, the clergyman read the

fourth chapter of Genesis, commenting upon it shortly as he proceeded. A class of girls was then called before him, whom he catechised upon that portion of Scripture. The answers of the scholars, were, however, few and far between, and those which they did hazard did not strike us as by any means correct. In fact, the examination consisted of little else than a series of replies to the *difficult* question "*N'est-ce pas.*" A short prayer concluded these exercises, and with them the services of the day; after which the reverend official adjourned to take a walk in his garden, and to smoke his cigar. Such we believe to be a fair specimen of the Swiss parochial system.

From this retired village, a steep path strikes across the hills to the Lake of Geneva, forming the Pass of the Dent de Jaman. We toiled up this wild and rugged footway on a sultry day in August, when no invigorating breeze rustled among the juniper bushes, or whistled through the grottoes of the impending crags. In such circumstances one experiences a feeling of exciting loneliness, of proud isolation from the busy crowds on the plain, which increases the enthusiasm caused by the air of the mountains and the glorious scenery around; we listened for some sound to break the silence of creation, and marked the majesty of the peaks, now darkened by the passing clouds, and again sparkling in the sun's uncertain rays, but always as still as when rescued from chaos, — except when the

streamlet forms a cascade, or the delicious tones of the shepherd's horn announce the hour of noon.

When we gained the summit, a prospect burst upon us, the impression produced by which time's ruthless hand can never efface. At our feet were the classic shores of the Lac de Genève,

> "That mirror, where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect."

Immediately below us was the Castle of Chillon, immortalised by Byron; and close to it the hamlet of Veytaux, where we resided for a fortnight in full enjoyment of the scenery. Further on towards the south, near the little town of Villeneuve, the Rhone rolled its milky floods into the blue lake, and beyond rose the Savoy ranges, backed by the hoary summits of the Dent de Midi. Westwards then we turned our eyes, and glanced at the panorama of the Canton de Vaud, amidst the well-stocked vineyards and rich corn-fields of which we discerned the groves of Clarens, the busy town of Vevay, and the distant steeples of Lausanne; while, far away in the horizon, the eye wandered over the hills of Friburg, the pine-clad Juras, and the Lake of Neufchatel. It was an extraordinary prospect, one of those scenes which men see but seldom in this humdrum world. Sitting down on a rock we mused awhile, till misty vapours settled around our eyrie and warned us to descend. Our "pension" was not far from the elevated churchyard of Mon-

treux, which commanded no ordinary view of the lake. How brilliant are the summer sunsets as seen from this spot! The sinking luminary, apparently reserving all its power for a parting effulgence, suddenly lightens up the peasants' chalets, the vineyards, and the forest shades, and crests with fire the little waves on the lake. This dazzling light then gradually takes a softer hue, till it altogether disappears; the snows of the Dent de Midi alone are now tinged with gold; afterwards a gentle breeze rustles the tree tops, and then —

> "It is the hush of night, and all between
> Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
> Mellowed and mingled, yet distinctly seen,
> Save darkened Jura; whose capt heights appear
> Precipitously steep."

Montreux is a parish containing 4000 souls. Yet on the first Sabbath that we attended the church, the congregation was miserably small. Only about sixty men were present. The week afterwards, however, every seat was occupied. Why? Because the Lord's Supper was to be commemorated; and people who neglected even the outward rites of religion at other times, must needs partake of the feast. We can see really little difference between the Romanist, who tries to get into heaven by deeds of penance, and the Protestant, who trusts for salvation to the observance of one Scriptural command, while all the other ordinances are broken. The

Church which admits such men to its solemn feasts debases Christianity. In Montreux, as in most other parishes in Switzerland, little is done to promote the eternal interests of the people. The only prayer-meeting within its bounds is conducted by a peasant, who collects his neighbours on the Sabbath evenings, after the hour's service at the church, and expounds to them the Scriptures. This callousness we hope will shortly give way before that purer evangelism which cannot fail to result from the late disruption of the national Church. This happy event, which has set free the zealous portion of the clergy, and been attended with such civil confusion and ecclesiastical strife, occurred shortly after our visit.

The Pays de Vaud, which extends along the northern shore of the lake, from the mouth of the Rhone almost to Geneva, is one of the most fertile and populous cantons in Switzerland. Its inhabitants are industrious, enterprising and prosperous; their Indian corn-fields and vineyards seem in a state of the highest cultivation, and the small towns on the great road from Lausanne over the Simplon, strike the stranger as peculiarly stirring. Even the capital itself, though bearing marks of antiquity, is as bustling as the limited resources of a small state could well render it.

Ever since the Swiss showed a disposition to make a vigorous stand against the oligarchs, who had for so many years usurped the sovereign power,

as well of the various states as of the general confederation, events have been tending towards that unhappy conflict of parties which, about the end of the year 1847, excited the attention of all Europe. Several of the cantons had thrown off the yoke of their aristocratic governors, — a yoke at least as unjustifiable, if not quite so oppressive, as that of the Austrians, — and had established a new order of things more in accordance with the wishes of the people. This change, few who know any thing of Switzerland will deny, has been a beneficial one: increased prosperity succeeded its adoption, and induced the inhabitants of neighbouring districts to desire a like reformation. As faithful narrators of facts, we cannot conceal the circumstance, that this laudable wish for political reforms, in our opinion absolutely necessary, met with opposition, not only from the secular opponents of liberalism, and from the Jesuits of Friburg and the forest cantons, but from many of the evangelical ministers. A morbid dread of anarchy, and a sincere but foolish belief that liberal measures tend necessarily towards infidelity, seemed to influence the minds of many pious men, leading them to take part against the people. This conduct has seriously damaged the cause of truth, and given rise to the direst persecutions. The masses, elated with their victory over oligarchs, identified evangelical sentiments with rancorous Toryism, and resolved, on account of the opposition they had experienced from the Protesting clergy,

to treat them as enemies of the state. Never was a more fatal error committed, than to place the preachers of Christianity in a position antagonistic to the defenders of popular rights, and thereby to render vital religion obnoxious to the many. This mistake can easily be avoided without ministers becoming demagogues, or pandering to prejudices of which they do not approve. Neutral territory was the safe and proper ground for them to occupy. It is impossible to speak in terms too reprehensible of those oppressive acts by which the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud have incurred the censure of every right-thinking man; but at the same time, it is unquestionable that their late tyrannical measures, and legislative hatred of evangelical truth, have *in some degree* resulted from the injudicious part acted by Christians in political affairs, before the ecclesiastical disruption. How could the people feel otherwise than indignant, when they found religious men struggling against constitutional reform, and even siding with the Jesuits of the Upper Alps.

In the Canton Vallais the contest between the Romish priests and the Liberals had been of long duration; all Switzerland watched its progress, as much depended upon its result. But even when a system of general education was the *questio vexata*, many of the Gospel ministers openly took part with the friends of popular ignorance, and in their unreasonable dread of social infidelity fought side by side with the monks of Brieg, the emissaries of the

"Eternal City," and the secret agents of the Sardinian court. We dislike such a coalition to promote any cause, and certainly have no sympathy with it, when the measure to be warred against is a system of national instruction, apart altogether from religious tenets. The Roman Catholics, to serve their own ends, to prevent the spread of that knowledge which baffles all their plans, called out, "Christianity in danger!" "Religion is to be banished from the minds of youth!" and straightway the pastors of the Pays de Vaud rushed to the rescue. Now, instead of religion, it was "their craft" which the proposed scheme endangered. The cause of the former is too holy, too firmly founded, to be injured by a people's advance in science; and if the various sects cannot agree to teach certain fundamental doctrines in their schools, why may not the education given there be wholly secular, whilst Christian precepts are enforced in other seminaries, or at home? Is there any one who believes that children are made religious, or even led to respect religion, by hearing a chapter read every morning by their master before they begin to read and spell? Far be it from us to depreciate the perusal of the Scriptures, or the exercise of prayer, as part of the daily routine in a school. Were the teachers religious men, which they will never be until society, even in professedly Christian countries, undergoes a striking change, it might be exceedingly useful to open the business every day

in public seminaries by the worship of God. But, where such a practice at present exists, in very many instances it does harm instead of good. In advocating a system of secular instruction, we do not wish by any means to undervalue that training of the immortal spirit, without which other knowledge is so unsatisfying; but we do mean to say, that training of this kind is much more likely to be efficient in the hands of men appointed by religious parties. If there be any zeal among Christian sects, youth will not be neglected; if not, the teachers of national schools, placed there on account of literary or scientific acquirements, can scarcely be expected to watch over the eternal interests of their pupils. In the United States of America, there are national seminaries supported by taxation, governed by the people, and devoted to secular instruction; yet nowhere in the world are Sabbath-schools so numerous, and the precepts of the Bible so widely taught to the young. Men have united on the only mutually tenable ground. Their country may be proud of the effects already produced by that union; for ignorance has fled beyond the Alleghanies, and every one knows that knowledge is power.

Adverting once more to the state of parties in Switzerland, we are clearly of opinion that the expulsion of the Jesuits was a measure not only wise, but perfectly requisite in order to prevent the minds of the people from being excited by an association of insidious plotters; whose sentiments,

acts, and vows, are totally incompatible either with civil liberty or ecclesiastical peace. To persecute and banish them on account of their religion would be tyranny; to punish them for political conspiracy no one can object to. Were Presbyterian or Independent clergymen to plot against government, they would deserve a like fate. It is amusing to hear the Jesuits complain of being interfered with for conscience sake. As well might the criminals in our police courts attribute their sentence to the polemics of the judge. Since the troubles among the Swiss, letter writers and pamphleteers, especially in Geneva, have been labouring to convince us that the Vorort acted a persecuting part from the beginning; but however faulty that body may have been, their enemies have as yet utterly failed to prove that the Jesuits are not a dangerous faction, who, alarmed at the rapid progress of liberal opinions in the Protestant cantons, induced the mountaineers to form a Sonderbund for the purpose of resisting the law of a vast majority, which decreed their perpetual banishment. Revenge for past injuries, and a brutal spirit of retaliation, have unfortunately too widely animated the federal troops and the politicians of the radical party; but such things are not uncommon, when Christians side with tyrants; and, for our part, we have greater confidence in the heads of the Vorort, than in the Papal missionaries who propagated the tenets of Loyola in Uri and Schwytz. Jesuit toler-

ation is a contradiction in terms; that order has injured freedom in every age: and the men who now complain of being driven from Friburg and Lucerne, just bide their time for kindling once more the fagots which consumed Latimer and Huss. Many Roman Catholics regard these acts with just horror; they do not sympathise with the former policy of their church; but the vows of the Jesuit body are detestable: the man who takes them must either be a fanatic or a reprobate, and both are dangerous in a well ordered state. Macaulay's eloquent description of the order deserves to be printed in golden type, and not a few British politicians would do well attentively to study it, that they may comprehend the vast gulf which separates latitudinarianism from liberality.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE VEYTAUX. — THE LAKE OF GENEVA. — GENEVA. — ROAD TO CHAMOUNI. — MISERY OF THE SAVOYARDS. — EVENING AT CHAMOUNI. — STILLNESS. — HEIGHT OF MONT BLANC. — RAYS OF THE SUN ON ITS SUMMIT. — THE MER DE GLACE. — AIGUILLES. — THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND. — SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE SWISS. — COMFORT OF THE COTTAGES. — TAXATION. — AGRICULTURE. — MANUFACTURES. — COMMERCE. — SWISS MERCENARIES. — DISCUSSION OF THE FEDERAL PRINCIPLE IN GOVERNMENT. — ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE cloudy vapours were gradually rolling upwards on the bold precipices presented by the Savoy hills, when we left the lovely hamlet of Veytaux, one genial morning towards the end of August, to embark in the steamer at Villeneuve bound for Geneva. The lake was unruffled, clear as a mirror, and reflecting with remarkable distinctness the snowy summits of the Vallais Alps; the vineyards wore an autumnal aspect, and the Indian corn plantations showed signs of harvest; on the mountain brow the herdsman was calling to his flocks, and Chillon's sombre battlements re-echoed his cry, while we hastened to join the merry throng assembled on board "L'Aigle."

Soon we were steaming over the blue waters, passing scores of picturesque boats, with beautifully

white latine sails, flapping listlessly in the breeze. The peaks of the Simplon one by one disappeared, as we doubled the promontories on the Savoy side, and approached the port of Lausanne. The beauty and romantic situations of the villages on the Swiss shore engaged our attention; but we ceased to regard them, when an opening in the ranges towards the south revealed the stupendous mass of Mont Blanc, towering so far above all competitors, and supported by aiguilles on every side. The banks of the lake at this point became more level, and the increasing number of villas among the woods testified to the fact of Geneva being near. The steamer began to move more quickly with the current, and soon entered the arrowy Rhone, only to swing round at the pier, and enable us to engage apartments at the spacious Hotel des Bergues.

The capital of the Reformation, the birthplace of Calvinism, the refuge city for victims of oppression, Geneva, is too well known to modern travellers to require description here. We sauntered up to St. Peter's church to see John Calvin's throne of power, and worshipped in the Oratoire, in which that Gospel, despised by modern Genevese, is yet proclaimed. What a privilege to mix in that focus of evangelical light with men whose praise is in all the churches! Historical recollections crowd into one's mind, when surveying this Rome of the Protestants. Alpine scenery is almost forgotten,

till the traveller has fairly crossed the frontier of Savoy on his way to Chamouni and Mont Blanc.

No sooner were the passport offices at Annemasse left behind, than we observed a manifest change in the social condition of the people. The neat cottages, well pruned vines, and carefully weeded fields of the Swiss, had given place to dwellings filthy in the extreme and frequently tottering, fences broken to pieces, neglected vineyards, and crops forcibly indicative of the sluggard. And such armies of beggars! All the way from the boundary line to St. Martin's, where strangers require to leave their carriages and hire chars-à-banc to convey them over the rough road leading to Chamouni, crowds of clamorous dirty children, and even adults, followed us demanding charity. The spectacle is distressing to the observer. At the same time it illustrates the effects of bad government. The Savoyards are living witnesses to the fact, that priestcraft and despotism united ruin a nation. *Separately*, the systems produce incalculable evils; *conjointly*, they impose a burden too grievous to be borne. So at length the people themselves have found it. Politically, the aspect of Sardinia is now more hopeful; but, if Popery succeeds in the work of destroying religious toleration, the constitution will not be worth three days' purchase. We have perused English works which actually draw a favourable contrast between these unfortunate people and the industrious Swiss.

Their authors must have worn green spectacles, or they could not possibly have extolled "the contented obedience, simplicity of manners, and tranquillity of life," manifested by a peasantry, who were obedient because deplorably ignorant, simple because barbarous, tranquil because they durst not be otherwise.

We do not wish to see Charles Albert's family dethroned, nor do we mean to praise republicanism at the expence of monarchy; but, if Savoy and Piedmont are to thrive, freedom of election, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, must exist in reality, not in pretence.*

The road from Geneva follows the course of the Arve, passing Bonneville, capital of Faucigny, a town situated at the base of a conical mountain called the Mole, which forms a conspicuous object in every view of the Sardinian Alps. Near Cluses is a narrow defile, through which the river forces its way under the perpendicular cliffs of Mount Brezon. The scenery between this and Chamouni is exquisitely picturesque; its grander parts reminding one of the Via Mala, and of the Finstermuzze Pass in the Tyrol. Beyond the chalets of Servoz, we passed a gorge of no common sublimity; in the depths of which, amidst a chaos of rocks,

* The conduct of the democrats in the Piedmontese chamber has not been a whit more enlightened than that of the ambitious clergy. By rejecting the Austrian treaty they nearly compelled Victor Emanuel to take refuge in the arms of Austria, and call to his councils men of Radetzky's own choice.

hewn by nature into the most fantastic forms, struggles the Arve, just escaped from its parent glaciers; rich woods adorned the impending banks, while the Dome de Gouté towered over all. Turning abruptly to the left on emerging from this defile, we beheld the lone vale of Chamouni, into which descend several glaciers, the spurs of that icy sea which encircles Mont Blanc.

It was evening when we reached the village; groups of eager tourists were collected at the hotel doors, and wandering over the adjacent fields. The glorious summer sun had set behind the pine-clad hill of Forclaz, and the atmosphere felt cool and exhilarating; we sauntered along the footpath leading to the Brevent, watching the varying hues of the snowy precipices. There was a quietude in the valley which delighted us; the rushing of the Arve, and anon a crack among the glacier masses, being the only sounds which diminished the impressive loneliness of the glittering minarets, which far above us pointed towards heaven; the aiguilles in this dim evening light looked grander than before. We felt loth to retire to rest; but the shadows were fast closing in, and the chapel bell warned us that fully three hours had elapsed since the orb of day had disappeared in the west. Once more we looked to the "monarch of mountains," and lo! his hoary summit was yet illumined by that very sun which had long ceased to shine on Chamouni! How striking was the sight! How mighty the elevation!

"The heavenly orbs do seem to pause,
On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc!"

But the morning dawned, and we sped our way to the Montonvert, on gaining the summit of the path leading to which, we suddenly beheld the far-famed Mer de Glace, an ocean frozen in a storm; its stupendous clefts, like so many entrances to the unseen world. We walked on the slippery surface, and listened to the rushing of subterranean streams. A glorious prospect indeed! and oh, the grandeur of these aiguilles, which defy vegetation, and are too steep even to retain the snow! Seven thousand feet above this sea of ice, which itself is six thousand three hundred feet above the level of the ocean, rose the summits of the Jorasses, supporting the Col de Géant; and nearer us, Charmoz, like a celestial minaret, seemed to cut the azure sky.

But, farewell ye sublime prospects; the recollection of your enchanted country makes us melancholy, even whilst we write. There is a charm in climbing the hills of Switzerland, which banishes fatigue, and cures the sorrows of the mind. Alone with Nature, the majestic Nature of the Alps, one feels as if God's dwelling was near, — as if, like Moses in the clefts of Sinai, he could hold converse with the Invisible.

Ye who have explored the sources of the Rhone; who have stood musing on the summits of Grimsel and St. Gothard, can you ever forget the silence, the chillness, the sense of isolation, which riveted

you to the spot? In the bright sunshine we have seen these gigantic mountains; they have awed us when clouds and darkness veiled the heavens; and once, during wind and tempest, a momentary brightening revealed to us, when standing on eternal snow, the apparition of a hoary giant. It was the Finster Aarhorn, but not expecting such a vision, we felt as Brutus did when the apparition spoke of Phillippi.

A tour in Switzerland cannot fail to afford materials for reflection to one interested in the condition of his fellow-men throughout the world. In few European countries are the peasantry surrounded with more external comfort. Proprietors of the land which they till, they labour, but not to support rich nobles living luxuriously in cities, ignorant almost of the whereabouts of their estates. Neatness, cleanliness, order, and ornament characterise the cottages of those humble republicans, whom the mighty affect to despise. Every room displays an abundance of excellent furniture; the housewife bustles about among a host of dishes, pans, and implements of culinary utility; and the owner points proudly to his decorated woodwork, to the inscriptions and devices affixed by his ancestors to the portal of his dwelling, in proof that he is "monarch of all he surveys." Then go into the garden; walk up and down the tidily kept pathways; smell the well-trained flowers; pluck a grape or two from the rich bunches around you; grasp the abundant

head of maize; listen to the lowing of the cattle on the neighbouring Alp, and then pronounce an opinion on the social condition of the Swiss proprietary, whose government is so cheap, that in no canton does the yearly tax for all purposes exceed 5*s.* per head: while in Aargau and others, it amounts but to 2*s.* 6*d.* The only article of agricultural produce exported in any quantity from Switzerland is cheese. The Gruyères most men can appreciate. Every parish has its hillside or Alp, where the inhabitants can, in common, pasture their cows from June to October. The preparation of dairy products occupies much of the time of families, especially in valleys, where few fields are under the plough. These small farmers have obtained a celebrity throughout Europe for their cheeses, and also for their short-horned cattle. Agriculture is well understood in its practical and theoretical departments on the plains, as the crops, fences, drains, farm offices, and manures of Berne and Zurich attest. Our boasting Scotch agriculturists could do no better. Yet, on all hands, the book-wise authorities in Great Britain tell us that small farms and superior cultivation are incompatible. Those who have travelled on the continent with their eyes open entertain a different opinion.

Of late years manufactures have increased wonderfully in Switzerland. The French, by means of high duties; the Germans, with their great commercial league, at one time filled with alarm the

capitalists of the cantons; but experience has calmed their apprehensions, by proving that prohibitory or high protective tariffs injure only those who impose them. The policy of the Swiss states has been to allow their subjects to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market, and in no respect to interfere with their manufacturing industry. The happiest results have been made apparent by this wise course; while France, with her absurd scale of duties, has once and again suffered commercial shocks. Cottons, silks, and muslins are woven in Switzerland; the looms being generally in the houses of the peasantry, as they are still in some parts of the United Kingdom. Most of the watches made in the cantons go to the United States of America. A prosperous trade has long been carried on between the two federal republics. It was the prohibitive policy of continental governments, after the settlement of Europe, in 1815, which originated this outlet for Swiss manufactures.

The custom so long prevalent among these mountaineers, of becoming mercenaries in the service of foreign governments, of hiring themselves for money to fight for the Pope, the King of Naples, or any other tyrant who pays them well, acts disastrously upon the principles of the inhabitants; for the young men who thus leave their homes are not prodigal sons, driven into exile, nor restless spirits, who must roam or be miserable, but respectable

members of society, who look forward to returning in a few years, to marrying, and cultivating their parental property. To their native mountains they bring back, in too many instances, a grasping love of gold, and a sceptical creed which ill accord with the earnestness of the Calvinistic theology. If some plan could be devised for directing towards manufactures, the energies of these youths, many a Swiss family would be permanently benefited, both in their temporal and spiritual concerns. We are surprised that the success of every branch of industry as yet tried in the cantons, has not checked this military enlistment, by offering greater inducements to every young man of enterprise. The separate states should seriously direct their attention to the attainment of this desirable end.

The federal principle, by which the cantons of Switzerland and the states of North America are bound together for commercial, diplomatic, and military purposes is very imperfectly understood, and very slightingly treated in Europe. We have for it an especial favour; for to our mind it presents many attractions, and we believe it destined in future ages to be adopted by countries, where at present centralisation unchallenged prevails, but in which the interests of one race have been sacrificed to those of another, as a necessary consequence of people who differ in many things, being governed by one monarch, one cabinet, and one code of laws. As illustrations of the evils attendant upon concen-

trating ALL legislative powers in the parliament or privy councils of great empires, take Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The first-named kingdom comprises all the countries between the frontiers of Poland and the Apennines, between the Lake of Constance and the rapids of the Danube. Is it possible that one assembly, meeting for a portion of the year, in Vienna, can regulate the concerns of so vast a territory, — can attentively consider the local and provincial wants of districts so widely severed, and peopled by races so various? The roads, canals, bridges, railways, mines, lawsuits, schools, prisons, police, and pauperism of Galicia, Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, Lombardy, Styria, Croatia, Sclavonia, Carniola, Carinthia, Dalmatia, Moravia, Austria Proper, the Tyrol, and the Banat, require careful legislating. How can these matters be duly examined at the capital ?

The same remarks apply to Prussia with equal truth, though perhaps less forcibly. Frederick William has subjects on the Moselle and Rhine, as well as on the Pregel and Vistula. For Memel, not less than for Aix-la-Chapelle, the constituent assembly at Berlin makes laws, with reference even to local questions, which most of the legislators do not understand. *In the meantime*, Russia scarcely suffers from the pernicious effects of centralisation, for its masses cannot appreciate the advantages of federalism; but time will abundantly prove how impracticable it is to attempt the government of

nations extending from Poland to Kamschatcha, and from Nova Zembla to the Caucasus, by any assembly of notables on the banks of the Neva.

A small state may be quite competent to regulate its own internal affairs, without having sufficient power to withstand the attacks of powerful adjoining kingdoms, or to exercise any influence in diplomatic circles. It allies itself, therefore, to other territories in a similar position. Can there be a more natural form of government, or one more likely to promote the interests of mankind, without endangering the external safety of the unions thus formed?

The desire so widely prevalent now-a-days for a Germanic Empire, to our minds, proves the just nature of this principle. What would Germany, with a central power at Frankfort, and local governments at Berlin, Hanover, Dresden, Carlsruhe, Stuttgard, &c., be, but a federal commonwealth? It would become a second United States of America, with *hereditary* kings and grand dukes, instead of *elected* territorial governors. Already these countries have leagued together for custom-house purposes; but not satisfied with thus partially acknowledging the benefits of federalism, they now contemplate a more systematic and extended plan of association.

Had these benefits been duly appreciated by European diplomatists, Holland and Belgium would not have been separated into two independent, un-

influential kingdoms, but have maintained their ancient privileges and power under a stadtholder elected by the nation. Neither of these countries have reaped any advantage from their disunion and centralisation.

As a federal republic, Switzerland has thriven well, and been enabled to hold up her head with dignity among European nations. Like the United States of America, she exercises a much more potent influence than small monarchies where power is centralised. Her twenty-two cantons, it is true, occasionally quarrel, but, like fighting dogs, they unite to attack the external foe. We admire her position, in expectation that the time is not far distant when it will be out of the power of any monarch or central governing body to sacrifice the local interests of one people, either to gratify personal ambition, or to confer undue advantages on any other race living under the same laws.*

* It requires no great penetration to foresee that the application of this federal principle will alone prevent the finest colonies of Great Britain from declaring, at no distant day, their entire independence of the mother country. If Canada, Australia, the West Indies, and the Cape are to remain loyal, they must be allowed to make their own laws, and to protect their own territories, while Queen Victoria and the Imperial Parliament stand to them in precisely the same relation as that in which General Taylor and the American Congress stand towards the individual states constituting the Union.

CHAPTER IX.

MOUTH OF THE ELBE. — HAMBURG. — THE BOURSE. — EFFECTS ON TRADE OF THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.—TERRITORIAL UNION AND ISOLATION. — INCONSISTENCY OF MANKIND IN THIS RESPECT. — RAILWAY TO BERLIN. — WITTENBERG — ITS DISCOMFORTS. — BUILDINGS OF BERLIN. — STATE OF PRUSSIA. — TENURE OF THE LAND. — POLITICAL POWER. — EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM. — ITS EFFECTS ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER. — THE STATE CHURCH. — WANT OF SPIRIT AMONGST THE PEOPLE IN SUBMITTING TO ITS FORMATION. — MILITARY SYSTEM. — ITS MANIFOLD EVILS.

Did the reader ever arrive in a steamer at the outer light ship which indicates the mouth of the Elbe, just too late to take advantage of the evening tide? If so, he will as seldom as possible again proceed to Hamburg by sea. This cruel fate was ours. After a dull day's sail in misty weather, we lay to alongside the pilot's craft, and received on board a jolly, good-natured looking man, from whom one expected better tidings than the announcement that off Cuxhaven the anchor *must* go down. How sulky did the passengers then become. In vain our good captain tried to make the merry laugh go round. We had all heard the mournful clank of the chain cable, and felt ourselves to be injured men. Wearied at length of complaints, we called in the steward to cheer our drooping

spirits, and his viands were much more efficacious than the commander's jokes. Next morning the sound of revolving paddle-wheels gladdened us, and, ascending to the deck, we found the steamer struggling with a strong head-wind and tide, a drizzling rain falling, and the sandy banks scarcely visible. In an hour or two wind-mills appeared above the dykes of sand, and then villages, protected from the floods by means of lofty embankments, secured with plaited straw. Dreary indeed was the prospect in the hazy atmosphere, and little did the passengers on board our steamer envy the lot of luckless individuals born to spend a lifetime near the mouth of the Elbe. At two o'clock we called at the Hanoverian toll-house, to land the ship's papers, all merchandise being chargeable with duty there. For a couple of hours thereafter the state of the tide compelled us to proceed at half speed, in order to have sufficient water at Stade, where two sand-banks obstruct the navigation of the river. It absolutely rained in earnest as we passed Blankenese, the Ramsgate of Germany's seaport, where stand the summer residences of the wealthy merchants. They are built on an extensive sloping bank, and in summer may have their charms, although they look cheerless enough on a rainy March afternoon. Altona, the Elbe part of Holstein, is to all intents and purposes a suburb of Hamburg, there being on the river's side

no open space between them. The stranger cannot tell where one begins and the other ends.

Pleased to escape from steam and smoke, we heard with joy the command to "Stop her," and jumping into a wherry, were skilfully piloted between the numerous vessels lying in the river. These ships are all unladen by means of barges, into which the goods are lowered to be transported to the warehouses of the merchants, along the many canals which intersect the city. Thus cartage is saved altogether.

A handsome place is that Hamburg which has risen upon the ruins of older houses destroyed by fire. Around the Alster basin, a fine sheet of water tenanted by swans, spacious mansions have sprung up in wonderfully short time. They resemble the residences of English nobles at the west end of London. Very different streets and erections, however, does the business part of this great commercial town present. It has Mark Lanes as well as Westbourne Terraces.

One of the most curious sights in Europe is the Bourse of Hamburg, between the hours of one and three o'clock in the afternoon. We entered its vast area when the bell rung, and indeed witnessed an interesting scene. About 1500 merchants were talking at once, absorbed in the arrangement of mercantile affairs. To say the hall was filled would be to convey but a faint idea of that dense crowd of human beings who meet there every day. The

hum of voices reminded us of the noise which arrests the traveller's attention at a certain distance from Niagara. We can compare it to nothing else. It literally stunned us for a time, and made us appreciate the advantages of stillness in the open air. The merchants, that day, perhaps talked louder than they usually do; for rumours were afloat that the war in Schleswig-Holstein was about to be resumed. This foolish contest has sadly injured the trade of Hamburg; for since its commencement, the Danes have begun to enter into direct transactions with England and other nations, instead of carrying on all their business through agents in that city. Corn from Denmark is now bought, not in Hamburg, but in Copenhagen, and even in the smaller ports of that little kingdom. The Danes, too, have been driven to purchase their goods, not in any German town, but in Great Britain. Thus about ten per cent. is economised by the Danish nation on which to extend their trade. Business, once diverted in this manner, seldom, if ever, resumes its former channel. Hamburg permanently suffers, that the politicians of Germany may find somewhat to do.

This foolish contest is but one manifestation of man's inconsistency. The remark requires to be explained, and we may be excused for devoting a few sentences to that end.

We need not search the annals of ancient Greece, that classic land of heroism and poetry, for noble

examples of an exalted patriotism. In every age of this earth, from the days of Nimrod to the Parisian revolt of 1848, deeds of daring have been performed by men when national independence and social quietude are at stake. However ill-governed a country may be, — however miserable the lot of its inhabitants,—no sooner does the sentinel on his watch tower announce the approach of a foreign foe, than internal broils are forgotten, and the united forces of faction march to repel the invader. Athens fought Sparta, and they, combined, opposed the Theban commander; but universal Greece prayed for the valorous few who held the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian. Attica, Lacedæmon, and Corinth strove with each other at times for mastery; but their united sympathies surrounded the Hellenic standard on the plains of Marathon.

This love of country is no superstitious feeling, of which the Christian need be ashamed; it is inherent in our being, implanted within us for purposes of mercy, and sanctioned by the precepts of religion itself. What grander spectacle can history present than William Tell on the field of Grutli, with uplifted hands pledging his associates to deliver their mountain homes from the oppressor?

Strangely inconsistent, however, are the whims of men. While the patriot, in one part of the world, strains every nerve to acquire for the particular province he lives in the distinction of an independent sovereign state, his brother, across

some inland sea, labours without ceasing to annex his native mountains to the territory of a great confederation near at hand. The one glories in isolation; the other boasts of belonging to a vast brotherhood, the name of which may one day fill the world. Don Ruggiero Settimo claimed the honours due to true patriotism, when he proclaimed Sicily independent of the Neapolitan state; the Duke of Augustenburg, on the other hand, looked for the praise of his countrymen, in an attempt to unite Schleswig Holstein to the German League. The Italian admired the fragmentary freedom enjoyed by the ancient Grecian States; the German idolised the grandeur of Charlemagne, and sighed for coronation scenes, such as his forefathers witnessed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

This passion for uniting vast territories under one government is no new phase of popular caprice. The same enthusiasm pervaded Europe when Napoleon hurried his legions from one triumph to another in the zenith of his power. Despite the real miseries of war, and the sad results of military conquest, even subjugated nations joined the cry for a mighty western empire, and prepared to chaunt their triumphal pæans around the car of Charlemagne's successor. True, "the Scottish Celts and Cossacks of the Caspian" advanced from their respective territories to fight the usurper; yet it took time to cool that ill-merited enthusiasm

which crowned the warlike Corsican in the cathedral of Milan.

Look at the progress of events in another hemisphere; the same spectacle dissolves before us. That republic which was formed first between the parallels of New Hampshire and the Carolinas, on this side the Alleghanies, has gradually extended its limits over wilds towards the west, where, a few years ago, the Chippeways hunted the buffalo, or traced the panther to his forest lair. Not only so the Mississippian Rubicon has been crossed, and annexation carried on to an unprecedented extent within the countries conquered by Spain. The United States are too small to satisfy this craving for territorial aggrandisement; the cry is for a North American republic, to have its capital on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and its possessions bounded on the south by the Isthmus of Panama, and on the north by the snows of Labrador.

The time was, when a like spirit manifested itself in the European countries on the Baltic. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune; and tired of perpetual contests, they shouted "Scandinavia, and Scandinavia alone."

The same desire has caused this fighting in Schleswig-Holstein. Two duchies, one an integral portion of the Danish soil; the other, held as a fief from the German league, were temporarily united

for purposes of government, so that they became in a great measure blended with each other. Still they were possessed by the crown of Denmark under distinct titles. But whether Schleswig be Danish or German appears to us an affair of very trivial importance; in either case it is promised constitutional government. The object of the war is merely to ascertain whether Germany extends to the Eider or only to the Elbe. O'Connell would have said—

> "Strange such a difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

How out of place does a newly-imported Englishman look in a German railway station, filled with fur-clad travellers, moustachioed guards and smoke! Nevertheless, we were not very long in making the necessary arrangements for the transport of the ladies and the baggage; and very shortly afterwards, amidst a storm of adieus, the train left Hamburg for Berlin. We felt now fairly started on our tour, having taken leave of that place where the British steamer still lay. Our route lay along a plain, thinly peopled, and far from interesting. For many miles nothing appeared on either side but pine forests. Passing the remnants of carriages which a collision had just shattered, we reached, late at night, a handsome station, where every trunk had to be opened by Prussian officers. This grievance must be borne; but another was in

store for us. Instead of proceeding on its way, the train stopped there for the night; and as the "barbarous people" had no inn near the railroad, we were forced to proceed in a dirty omnibus to the Gasthof of Wittenberg, a small village two miles distant. One would think that travellers were few and far between in a country where such accommodation is provided. Yet that country is traversed by a railroad, and lies between two populous cities, one the capital of a powerful kingdom, the other the principal seaport of Germany. There is only one train a-day from Hamburg to Berlin; the other domiciles its passengers all night in a public-house. The inmates of that singular stopping place seemed to think a single room quite sufficient for a party; so, despairing of bringing the people to act reasonably, we accepted the accommodation, and ordered beefsteaks and Bavarian beer, after which we tried to sleep. But ever and anon strange sounds disturbed us; slumber forsook our eyelids, and we lay listening to the sepulchral voice and wooden shoes of the watchman, as he patrolled the rude pavements, calling the hours. Soon after daylight on the morrow, we hied to the railway again, where we found the locomotive sufficiently rested to take us on. There are few villages and corn-fields between Wittenberg and Berlin. When we traversed that region it was one vast shallow lake, with here and there some trees or patches of grain appearing above the waters.

Early in the day we reached the metropolitan terminus, and after producing our passport, and declaring that we carried no excisable articles, drove into the city by the Friedrichs Strasse. Most strangers are disappointed with Berlin. Excepting the Unter den Linden, extending from the Royal Palace to the Brandenburg Gate, and adorned with two rows of trees, none of the streets are handsome. Many of the aristocratic mansions attract attention from their great size and splendour; but they stand, not in juxta-position, but scattered up and down among mean tenements. In point of architecture, the churches of this capital may be considered pre-eminently ugly, being all brick erections, some unpainted, others with half the paint rubbed off; very high, and situated, generally speaking, in narrow streets. The Royal residence, the University, the Armoury, the Academy of the Fine Arts, and other buildings in Berlin, have been much lauded; but the only public monument we admired, was the Gate of Brandenburg, surmounted by a spirited equestrian group in bronze, an imitation of which stands on the top of the Arc de Carrousel at Paris.

During our visit the city seemed one vast barrack; every large edifice teemed with soldiers; every wide gateway had a sentinel guarding it. The presence of so many troops spoke volumes for the state of the nation.— The state of the nation! Important reflections are suggested by these words.

The institutions of Prussia have attracted no small share of attention thoughout Europe, as well for their own sake as for their influence upon the national character of that people, whom they so seriously affect in every relation of life. We do not profess much technical knowledge of that sadly perverted science, styled political economy; but no writer has shaken our conviction, that time will yet disclose the marvellous rottenness of those much-lauded plans which have emanated from the legislators of Brandenburg.

We do not intend to enter upon a discussion regarding these famous measures. The reader who wishes to understand them thoroughly should study "Laing's Notes of a Traveller*;" but a few words, explanatory of the above remark, we offer as an incentive to the more complete investigation of the subject on the part of those whose eye these pages may meet.

Until the commencement of the present century, the land in the provinces now united into a separate kingdom by the name of Prussia, as well as that in most countries of Europe, belonged to great proprietors, cultivating it by means of vassals, who lived upon the estate, and could spare that time unclaimed by their lord to extract returns from patches of land around their own cottages. These serfs the ministers of Frederick William III. con-

* London: Longmans, 1842.

verted into owners of their little plots of ground, on payment of a commutation price for the same, as an equivalent to the landlord for services rendered or produce given under the old feudal system. Thus was formed an independent body of proprietors in Prussia, who, Government expected, would be at all times ready to rally round the throne. So far the royal house acted wisely. Keeping pace with the requirements of the age, they took the first step towards the formation of a national interest and the creation of a patriotic spirit. A class of men at once rose into influence, who looked upon Berlin as their capital, and its ruler as their monarch, regardless of those petty princes whom their forefathers served, but who no longer could make them subservient to ambitious purposes.

This measure, however, every thinking person must acknowledge, was a mere beginning of good government. If Frederick William wished to make Prussia a great nation; to see her standing side by side with England; to attach the people as firmly to the fortunes of his family as even English Tories are to the House of Hanover; to put an end, once for all, to any scheme for disorganizing his territory, he should have continued the same liberal policy which led to the enfranchisement of the soil. Political as well as proprietary powers ought to have been gradually conceded to the emancipated class, freedom of the press established, religious bodies left to their own exertions, the nation at

large exempted from military duty, and industry rescued from that host of functionaries which weighed upon it like an incubus. Unfortunately no such course was followed. The good work begun, never reached a second stage. For a long period of years Prussia has groaned under governmental supervision in all departments of private life. Officers appointed by the ministry interfere with every thing; no details, however trifling, escaping their eagle eye. They intermeddle with trade, manufactures, education, religion, and even household arrangements. A man's children are not his own. At the age of seven the king takes them and puts them to school, keeping them there for seven years, and requiring them again, when they are twenty, to serve in the army. Liberty of worship exists not; the paternal king has invented likewise a church for his people, where all Protestants are expected to attend, whatever be their opinions in regard to rites or doctrines. No pen can describe the evils which this state bondage has produced in Prussia, or foretel the disasters yet in store for that country as its consequence. The masses move as mere machines, their intellectual freedom crushed, their minds stored with book learning (which, unaided by *practical* liberty, does more harm than good,) and their whole nature rendered subservient to the designs of centralised power at the capital. It is true they can read, write, spell, cypher, sing doggrel rhymes out of the collection

ordered to be used in all the churches, shoulder a musket, and persuade authors of their great advancement in knowledge; but even with these accomplishments, and others which form part of governmental requirements, they occupy a very low place among the European nations. Unfettered liberty of speech, mind, industry, and action, has exalted the English masses, illiterate though they be, immeasurably above these educated vassals of the Prussian government.

We are no advocates for keeping a people in ignorance, neither can we see any thing admirable in the educational system of that kingdom, which a minister of state at Berlin controls absolutely, assisted and served by councils at the capital, provincial consistories, inspectors, committees of investigation, councillors, and functionaries without number.. The nation acts like a vast automaton. Count So-and-so pulls a string at head-quarters, and more than two millions of children nod responsively. The advantages which might accrue to the nation from these 23,000 primary schools, and their 28,000 teachers, government counteracts by its inveterate habit of intermeddling, and its anti-liberal policy. But these seminaries not only exist; — all parents must send their children to them between the ages of seven and fourteen, unless they can prove, to the satisfaction of prying inspectors, that the various branches of knowledge approved of at Berlin are imparted to the youth in their own

homes. Fines or imprisonment await those who disobey this stern edict. Never may Britain be thus converted into a vast hospital, its parents treated as incapable of managing their own concerns, and its children forcibl y removed from parental control and influence! These Prussians originate more evils than most men are aware of, by thus making the state stand *in loco parentis*, and forcibly interfering with ties more sacred than government itself. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, may justly complain of so unwise a statute. Its evil consequences far more than counterbalance the merits of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Take one statistical fact as an illustration of how this educational system benefits society. There are more unchaste females in Prussia than in almost any other part of Europe. Upwards of 40,000 illegitimate children annually see the light in Frederick William's dominions. The apathy with which the people regarded the incorporation of the various Protestant sects into one great National Church by royal edict, proves more forcibly than any other circumstance their intellectual debasement. That men should, in the nineteenth century, tamely submit to the union of two religious bodies so different as the Lutherans and the Calvinists, is wonderful. It indicates serfdom, state control, the absence of public spirit, the non-existence of freemen. Let us imagine the feelings of the Scotch, were Lord John Russell to introduce a bill into

Parliament for constituting the Episcopalians, Established clergy, Free Church, United Presbyterians, Cameronians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, and Original Seceders north of the Cheviot hills, into one Evangelical Church! Such a measure would inevitably cause civil war, if not national dismemberment. Yet, to a plan of this sort, the inhabitants of Prussia meekly submitted; so completely have they lost all vestige of public spirit, mental freedom, and individual action. They are obedient humble servants of civil functionaries,—mere policemen acquainted with their A B C. To that independence of feeling which characterises Englishmen, and against which no government dare proceed in passing public measures, they have been always strangers. The Briton who *thinks*, but cannot sign his name, occupies a higher place in society than stucco figures of this sort.

In vain do cabinets thus construct vast machines to overtake the wants of mankind, and to educate all ranks, as the colonel commands a regiment. Political economists may admire the harmonious working of every part; statesmen may imagine they behold a PERFECT system; but

> "The man of independent mind,
> He looks and laughs at a' that."

In Prussia, every man between the ages of twenty and twenty-five must serve for three years in the regular army. When the ranks are full, or an in-

dividual possesses great interest, one year's duty may be accepted; but such instances occur by no means frequently. He, at the expiry of this term, becomes a supernumerary, at all times liable to be called out, and so remains till he attain his twenty-sixth year; when he joins the reserve corps, which only meets once annually for a fortnight, or a month to exercise. At the age of thirty-two, he is under no obligation to perform any duty but that of garrisoning fortresses; and at forty-nine he becomes a member of the landstrum, the calling out of which only an invasion would justify. These old men are the militia of Prussia.

Some writers wax quite eloquent in praise of this military system, on account of its cheapness and its efficiency in case of invasion. It would indeed be singular if more than half a million of men could not *efficiently* defend their country. Their numbers would *overwhelm* an attacking army. But we can by no means admit that this enormous military force is maintained cheaply, even in proportion to its strength. Regular armies, composed of men hired from the lowest classes in society, cost a country no inconsiderable sum annually; but we think it will be found that the dearest of them may be supported at less expense than these hordes in Prussia.

This system interferes to an extent quite incalculable with the industry of the nation. It operates like a drag on its prosperity. Bowed down

under it, no country can shew symptoms of industrial energy or mental vigour. To take away from business and commercial education a young man for three years, and then for a month every year, till he reach the age of thirty-two, to make him spend in idleness, or on parade, the most important period of his existence, is absolute folly. If a merchant, he acquires habits little likely to benefit him in after life; if a lawyer, he unlearns all that years of application had cost him; if a clergyman (for they too must shoulder a musket), he returns with a distaste to his vocation; if a shopkeeper, the confinement behind his counter does not suit him; if an agriculturist, he, between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-two, even after the expiry of his three years of service, loses the best month in the season for field work.

> "And, his three years of heroship expir'd,
> Returns indignant to the slighted plough."

Besides, he never can learn discipline so perfectly as the veteran who has served his country for years continuously, nor stand so much fatigue as a man whose profession is arms. The Prussian government would likewise experience no small difficulty in using this force of theirs for purposes of offensive warfare. The merchants, lawyers, clergy, shopkeepers, and farmers of Brandenburg and Pomerania would make but a poor figure in campaigns abroad. They might defend Posen or West-

phalia from invaders; but we do not fancy them crossing the St. Bernard, or fighting in the gorge of the Danube with the Saracen.

The economy of such a force is more imaginary than real. Nominally, it absorbs nearly half the national revenue; virtually, it costs the subjects of Frederick William a sum compared with which 24,000,000 of thalers is a trifle. Prussia groans under this military system as grievously as did Bunyan's "Christian" under his burden when he left the City of Destruction on his celestial pilgrimage. Cowper surely had Berlin in his eye when he wrote

> "This universal soldiership has stabb'd
> The heart of merit in the meaner class."

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN. — GERMAN RAILROADS. — VALLEY OF THE ODER. — WHEAT FIELDS. — BRESLAU. — PALM SUNDAY. — SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL. — SMOKING. — RUDENESS OF FOREIGNERS, ESPECIALLY OF FRENCHMEN. — AUSTRIAN FRONTIER. — THE CUSTOM HOUSE. — KAISER-FERDINAND'S RAILWAY. — PLAIN OF THE THAYA. — AGRICULTURE. — FIELD OF WAGRAM. — VIENNA. — ITS SITUATION, BUILDINGS, POLICE, SOLDIERS, AND CLIMATE. — MARKS OF THE LATE BOMBARDMENT. — ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL.

NOT sorry to leave the Prussian capital, we drove to the Stralauer Platz, an eastern suburb, from which start the trains for Silesia. Although very early in the morning, the waiting rooms were filled with people, eating, drinking, and smoking; which with the Germans seem the chief occupations of life. An Englishman feeds well at meal times; but these folks feed all day long like the oxen; whether travelling by railway, by diligence, by voiture, or on foot, refreshments every hour or two they must have. Consequently, express trains do not suit their taste. Germany abhors a system of locomotion which deprives men of creature comforts, and sacrifices every thing to speed. But there is a medium in all things, and perhaps the railroad officials in Great Britain neglect too much the bodily wants of passengers. Quickness is desirable; but the "through" trains ought to stop longer

time at places where eatables may be obtained. The porters should also, at every station of this kind, inform gentlemen how many minutes they have to spend. Such is the case in Germany. Although a very clever people, we should be ready to take a lesson, even in those matters in which we imagine ourselves to be perfect. That five minutes should be spent at every petty stopping place is absurd; that men should be hurried 500 miles without eating, is not less so.

After leaving the immediate vicinity of Berlin, we passed for many miles through dense damp forests, unenlivened by open country or human abodes. Near Frankfort, a pretty town of 26,000 inhabitants, the scene changes, and we turned to the right up the valley of the Oder. The river was crowded with barges, the latine sails of which much improved the landscape. They transport to Stettin the wheat of Upper Brandenburg and Silesia, for exportation to manufacturing England. Between Neuzelle and Breslau we traversed an agricultural district of great resources, part, in fact, of the European granary. Vast unenclosed fields of wheat extended as far as the eye could reach, diversified only by a few villages and straggling willow trees. At Kohlfurt, where the line to Dresden joins the Silesian branch, we stopped twenty-five minutes for dinner. This station house, like most of the others, is a handsome building with large rooms, where all sorts of eatables may be obtained *at moderate*

prices. Ye extortioners at Wolverton, York, and Derby, mark the italics. The charges in the refreshment rooms at these and other leading stations in England disgrace the country. Foreigners complain grievously of them, and well they may; for they deserve the severest condemnation. We are amazed that the directors of British railways have not long ere this put a stop to such legalized robbery. To say that high rents are paid for these rooms is to enlarge the list of culprits, not to defend the practice. If the fares are inadequate, let them be raised openly, not supplemented by means so disreputable.

Passing Bunzlau and Leignitz, with the bare but rich country around them, at sunset we reached the ancient and interesting city of Breslau, through which sweep the several branches of the Oder. Its streets are narrow, but have a venerable appearance, the houses being built in a peculiar style, and displaying many varieties of architecture. Then there are curious wooden bridges over the river, and fine squares, in one of which, the Place of Exercise, stand a beautiful palace, a theatre, a Protestant church, and the mansion of the Count of Brandenburg. Indeed Breslau is more of a capital than Berlin.

We spent there a Sabbath; and desirous of seeing those rites which formerly were so familiar to us, set off to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, — a huge building, with two towers, situated on the right

bank of the Oder. On our way, while passing the ancient town-house, we suddenly heard a band of music strike up the well-known air usually sung to the hymn,

> "Awake, my soul! and with the sun,
> Thy daily course of duty run."

We thought of celestial lyres; for the sound seemed to proceed from the air, and the performers were no novices. Wondering *, gazing, at last we discovered a group of men on a balcony, near the top of the lofty spire which surmounts the Hotel de Ville. We felt the music to be peculiarly appropriate to the morning of a day set apart for God's worship. Alas! the Silesians had awakened to pleasure, not to praise.

A crowded audience had assembled in the Cathedral, every one carrying a branch of the same tree; for it was Palm Sunday, — a notable festival of Mother Church. After sermon, service commenced at the high altar, on the marble pavement of which knelt dignitaries dressed in scarlet, blue and gold, with choristers in full force. How uncomfortable, thought we, would the Apostles have felt, thus caparisoned in robes of many colours, to worship that God who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Could we restore to life the angels of the Asian churches, with what astonish-

* "Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?"
Twelfth Night.

ment would they look upon the golden candlesticks, the burning tapers, the pictures, the images, and the people waving branches of a tree! Verily they would expect in such a place to hear the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Around us stood multitudes of shopkeepers with their buxom wives, bowing reverentially; while on every side were military men crossing themselves, like their neighbours. Indeed, all the way from Hamburgh, look where we pleased, a blue uniform — generally rather threadbare — was never absent. Soldiers swarm in Prussia, like orange-venders in Naples, and dram-sellers in Scotland. We looked at the evolutions of the priests till heartily tired, and then retraced our steps across the rushing Oder.

Every unfortunate, travelling in Germany for a length of time, must lay his account with returning to his friends smoked; for go where he will, the component parts of air in that land are oxygen, nitrogen, and tobacco fumes. We have frequently seen these vapours rolling like Alpine mists; but never, except perhaps in a *salle à manger* at Coblentz on the Rhine, have we ever been so nearly suffocated as in the waiting-room of the Upper Silesian rail-road at Breslau.

Had the cigars, and the contents of the pipes, been composed of good Havannah produce, one might have excused the fellows; but they smoked, without exception, the vilest tobacco manufactured. And to make matters worse, we were absolutely

locked into this hydro-sulphated receptacle. At length the bell rang, and gasping we rushed upon the platform. The passengers were numerous, and seats scarce; so our carriage speedily received more than its complement. Amongst others entered a dandy with a cane, an apology for a moustache, and alas! a bad cigar, the fumes of which he adroitly managed to waft into the ladies' faces, although he sat next to an open window. It was, however, pretty well run down, and we expected speedy release; but no, our polite friend produced another, a third, a fourth, till his eyes reddened with the exertion of puffing. As it is heretical to observe that foreigners, with all their fair speeches and grimaces, understand little of politeness, properly so called, we need not draw lengthened inferences from conduct like this, especially, as for our own part, we do not much mind it either at the time or afterwards. But this we shall say, that in the course of our journeys, whether in Europe or America, we never saw ladies so rudely and continuously stared at by strangers, or so inconsiderately treated, as by the polished gentlemen of Germany and France. In the latter country especially we have noticed this. The French polite! — Never did people get credit for a virtue which they so little deserve. True, they look lackadaisical, put their hands on their hearts, fall down on their knees, if need be; but ask them to do anything, even for a lady, which requires the slightest self-

denial, or, if you think that too strong a test, watch their countenances when they fancy themselves unobserved, and speedily the illusion will vanish. Their politeness consists in words, and words only; in hollow speeches which the heart belies. Blandness, kindness of manner, eagerness to please, are no doubt desirable qualities; but for all that, we think the blunt Englishman and the curt American more truly polite than the artificial man of France. The fact of Frenchmen not being hearty in their attentions to ladies is in nowise difficult to account for. In a country where morality is despised, where domestic happiness few enjoy, and where woman is degraded, not honoured, as she ought to be, we believe it impossible for real politeness to exist at all.

But we have digressed; for the valley of the Oder calls for our remarks. The line of railroad traverses it from Breslau to the frontier of Moravia. The whole district is a vast unbroken plain, covered with woods and corn-fields, through which flows the river, at least if we may judge from the sails of the grain-barges, for the water itself seldom appeared. Between Cosel, where the Cracow line joins the Upper Silesian, and Oderberg, where the Austrians examine luggage, we crossed a wild woodland region, abounding in brushwood, and resembling, if most sketches are correct, Australian scenery.

As we make a rule never to travel with much

baggage, our business with the douaniers was soon over; not so that of an unfortunate consul journeying to his post at Belgrade, who had piles of boxes in custody. How we pitied the poor man, as he looked unutterable things, when every package was opened, and trembled lest his pretty wife's jewels should be seized. A whole hour we had to wait after this operation. We employed it in enjoying the stillness of the night, and admiring the dreary woods around; but our fellow passengers evidently thought us eccentric, as they devoured rich dishes, drank bowls of wine, and smoked pipe upon pipe in the *salle à manger.*

At length appeared an aristocratic-looking Austrian guard, dressed in much better uniform than Francis Joseph's troops. Having bowed us into a handsome carriage, he sounded his shrill whistle, and away we went on the Kaiser-Ferdinand's Nordbahn, bound for Vienna. At an intermediate station, several carriages containing soldiers were attached to our train, and nothing would satisfy the rascals but bellowing and yelling all night long, like hyenas in a menagerie. However, despite these hideous noises, as usual, we slept, and, when morning dawned, awoke to admire the valley, or rather plain of the Thaya. The villages which adorn its banks are particularly loveable. Grain fields without fences surround them. As we passed the peasants were busy preparing the land for seed; the wheat had however sprung, and beautifully

green it was. This plain cannot complain of lack of manure, for the husbandmen were spreading it in profusion. No rows of trees, nor hedges of any kind, separated the fields. Not a fence did we see for miles, excepting around the village gardens; but notwithstanding the absence of cover, hundreds of hares were feasting on the young wheat, and the furrows teemed with partridges.

The name of the station beyond Marchfeld recalled eventful histories to our mind. We were whirling on an iron-way over that identical field of Wagram, where Napoleon defeated Austria's chivalry within sight of their capitol. We had passed close to Austerlitz during the night; Asperne, Lobau, and Essling were near us. Entering into the spirit of the age which witnessed such a succession of triumphs, viewing ground so famed in story, we forgot the tyrant in the hero, and had almost shouted "Vive l'Empereur."

Such were our reflections, as we passed the large village of Florisdorf, at the base of those hills which overlook the Austrian capital, and crossing on wooden bridges, first the main stream, then a smaller branch of the deep rolling Danube entered Imperial Vienna.

Imagine a city of lofty handsome houses, with narrow streets, and but few spires, excepting one majestically towering above every building, and marking the centre of that circle which well-fortified walls and deep fosses surround; beyond these de-

fences, and separated from them by an open space, laid out tastefully with trees and walks, conceive of vast suburbs extending round the town-proper, like the ring of Saturn, and containing a population of 300,000; think further of some parts of these faubourgs being situated on elevated ground, while others, as that of Leopoldstadt, occupy a low plain between a branch of the Danube flowing under the battlements, and that spacious park, called the Prater, where, in summer afternoons, drive the carriages of the Austrian nobles. Such is Vienna, a noble capital, well worthy of the great empire over which it presides.

We drove along the Prater from the railway station, and through the Leopoldstadt, by that street, every inch of which was disputed by the insurgents and royal troops in October 1848, and took up our quarters in an hotel bearing on its front the mark of cannon balls, and standing at the end of the bridge over the above-mentioned arm of the river, which conducts to the eastern gate of the walled city.

Within the fortifications the streets are narrow but smoothly paved, and generally crowded with passengers, as well as carriages. The latter drive at a very sharp pace, so that a good "look out" must be kept. Perhaps it is for this reason that pedestrians crowd the covered alleys or arcades, which form a means of communication to all parts of the town. In these, as well as in the principal

thoroughfares, the shops are remarkable for the variety of costly wares displayed in their windows. Near the walls stand the mansions of the nobility, — immense edifices resembling colleges in point of size and exterior adornment. At the entrance gate of each of them is a porter in splendid uniform, leaning on a staff with a golden or silver top. Such an imposing personage would much astonish the natives of Great Britain.

The streets of Vienna Proper all converge towards an open space near the centre of the city, where stands the magnificent cathedral of St. Stephens, with its spire 465 feet high. From the summit waves the black and yellow flag of the empire, which during the revolution was pulled down to make way for the fashionable tri-colour. The architecture of the church is Gothic; but the two northern towers are of more ancient date, and Byzantine in their style. Every time we visited this building it appeared more imposing. Milan's Duomo alone, of all European sanctuaries, has left a greater impression on our mind. Unpretending outside, but within, rich in tapestry, mosaic tables, ornaments of Carrara marble, vases, and pictures, not painted but executed in mosaic, is the Royal Palace, overlooking the Burg Thor, a massive gateway, spotted with the marks of cannon shot, which the troops of the empire fired during the late troubles, in order to force a rebellious city to surrender. The gallery of paintings fills a large

building situated on a rising ground in the southern suburb. We, although no judges of the art, cannot refrain from noticing an exquisite work by Murillo, contained in that collection. It represents St. John, as a child, patting with one hand a lamb, and with the other holding a cross, on which is the inscription, "Ecce Agnus Dei." That little picture is a masterpiece of extraordinary power. The Church of San Carlo Borromeo, resembling in its architecture that of Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, forms also a prominent object in this suburb. It was erected by the Emperor Charles VI., in fulfilment of a vow made when the plague raged in his dominions.

On the day of our arrival we drove through the city and all its faubourgs, beholding at the outer lines, which protect the latter, the desolating effects of war. Almost every house had been riddled by grape shot; in several the balls still remained sticking in the plaster, while masses of blackened ruins indicated the sites on which large mansions had stood before the 28th of October. Edifices roofless, heaps of bricks, rents in the fortifications, and repairs in the facing of every house, reminded us of that terrible bombardment which the Viennese endured. The walls of the city proper likewise showed innumerable marks of artillery practice.

The capital of Austria seemed one vast barrack during our sojourn in it. Every public building, the bastions, the gates, even the various chambers

of the palace, were strongly guarded by troops; grenadiers in white crowded the pavements; pigmy soldiers of the line, in blue, marched along the streets, on their way to fight the Magyars in Hungary. Not a solitary royalist cheered them; on the contrary, the people were crowding the windows of those shops in which appeared prints of the revolutionary scenes, and likenesses of popular leaders. The engravings of Francis Joseph's inane countenance few glanced at. A scowl on the features of the passers-by greeted representations of Jellachich, and many we could see leaving these shop windows full of half-concealed dislike to the House of Hapsburg.

Most travellers agree in representing the climate of Vienna as unhealthy. Eastern winds attack the lungs of its inhabitants, as they do those of good folks living on the British shore of the German Ocean. At certain seasons of the year cold damp blasts reach the city from the plains of Poland and Hungary and the marshes along the banks of the Danube. On all sides it is exposed, except towards the south, where the Styrian Alps prevent the northern progress of Italian breezes.

The police of this capital has acquired celebrity for its strictness and discipline. Strangers must be careful what they say in hotels, coffee-houses, theatres, and even in private society. Every movement of the vast population the administration is cognisant of; and by means of the passport system

foreigners cannot step into their carriages without the concurrence of civic functionaries. When will continental governments learn that this system of espionage consists not with liberty? To talk of constitutional government, with these restrictions yet in force, is idle.

Man must be treated as a moral, free, and rational being, with duties to perform both to himself and to society,—not as a mere beast of burden, for the use of that golden idol called the State, before which the nations of the Continent fall down and worship.*

* "In Vienna, in 1841, were 8941 legitimate and 7741 illegitimate births. In Gratz there are more illegitimate than legitimate births. The great object of the Austrian tyranny appears to be, to gratify all the sensual appetites of the masses of her population, and to make war against the spiritual and intellectual nature of man. She is quite successful: the population of Vienna was the most contented and most immoral in Europe."—*Whiteside's Italy.*

CHAPTER XI.

SCHÖNBRUNN. — LAXENBURG. — OUR ROUTE. — THE WAR IN HUNGARY. — EVILS OF WARFARE. — JUSTIFIABLE WARS. — THE MAGYARS. — THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM. — ERRORS OF ULTRA-MAGYARISM. — REASONS FOR NOT SYMPATHISING WITH AUSTRIA IN THE LATE CONTEST. — AUSTRIAN FINANCE, GOVERNMENT, AND POLICY.

HAVING seen the "lions" of the city, we started one morning to visit the neighbouring palaces of Schönbrunn and Laxenburg. Our route lay through the city proper, across the surrounding park or glacis, along the streets of Marienburg, the western suburb, and then over a plain bounded by the picturesque Kahlenberg. Two miles beyond the outer lines, in a hollow formed by a rivulet, stands Schönbrunn,—an edifice of no great pretensions to architectural beauty. Its well-worn furniture, and common-place though comfortable rooms, will disappoint all who go to see the mansion of an Emperor. We were glad when the suites of apartments had all been traversed, and we ascended the garden to enjoy the splendid view of the capital, obtained from the Gloriette, a colonnade on the summit of an eminence. Every stranger must also visit the hot-houses, where flowers are grouped with such taste as even to rival Chatsworth, where camelias, azalias, white rhododendrons, and Egyp-

tian lilies bloom in April, and a delicious perfume at all times fills the air.

An avenue, nine miles long, connects Schönbrunn with the Laxenburg, a royal retreat to the south of the city. The plain between is rich, and covered with villages, though bare of trees. An amphitheatre of hills, through gaps in which we distinctly saw the snowy mountains of Styria, bounds it on all sides save the north, where rolls the noble Danube.

Laxenburg is an insignificant chateau, situated in a well-watered pleasure ground. The park bears some resemblance to the English gardens at Munich, on a much smaller scale. On an island in one of the artificial lakes stands a modern imitation of a feudal stronghold, containing old relics, armour, tapestry, a mimic dungeon, and a puppet prisoner. The Emperor Francis, poor man! considered this child's castle his favourite retreat. What a taste! to prefer such a paltry place to the palaces of nature. When majestic scenery surrounded him, he admired a plaything in a duck-pond!

Our destination was Constantinople. We intended to have sailed down the Danube, to visit Buda-Pesth, and see a people who have more than once rolled back the tide of Saracenic invasion. But passing events prevented. The chivalrous Magyars had, in defence of their constitutional rights, stopped the steamers; we were constrained, therefore, to proceed by another route to the "City of the

Sultan." Before starting, however, we must devote a few pages to the consideration of that momentous dispute which has so lately attracted the attention of all Europe, involving as it did the strength and integrity of the Austrian empire.

In the outset, let us state that we are no admirers of war or military heroes. In few instances, indeed, can a resort to arms be justifiable, considering the dire calamities it inflicts on mankind. National honour is a term which has been sadly misapplied, meaning, in common phraseology, mere pride or vain-glory: for, as the world advances, men will learn that true policy teaches to keep at home, to meddle not with the affairs of other people, and to cultivate commercial rather than political relations with the inhabitants of foreign countries. For several ages past, we have had a great deal too much diplomacy in Europe,—a ridiculous excess of military force, and an unnecessary jealousy about the balance of power. But the time has arrived for nations to pursue a different course; for the cost of fleets and armies becomes unbearable. For France to maintain 480,000 fighting men, preying upon the national industry, is positive infatuation. Visionaries we may be; but, in our opinion, notwithstanding late conflicts, a time is not far distant when, right having conquered might, the standing armies of Europe will be reduced within reasonable limits.

These remarks we make to show, that mere chivalry has for us no charms; but at the same

time we dislike to hear people rejoicing in the success of the Austro-Russian arms, for the sake of peace and quietness. *We* admire tranquillity also; but tranquillity founded on injustice is a feint,—a prelude to future convulsions no less terrible. To tranquillise an oppressed people by force of arms, depriving them of ancient rights, and treating them as rebels, is like pouring water upon coals, or impeding with stones and turf a torrent which threatens to devastate the plain. We may now—if the impolitic Emperor shoot the insurgent leaders,—if he fine the nobles, tax the peasantry, and govern the country by legions of Croats—have peace and quietness; but it will be a quietness like that which always reigns around the bay of Naples before Vesuvius belches out its pent-up fire, and rolls down liquid lava to hiss in the sapphire waves.*

Our reasons for not sympathising with Austria, during the recent struggle, it is the principal object of the present chapter to lay before the reader. We are no "thick and thin" partizans on either side, wishing to be impartial and truthful; but so much ignorance prevails in England respecting the real merits of the Hungarian question, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed. Men must speak out, when laughter greets those who in the British senate refer to Hungary as a separate kingdom. Nine-

* Have the Austrians no Milton to warn them that he
"who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe."

tenths of the anti-reform party in this country believe, or at least did believe, before the commencement of the war on the Danube, that Hungary was a mere province of Austria,—its Yorkshire, indeed, in point of extent, but a province notwithstanding. So much has now been written in newspapers concerning the *questio vexata*, that few people continue to credit this curious report; but some months ago it was really amusing to hear the vehemence with which even educated men insisted upon characterising Hungary as a revolted country, with no more right to arm than had the ragged followers of Mr. Smith O'Brien.

Lest any of our readers still labour under this delusion, we must therefore repeat, what all students of European history must know, that Hungary has always been an independent territory. Previous to 1526 it was governed by monarchs of its own; but in that year the Diet elected to the throne Ferdinand of Austria, who had married Anna, daughter of Wladislaus, the successor of Mathias Corvinus, as King of the Magyars. He, and all other Austrian Emperors, swore, at their coronation in Presburg to uphold the constitution and independence of Hungary. For nearly one hundred years the crown continued to be elective; but at length the estates declared it hereditary in the house of Hapsburg, reserving, however, all their former rights unimpaired. Even the parliamentary changes, carried out in 1848, were formally passed by the Magyar

Diet, and afterwards received the sanction of the Emperor, *as King of Hungary*. On several occasions the Austrian government have attempted to merge the nationality of Hungary in that of the empire, but in every instance unsuccessfully; and once the monarch declared publicly at Presburg his contrition for violating his coronation oath. "It is impossible," says the author of "Letters from the Danube," "for a foreigner to mix, even in a slight degree, and for a very short time, with the Hungarians of the present day, without being struck by the national spirit which pervades almost every thought as well as action of their lives; and the letters I address you, although only intended to vindicate my predilection for this country in its picturesque aspect, would exclude one of the brightest lights that gleam across it, did they not contain a word or two about the colouring with which this spirit tinges the whole moral being of the country."

It may, however, be objected that for its independence Hungary is indebted to the Austrian empire, seeing that its nationality was destroyed by the Turks, who, under Sulieman the Magnificent, after the battle of Mohacs, overran and conquered the country, but were finally driven back by the great Prince Eugene, leading the armies of Germany. Now, that Hungary was for a considerable time held in subjection by the Saracens is most true; but it by no means follows that the nation

which repelled the invaders had a right to annex the delivered territory. As soon as the Osmanli retired beyond the gorge of the Danube, the Magyars became what they were previous to Sulieman's invasion—a free people.

But, apart from this consideration, was it the Austrians who stood between Europe and the Grand Turk? We trow not. Vienna itself, in 1683, would in all human probability have fallen into the hands of the Moslems, had not John Sobieski, King of Poland, marched a fine army to relieve it. Little did the inhabitants of the Austrian capital suppose, when Stahrenberg, from the summit of St. Stephen's spire, saw the cohorts of Sobieski deploying on the Kahlenberg, at a time when surrender seemed inevitable, that in after ages men would talk of the house of Hapsburg as the saviours of Hungary.

A second time the Magyars were forced to succumb, and who delivered them? The Austrian general, Prince Eugene of Savoy, it is true; but he led the combined forces of the Germanic empire, —the disciplined troops of Western Europe.

In fact, Austria never saved Hungary from the Turks: and, even although such a deliverance had been effected, if the assailants of Magyar nationality can found any argument on it, it follows that Austria now must become a province of Russia, and that Spain, Belgium, and Portugal ought long ago to have been annexed to the British empire.

Without pronouncing any opinion on the POLICY

of merging all the Danubian provinces into one empire, as proposed by the Austrian constitution, we observe, secondly, that Ferdinand broke his engagements with Hungary in 1848. His policy was, by stirring up the Slaavs against the Magyars, the peasants against the nobles, race against race, and party against party, by acting on the principle "*divide et impera*," to bring about the incorporation of the two countries. This might be a wise political expedient, or it might not; it matters not for our argument: what we say is, that the Emperor in acting thus violated the oath taken by all Kings of Hungary. We believe that the insurrection of the Magyars would never have happened, had the ministry of Ferdinand, after Metternich's expulsion, pursued an open, straightforward course, instead of endeavouring to attain their ends by underhand dealing, which must sooner or later come to light. Was not Jellachich graciously received by the Emperor of Austria, at the very time when that Emperor, as King of Hungary, sanctioned the decree of the Magyar Diet depriving him of his authority? The revolt of the Croats was managed at Vienna, and, when it threatened to occupy the attention of the Hungarians, the ministry took courage to declare null and void some of the concessions made shortly before by the emperor to the Estates meeting at Pesth. If the Magyars were to be deprived of their ancient constitution, and incorporated with the Austrian empire, the matter ought to have been

arranged openly, by treaty between the house of Hapsburg and the Diet which elected that house, *under certain conditions*, monarchs of Hungary; but, indignant at the deceitful proceedings of Ferdinand's advisers, the inhabitants of that kingdom appealed to arms for the maintenance of those rights so wantonly interfered with.

The question now presents itself, were the Magyars entitled to dethrone their sovereign, to declare at an end the connection between Hungary and the family of Hapsburg-Lorraine? To defend this act of theirs is not our object; on the contrary we think that Kossuth's precipitancy had more to do with it than his panegyrists willingly allow; but at present we speak of the question of *right*, apart altogether from the *wisdom* of the course followed. If we agreed with those who maintain that the first infraction of the covenant, acted upon since 1526, between the Hungarians and their king, was the establishment of a Magyar army by the Diet, it would be out of place to consider the dethronement at all; for in that case the Austrians would have had just reason to brand their opponents as rebels; but most men versant with the events of 1848 know well that before this "*open*" act, on the part of the Hungarians, "*underhand*" endeavours had been made by Ferdinand's ministry to incorporate the two kingdoms. Kossuth has faults enough, without being accused of misrepresenting the conduct of Austria in this particular.

He had too good cause to impute to the court at that time a want of sincerity.

Not a few people in this country, however, hold that, even granting this view of the subject to be correct, the Magyars were not entitled to declare the Emperor no longer their king. This appears to us a most extraordinary position to be held by any advocate of limited monarchy, — a virtual admission, in fact, of that exploded dogma, the divine right of kings. None but a venerable relic of that party who disapproved of the act by which James II. lost his crown, and still regard that disingenuous tyrant Charles I. as a sacred martyr to the cause of order, will be inclined to dispute the statement that the people are the source of all power. This does not mean, as some suppose, that the people are entitled to treat their sovereign just as they choose; but only that when the latter breaks the covenant made with his subjects on his coronation day, the former may either change the form of government or elect a successor. He or his family were originally chosen by a nation under certain conditions to rule over them. Surely when these conditions are broken, the power reverts to those who first exercised it. To depose a sovereign for no breach of faith would be rebellion; to depose one who had refused to fulfil his obligations is a necessary precaution against despotism. The Stuarts attempted to play fast and loose with the English, and were therefore most justly driven into

exile. If Ferdinand sought either openly or secretly to incorporate Hungary with his dominions by other means than the sanction of the Diet, that Diet had an indisputable right to dethrone him. Every man of the world knows that when one of the parties to an agreement breaks its conditions, the other is no longer bound to fulfil them. Such we believe to have been the case with the Magyars. A crooked policy endangered their nationality; and to cope with Jellachich's Croats they organised an army, and then deposed their ill-advised emperor. To be sure their deputies were refused an audience at Vienna, but still we think their leaders were guided more by impulse than judgment, when they so boldly declared Hungary separated from the house of Hapsburg. At the same time their right to do so can only be consistently questioned by absolutists,—by those who look upon a monarch as something more than mortal.

As soon as a Russian soldier set foot on the soil of Hungary with hostile intention, the Magyars were furnished with an additional reason in justification of their conduct. To solicit Cossack assistance against his own subjects on the Danube, was, on the part of Francis Joseph, a virtual renunciation of his sovereignty over Hungary,—at least so far as regarded the question of right. By such an act he violated the sanctity of oaths and the faith of treaties, as well as the laws of nations which time-honoured usage has recognised. The pre-

sence of the Russian troops, first in Wallachia and Moldavia, and then in Hungary, no special pleading can justify. The men who solicited this aggression were as much traitors to their country as Charles II. of England, the paid agent of the French monarch. The coalition of two great powers for such a purpose seems to us a most dangerous precedent, and one fraught with evils which may, at no distant day, endanger the peace of Europe. After Nicholas has thus invaded Hungary, Francis Joseph, Tuscany, and Louis Napoleon the Papal territories, we have no security against tyranny. Standing armies may be necessary evils; but surely their duty is not to act as mercenaries for every prince who, by deceit or despotism, has alienated the affections of his subjects. We, the governed, are mere slaves, if our king may at any time call in foreign bayonets to support him in acts of an unconstitutional nature. Having invoked aid from Russian armies, Austria can no longer claim the sympathies of freemen.

In discussing the merits of parties engaged in the late struggle, much stress has been laid upon what is called the "denationalisation" by the dominant Magyars of the other races who inhabit Hungary. This, in plain language, means nothing more than that attempts were made to make the Slaavs, Croats, Tchechs, and Slovachs abandon their mother tongue for the use of the Asiatic dialect spoken by the majority in the Diet. In ad-

hering to this illiberal policy the Magyars erred, let no one gainsay it. Heterogeneous nations cannot be fused in this manner; on the contrary, forced attempts of the kind invariably lead not to union but to greater division of feeling, and the descendants of men who resisted the attempts of the Emperor Joseph to Germanise Hungary should have discountenanced all projects for Magyarising Sclavonia. We offer no justification for the interference, on the part of the ruling faction in the Hungarian Diet, with the religious services, educational usages, or newspaper press of the different nations within the limits of the kingdom. At the same time those who dispute the existence of Hungary as a separate country, can with a bad grace defend Slaavic nationalities. If Hungary be a mere Austrian province, to talk of Croatia having rights is grossly inconsistent.

Another charge against the Magyars is, that they are an aristocratic class, tyrannical to the peasants, exempted from taxes, and monopolising privileges. Now, that a feudal aristocracy governed Hungary for ages in an exclusive manner, we admit; but this is merely implicating them in common with all the aristocracies of Europe. English lords were no less tyrants in their day than Magyar counts; but the latter did what the former can never claim credit for, — they VOLUNTARILY admitted other classes to a share in the government of the country. The peasantry, in many districts, became owners of

land, with the elective franchise attached to it; and artisans, earning a certain income, voted in the choice of representatives to the diet. The taxes were equalised; freedom of conscience proclaimed; labourers were allowed to purchase land; and the franchise extended farther than in Great Britain. These decrees received the sanction of the Hungarian nobles several years ago, although only confirmed in 1847, 1848, by the Austrian Emperor. And yet the opponents of Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, the Reform Bill, and the removal of Jewish Disabilities, tell us that these aristocrats oppressed the people. They forget the parable of the beam and the mote. "Those that live in glass houses should not throw stones." Up to a very late period, undoubtedly, the Magyars possessed no liberal institutions; but allowance must be made for their position on the confines of semi-civilised Turkey and Russia, excluded from Western Europe by bureaucratic Austria. If not as enlightened as Englishmen, they have at least always advocated local self-government, resisting the centralising tendencies of Germanic princes, and defending those great principles of civil and religious liberty which the house of Hapsburg has resolutely and in all ages opposed. Roman Catholics, Protestants of the Augsburg confession, Lutherans, Greeks, and Jews, associated in the Diet of Hungary during centuries, when toleration was unknown at Vienna. Now, all will be

changed; for religious freedom there will be little hope, when Pesth or Presburg no longer has a parliament, and Hungary has before it the spectacle of Prussia, where no power exists save at the capital, every one being either a functionary or a state vassal, to the exclusion of all mental activity. However objectionable may have been the oligarchical regime of the Magyars, we prefer it, even as it existed previous to any reform, to the debasing bureaucracy which governs Austria. Bad as a pure oligarchy undoubtedly is, we believe the existence of an aristocracy, possessing some measure of power, to be for a nation's benefit. In every monarchical country, where it has been virtually abolished, a system of functionarism, infinitely more inimical to all classes, has succeeded it. Nobles are better than officers of state, who derive their power from, and are accountable to, a central government; and either the one or the other, experience has proved necessary in all well-ordered states. We wish those who in England advocate the abolition of aristocracy, of the House of Lords, and of distinctions of birth or fortune, could enjoy for a year or two the sweets of bureaucratic substitutes for these institutions on the continent. Oligarchical aggressions must be checked; but, for our part, we would rather live even in the England of the Tudors than under the "parental" governments of Frederick William or Francis Joseph.

However illiberal might have been the political

policy of the Magyars up to the year 1835, more equitable notions have since prevailed. Of this progress we have an evidence in the reforming of abuses already mentioned, and also in the provisions made for government by the Hungarians, in case of success. In papers which have been seized since Georgey's surrender, we find a proposal to form a federative state composed of Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, to divide into two classes the nations constituting the population of Hungary Proper, and to allow the Slaavs, Slovachs, Croats, and Germans the use of their own language in churches, schools, local councils, and courts of law.

A grievance, which we have not yet adverted to, but which oftentimes the Magyars protested against, was the prohibitory tariff of the Austrian empire, which was forced upon their acceptance. Prizing English manufactures, they naturally disliked being compelled to confine their purchases to the dominions of Ferdinand, especially seeing that formerly trade with them was free. "The taste," says Mr. Paget, "is decidedly in favour of everything English; so much so, indeed, that the Vienna manufacturers have English labels printed in England, to affix to their own goods, and so deceive their purchasers. The articles from England, for which there would be the most immediate sale, it is difficult to enumerate; but all articles of cutlery, every thing in iron and brass, as implements of hus-

bandry, carriage springs, locks, parts of furniture, &c.; fine linen and cotton goods, woollen stuffs and cloths, carpeting, saddlery, stationery, china and fine earthenware, may be safely set down." Whatever, then, would be the effect politically, of the establishment of Hungarian nationality, apart from Austrian laws, it would undoubtedly confer upon Great Britain a commercial boon.

The struggle between the two countries has now ended for a time; but let no one think that harmony will for ever exist between the victorious and the vanquished. Peace we certainly witness in these lands for the present; but, in the opinion of men thoroughly versant in foreign politics, it is that sort of peace which preludes war. This generation will yet, we are firmly persuaded, have again to consider the *merits* of that dispute of which the combined forces of two great empires could with difficulty bring about even a TEMPORARY settlement. Some people fancy that this surrender of Georgey's will be the foundation of permanent security to the government of Francis Joseph, and prove the first step in the effective consolidation of his widespread dominions. If such a belief makes a single individual interested in the matter feel happier, we perhaps ought to say nothing about it; but, in plain words, it is a mere hallucination. With Hungary and Lombardy conquered by foreign troops, little hope need be entertained of future quietness; and

the chances of peace are not increased by the financial difficulties both of Austria and Russia.

Considered with reference to the political and monetary state of the former country, we regard the Hungarian question as still unsettled; and the circumstances under which the Magyars have been put down, strengthen our conviction.

To one of these circumstances, viz., the illegal interference of the Czar, we have already referred; but there still remain others, which may be noticed *en passant*. We allude to the barbarous proclamations of the Austrian generals, especially of that inhuman commander, Haynau, whose conduct disgraces his country, and outrages humanity. In some instances, no doubt, the Magyars acted on like cruel principles, but these were exceptions to the rule, and took place without the concurrence of general officers; but in almost all cases, Georgey, Bem, Dembinski, and the other Hungarian leaders, treated their prisoners with respect and consideration. Indeed every Austrian captive can testify this, and several of them were honourable enough to do so publicly. At the storming of Buda, the humanity of the Magyars shone conspicuously, contrasting most favourably with the savage edicts of the Imperial generals. The British newspapers have given so extensive a publicity to these cruelties, that we deem it unnecessary to pollute our pages with further reference to them; but every feeling of honour calls upon us to hold up to public

indignation that mean-spirited Emperor, who, when his commanders retreated, pretended extraordinary clemency towards his "rebellious subjects;" and, as soon as fortune crowned his armies with success, commenced a system of despicable massacre. Georgey was spared because he headed a formidable army, and had a powerful advocate in the Czar; but other equally deserving men have been shot by orders of court martials. But wait a little while. The sword of justice has been sheathed, not laid aside permanently; and alike for those who ordered, and those who sanctioned these assassinations, there will be a time of terrible retribution. "The Hungarians, as a nation," says a recent writer, referring to the year 1718, "in consequence of the conciliatory course adopted by the court of Vienna, became impressed with that attachment to their Austrian sovereigns, which has been ever since eminently their characteristic." He wrote truly; but now all things are changed, — recollections of oaths unheeded, treaties broken, Cossack forces hired, atrocities committed worthy of Caligula or Ghengis Khan, the Magyars regard Austria as their enemy, and will yet rise in strength to vindicate their sentiments. In prospect of this event, let us notice the objection entertained by European politicians to the establishment of Hungary as an independent kingdom.

"Were Austria dismembered," say they, "Russian influence would be extended to the Adriatic.

To oppose Muscovite designs, we must have a powerful united nation on the Danube." With the last remark we coincide; with the first, we altogether differ: and our reason for doing so we beg to give in the words of one who opposes the claims of the Magyars. "It is impossible," he remarks, "to deny, that an independent Hungary, an independent Poland, and an independent Illyrian kingdom, cut out of the south of Hungary and the north of Turkey in Europe, would be a far stronger guarantee, against the contingent ambition of future Russian monarchs and ministers than an Austrian system." He objects to this disposition of forces, because "it could not be effected in law without regarding the treaties of 1815 and 1841 as waste paper." Our answer to this may be shortly stated. These treaties have been broken by so many of the contracting parties, that they cannot longer be appealed to in decision of any question. If Austria and Russia seized upon Cracow, so may also the Magyars, Poles, and Illyrians proclaim their independence.

Austria does not at present, nor do we think she ever will, oppose any serious obstacle to the ambition of the Czar; for no bond of union exists between the nations which inhabit her territories. They are connected more by compulsion than by oneness of feeling; and, when foreign foes threaten the empire, what more likely than an insurrection of Magyars, Croats, or Lombards? In consequence

of the late fraternization, Francis Joseph has become the vassal of Nicholas; for gratitude to his saviour will lead him in all time coming to second Muscovite projects. It is ridiculous NOW to talk of Austria being a bulwark to Western Europe against Russia. The Hungarian campaign has detached the house of Hapsburg from that alliance, which civilized nations may yet have to form in order to withstand the Cossacks. We shall not be much surprised, in addition to this, if Austria, whose exchequer contains simply *nihil*, should be forced to compensate the Czar for his expenditure on her account by a liberal grant of territory. And this is the country which politicians characterize as the Thermopylæ of civilization. We think her utter extinction, as one of the great powers of Europe, a much more likely consummation. And why may not Hungary form an independent kingdom? Look at the map; cast your eye over that fine territory which extends from Peterwardein to Gallicia, from Marburg to the Carpathian mountains, embracing a surface as large as that of Great Britain, and constituting one third of the present heterogeneous Austrian empire. Acknowledged by Great Britain, France, and Germany, that country might say to the Muscovite cohorts, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no further;" whereas such language could not be now used by the cabinet of Vienna to her benefactors and protectors.

The resources of Hungary are great. Even now

that territory exports to the neighbouring states large quantities of corn, fruit, wine, cattle, and tobacco; while hemp, flax, and forest nuts also form no inconsiderable articles of trade. Possessed of a fertile soil, of vineyards producing annually 5,000,000 of hogsheads, including the celebrated Tokay, of mineral wealth as yet scarcely known; and last, but not least, of the deep navigable Danube, the Magyars may set up for themselves with honour and distinction. Under a wise government, who can ever estimate the internal resources which might be developed within the present boundaries of Hungary? Supported on the north by a Polish kingdom, and on the south by an Illyrian nation, she would oppose a far more powerful barrier to Turks and Tartars than the rickety empire ruled by Francis Joseph.

During our first tour in the Austrian dominions, a metallic currency was in general circulation; but, in 1849, we never saw a coin of greater value than the little six kreutzer piece. At Vienna we obtained twenty-five per cent. premium for Prussian gold; and, in every one of the provinces, the only circulating medium was paper notes of the National Bank. What was our astonishment to find people tearing into four pieces notes of the value of one florin or two shillings, when a porter had to be paid sixpence. Silver and gold seemed to have fled the country, and every man possessed a small pocket-book in which to treasure up these frag-

ments of bank bills, in default of a more convenient currency.

Wars have impoverished the nation. What shall we say of the government which publishes no statements of accounts? Is it poor or rich, we ask European capitalists? This question the finance minister alone can answer; and, when necessity compels him to do so, as it will before long, perhaps will be good enough to inform Messrs. Rothschild and the public how many millions have been expended since the new year of 1848, — how many times the debt incurred previous to 1815 has doubled itself since that date; and what security his employers offer against the recurrence of those unfortunate crises, which have already stamped the nature of Austrian liabilities. A government which offers a commission to any one who will take more than 2,500*l.* of a loan, or collect subscriptions amounting to that sum, must be in deplorable credit. A true statement of its accounts would indeed astonish the world. Anticipate its effect upon creditors we dare not.

Francis Joseph, unhappy man, has serious difficulties before him. Besides disordered finances and rebellious Hungary, Lombardy will yet give him trouble. Of this country a clever recent writer says, "Austria might send an archduke or an archangel to govern it; nothing could diminish the profound antipathy entertained for the German race." Then the tariff must be relaxed; for under

the present system more than 10,000,000 of florins are annually thrown away in the shape of smugglers' profits, and that on the seaboard of the Venetian Gulf alone. Ten per cent., likewise, is far too considerable a proportion of the revenue to be paid for collection; in fact Austria must have a giant mind to grapple with the dangers which beset her, or, before the year 1900, she will share the fate of that Poland which she plundered.

CHAPTER XII.

LEAVE VIENNA. — PASS OF THE SEMMERING. — STYRIA. — VALLEYS OF THE MURZ AND MUR. — GRATZ. — ARRIVAL AT CILLY. — INHOSPITALITY OF THE PEOPLE. — THE SEPARATWAGEN IN AUSTRIA. — CARNIOLA. — CHARACTER OF THE PEASANTRY. — TRAFFIC BETWEEN VIENNA AND TRIESTE. — AGRICULTURE. — ENGLISH FARMING. — INFERIORITY OF THE CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND. — LEASES. — GAME PRESERVES. — REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS. —SMALL FARMS.—AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE, TUSCANY, BELGIUM, AND SWITZERLAND. — DRESS OF THE CARNIOLAN PEASANTS. — SOLDIERS. — SCENERY IN THE MOUNTAINS. — LAIBACH. — CAVERNS IN CARNIOLA. — THE RIVER POIK. — DREARY TABLE LAND. — VIEW OF TRIESTE AND THE ADRIATIC. — EASTER SUNDAY IN TRIESTE.

THE view of Vienna, from the terminus of the southern railroad, is striking. The whole panorama of the city was before us; we recognised every prominent object; and as the train whirled along, after the houses had one by one disappeared, we could still distinguish the spire of St. Stephen's, with the colours of the King and Emperor waving from its summit. For an hour or two we passed through a populous plain at the base of the mountainous amphitheatre, stopping now and then for passengers at villages which seemed to abound in coffee-houses and tea-gardens for the pleasure-seeking Viennese. One of these, Baden, boasts of

mineral waters, large hotels, and a palace. Wearied of the flat country, we felt relieved when the line turned up the valley of the Schwarza, even though its banks teemed with spinning mills. Glocknitz is a pretty village at the foot of wooded hills. Here we arrived just one hour and a-half behind time; for know, all people, that the Glocknitzer Eisenbahn does not profess to rival the London and North Western. The carriages are similarly constructed to those in the United States, holding about thirty passengers each, having a passage down the middle, and a door at one end.

But we had done with them; for an Eilwagen waited to take us across the pass of the Semmering. First we drove up a picturesque glen, then threaded our way through a defile commanded by a splendid ruin, built on a pinnacle of rock, and passing through the romantic village of Schottwein, commenced by a series of zig-zags to ascend the Styrian Alps. The snow lay in deep patches around us, the pine forests nodded funereally in the breeze, streams rushed wildly past, and chasms yawned on every side, as we neared the cold mountain summit. Looking behind us, back upon these valleys dim in the distance, we bade adieu to

"Imperial Danube's rich domain."

Four horses had pulled us up; leaving two of them at the chalet on the culm, before the door of which stood a carriage filled with fur-clad travellers, we

dashed down the descent to Mürzzuschlag at a famous pace. Vividly the glen recalled to our minds some scenes in Switzerland. Possessed of an excellent appetite, we did ample justice to the hard beef and sour cabbage afforded by our host of the town with the above unpronounceable name, although dirty soldiers, with their bread and wine, shared our table. As usual, countenances were scarcely visible in the *sallê à manger* for smoke; but voices made themselves more than audible.

But hark, ye gluttons, ye ladies with table napkins pinned so scientifically across your chests, ye pretty girls devouring rich messes, ye cavaliers with besmeared moustachios,—up, up, all of you; the railway whistle sounds. We had preceded the crowd, finding it impossible so to gorge ourselves with food. At length all got seated, and away we went down the narrow glen of the Mürz, crossing the torrent several times. The peasants of that vale wear a hat resembling that of the Tyrolese, but scarcely so tapering, embroidered garments, and terrible moustachios. On the hills stand old castles, venerable in their decay. At Bruck, an ancient town, the Mürz falls into the Mur, the course of which latter river we were now to follow. Few railways pass through scenery so grand as that which presents itself in these remote valleys of Styria. Sometimes we passed between lofty mountains, a wild confusion of rock, woods, and heath; at others the hills fell back to make way for a corn

plain, a village of whitewashed houses, and a conspicuous church.

Below Peggau we emerged from this highland region into a champagne country of great fertility, in the centre of which stands Gratz, the capital of the Province, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, the seat of a university, and the residence of a bishop. A bold, imposing rock rises from its very midst, like the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. In imitation of Vienna, Gratz proper is separated from its faubourgs by a park. We have seldom seen a town which looks more commanding from a distance. The Acropolis of Athens appears much less imperial than the citadel of Styria's capital.

It was evening when we left Gratz by railway for the south, and darkness closed around us before we crossed the Drave. Instead of reaching Cilly, (where grunting locomotives stop) at eleven, one o'clock had struck before we arrived at that station. We were cold and hungry; we wished our luggage, a porter, a supper, and a bed. But not a human being could be found, except four shivering travellers, waiting for the mail-waggon to start in an hour for Trieste. At length a guard appeared, to whom we appealed lustily for our portmanteaus. "Get them presently," was the answer; and, despite our remonstrances, he hurried away. Groping through the maze of erections, we at last stumbled upon a huge diligence, into which the rascals were stowing away the very things we wanted. They

had quietly assumed that we were going on at once, and had never looked at the tickets on the baggage, a glance at which released us from this silent station-house. But were matters mended? The streets of Cilly were silent as the tomb; traversing them under the guidance of a porter, we stopped before the entrance to an inn. Our pioneer knocked; we waited;—not an answering sound! Louder knocked the man with luggage; and after a dreary interval, a female voice replied, in semi-dormant tone, that the abode was full. "The inhospitable rascals," thought we, as we assailed the door with might and main, clamoured for a room, and frightened the timid damsel by our resolute demeanour into compliance with our desire. But our troubles had not yet ended; we had fasted since two o'clock, and therefore asked for eatables. Gruffly the maiden replied that her master and mistress were in bed, and that consequently we must wait till morning. A few kreutzers, however, speedily removed this difficulty, and, hunger conquered, we slept soundly till the Separat-wagen arrived in the morning to convey us onwards.

Any traveller in Austria who wishes to proceed more slowly than the mail-coach, may, on presenting his passport at the post bureau the evening previous to his intended start, and on paying the fare of four passengers in advance, obtain a comfortable conveyance, have horses waiting him at every stage, and be permitted to stop where and

when he pleases. The fee to postilions is included in the charge, so that the passenger enjoys himself without trouble or molestation. In a separate wagen of this kind, we started from Cilly across an extensive plain surrounded by hills, on the highest of which rested a mantle of snow. Fields of wheat and Indian corn, divided by vineyards, gave to this valley an aspect of plenty, while baronial strongholds crowned the rocks which guard the openings of the highland glens. At the hamlet of Franz we entered the hills by a deep ravine, with limestone cliffs on both hands. In spots not covered by the omnipresent pines, heath grew luxuriantly. It reminded us of Caledonia. Shortly before reaching St. Oswald, a ruined arch marked the boundary between Styria and Carniola. We observed the extensive granaries and lofts attached to the cottages of the peasantry, indicating considerable comfort. Every window on the lower story was, however, protected by iron bars, robberies being of constant occurrence in the Sclavonian provinces of Austria. The inhabitants have an unenviable reputation for their rudeness, inhospitality, drunkenness, and thefts. They refute the common idea that a primitive people are less vicious than their neighbours. On the roadsides stand numerous crosses, images, chapels, &c.; but we saw no worshippers at any of them. The Carniolian loves his Slivovitz better than his devotions. From the heights above St. Oswald we obtained a fine view

of the Styrian hills, with green valleys, corn-fields, vineyards, chalets, and church-spires between them. The clouds rested on the highest summits, and tingling bells called the rustics to their vespers. Never, on any road, have we witnessed a traffic so great as on this highway between Trieste and Vienna. We passed many hundreds, we may say many thousands, of waggons, drawn by horses or oxen, and conveying cotton in bales, manufactured goods in boxes, sugar, &c. in barrels, hides, and, in fact, all sorts of wares, to the interior; while an equal number were on their way to the seaport laden with wood, masts for ships, railway carriages, locomotives, produce, &c. From elevations, the road could be descried several miles off by the concourse of men and carts passing along it. Some of the ponderous vehicles required fourteen horses to draw them. These waggons seemed privileged to take whatever side of the road their drivers chose. Our postilions crossed and recrossed every few yards to accommodate them. At each turn we were sure to meet a long team of piebald horses, pulling an immense moveable warehouse, in which a family might have resided.

As we proceeded, vines became more common, extending far up the hill sides. Not a square inch of ground remained untilled; even on steep slopes, where animals could scarcely stand, corn was growing. It was sowing-time when we passed, and more than once we saw a man leading the horse

which drew the harrows, whilst a young woman held the implement by a rope to prevent it falling down the hill. Females, too, were busy weeding the young wheat. Englishmen in general believe that they are far superior to foreigners in agricultural skill. They are greatly mistaken. In Scotland, certainly, the cultivation of the land has reached a high degree of excellence, drainage and chemical manures having been well studied; but with England and Ireland the case is far otherwise. France, Belgium, Prussia, Wurtemberg, Baden, Bavaria, and Austria, display fields much more carefully tilled than those which one meets in general throughout boastful Britain; while, even in the United States, in regions little known, there are farmers who would put to shame their old country rivals. When we first went abroad our astonishment was great on observing the beautiful cultivation of the fields in Belgium and the North of France; for we had been taught to believe that all these countries were deserts compared with the British isles. Since then our way has lain through many lands, and our testimony is that, Ireland and Turkey alone excepted, the southern districts of England are the worst farmed of any we have ever seen. And how can it be otherwise, in a territory belonging to great proprietors, and tilled by large farmers without leases? In all countries where the soil does not belong to the poorer classes, cultivation cannot possibly reach a high degree of ex-

cellence, except the landlords grant their tenants such terms of holding as will enable them to dig drains, improve waste fields, and attend to the subject of manures. No man can be expected to increase the productions of his farm who has it merely from year to year, and may not reap any advantages to be derived from money invested in agricultural improvements. It is melancholy, in this enlightened age, to see three horses and two men at one plough, almost as rude in its construction as the implements employed in the days of the good King Arthur; to see corn growing only on the tops of the ridges, whilst, from inattention to drainage, the seed sown on lower ground has become rotten; to see farmers heaping upon fields that very manure which they do not stand in need of; to see liquid manure allowed to run off the dunghills; to see wide double fences separating plots of ground which ought not to be divided at all; to see armies of rabbits feasting on the best of the wheat; or to see four horses drawing loads with which one stout steed could trot along easily; — yet all these sights meet the eyes of every foreigner who travels in the southern and midland counties of England. We know not why the landocracy of that country persist in refusing to give leases to their tenants, and in allowing their estates to be devastated by wild animals, except they wish to exercise political influence over the farmers, by reserving the power of ejecting them at pleasure, in hopes of thereby main-

taining some portion of their feudal privileges. They grievously mistake their real interests by persevering in a policy so little accordant with the spirit of the age.

Landlords ought always to be, and always will be, by means of superior education, in some measure looked up to by their tenantry. But from political serfdom of this sort civilisation shrinks.

Nothing can be more harmless than to encourage the residence on a property of a moderate quantity of game, for the benefit of the natural historian, the sportsman, and the poulterer; but humanity protests against converting a thickly-peopled country into preserves for the rearing of animals which consume the fruits of the earth.

Both these evils we think the repeal of the Corn Laws will go far to alleviate, because, deprived of artificial protection, the cultivators of England must attend better to improving the soil, and removing those obstacles which prevent the farmers of this country from competing with their rivals on the Continent. Drains will now be dug, leases granted, manures studied, labour economised, fences removed, hedges cut down, wastes improved, and vermin reduced in number. Competition is a grand thing for whetting a nation's mental powers, and bringing its bodily resources into full play. Nothing deadens the springs of enterprise like that exploded system of protection under which so many branches of industry have shown symptoms of pre-

mature decrepitude. We can scarcely calculate how many times the production of English soil may increase, when an antiquated mode of farming has given place to modern art and invention. Like certain other unphilosophical folks, who have imagined themselves involved in hopeless ruin by the withdrawal of duties which made them unenterprising, unskilful, and lazy, the agriculturists of Great Britain may find themselves, thus stirred up to exertion, in a few years competing successfully with all the world, and saying, "Be of good courage," to a company of lackadaisical shipbuilders.

While adverting to the farming operations on the Continent, we must notice the current but most fallacious opinion, that small farms cannot exist along with superior cultivation. To say that little holdings in English shires are not so well tilled as the extensive tracts attended to by one man in East Lothian, proves nothing, excepting that no tenant can lay out money without a lease, and protection against hedgerows and rabbits. No doubt the large farms of Scotland are well cultivated, and produce excellent crops; but even they will scarcely bear comparison with the small properties, the garden-like appearance of which delights all travellers in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Tuscany, and the Alpine provinces of Austria. The drainage, irrigation, manuring, cleanliness, and fencing of these lands would astonish some of our "scientific and

theoretical" lecturers on such subjects. We have seen districts abroad which in these respects no farmer in East Lothian or the Carse of Gowrie could equal. It is really amusing to observe agricultural improvements introduced into this country with a flourish of trumpets, at Cattle Show dinners, which industrious proprietors in other lands have been practising for years without imagining themselves in the least degree men of inventive power. Some Englishmen have actually gone to teach the art of cultivation to folks who would raise three bushels of wheat for their two, and pay as much per acre as the tenant farmer in Wiltshire pays for his little field.

These facts will be better understood by-and-bye, when John Bull dismounts from his high horse, and condescends to investigate how things go on in other countries. Prosperity has so puffed up that good old gentleman, that the times have gone too fast for him, and his less brilliant compeers threaten to outstrip him in many an art, the rudiments of which he learned before them.

In Carniola the men wear huge skin cloaks of a light colour, with flowers handsomely embroidered on the back. Few of them can be seen without a pipe. Goître prevails to a considerable extent among the women, and the vile system of begging among the children. There are not many parts of Switzerland worse in this respect than these Sclavonian valleys.

The hill-sides seemed one mass of wild flowers as we drove along; every bank shone with crocuses and snow-drops, and the perfume of plants filled the air. As we descended the population increased, till at Podpetch, the vale opened up into a plain bounded by lofty mountains. Here, as well as at other places during our journey, we met companies of soldiers returning from the Italian campaign, sunburnt, haggard, emaciated creatures, with tattered clothes and unwashed faces,—objects of pity, though conquerors of the Piedmontese. We passed some battalions likewise on their march southwards to the sound of the drum. These soldiers, though better clad, looked scarcely more cheerful than their returning comrades.

A splendid prospect opened up after we emerged from the valleys. In the foreground, towards the right, were wooded hills, intersected by deep gulleys, and adorned by castles and churches, standing like beacons on the tops of rocks; while behind them rose the mighty summits of the snow-clad Terglou, the boundary-wall of Italy, the giant of the Julian Alps. As the Orteles guards the Tyrol, so this sublime mountain spreads over Carinthia its protecting shadow; and even Venetian mariners may see it. But our route lay across the plain; so, turning our back on the glaciers, we drove through villages and fields, crossed the deep milky Save, and entered the provincial capital. Laibach, the chief town of Carniola, occupies a fine situation

amid an amphitheatre of rugged hills. Like Gratz, it has a castle, crowning a rock, around which the houses cluster.

We have pleasing recollections of a superior dinner afforded by mine host of that place, and of a drive in the evening over a curious hill to the hamlet of Loitsch, where we supped on dry bread and the strong spirit of the country. The accommodations were primitive; but the Carniolan air induced sounder repose than downy beds in the palaces of kings.

The sun had just risen when we resumed our journey; large dew drops hung on the foliage; the goats trotted towards the mountain sides; and the waggoners prepared to yoke their unmanageable teams, which had rested for the night in villages. It was one of those mornings which cheer the spirits, and make this nether world more gladsome. Near the village of Planina, where fresh horses waited us, the river Poik emerges from a cave, after flowing for ten miles underground through a ridge of hills. Very curious phenomena of this kind occur in Carniola, the limestone strata being remarkably cavernous. Here we had to mount another series of zigzags, in order to reach the elevated land. The road resembled more a street in some large manufacturing city than a highway in one of the wildest parts of Austria; for it teemed with waggons and men; some ascending, others going northwards; some driving horses, others oxen, but all

vociferating with might and main to both animals and comrades. A dreary region succeeded this stirring scene, and continued as far as Adelsberg, where the Poik, after meandering for many miles through a corn valley, disappears in one of the finest caverns in Europe. This cave has been explored for four miles, and been found to contain several chambers of vast dimensions.

A short distance beyond this place we entered upon a tract of extraordinary desolation, a table-land of bare limestone rock, with huge boulders heaped on its surface, and in many places hollowed out so as to form a congeries of great punch-bowls. The few trees which eke out existence on this arid waste look withered and unhealthy; yet, wherever a little soil can be scraped together there grows the vine. At Sessina, the capital of the wilderness, we changed horses for the last time before reaching Trieste. Beyond it the desert seemed even more howling than before. What a region to travel in during tempests! Fortunately we were favoured with a day of unusual loveliness. A bar was placed across the road on the outskirts of Optschina, in order that all the country folks who have been in the city may be subjected to an examination. Every peasant, whether man or woman, had to be searched by a custom-house officer; but we were treated with great courtesy. We had scarcely left this outpost, when a sudden turn of the road revealed a startling prospect. Before us, stretching

away to the horizon, lay the blue Adriatic, its waters sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine; on the right were the plains of Venetian Lombardy; on the left the Istrian mountains rose one above another with their spurs indenting the gulph; while far below us (for we stood on the mountain brow) was Trieste, with its mole and lighthouse, its quays and forest of masts. The white houses and spires glittered in the solar rays, and multitudes of boats shot swiftly along between the shipping. It was a festival, and all the vessels, both near the quays and in the roadstead, had hoisted colours. The flags of Austria, Naples, Greece, Turkey, Holland, Sweden, the United States, the Ionian Islands, and Egypt waved from mizen yards; a huge French war-steamer displayed an admiral's pennant with the tricolour, and the union jack fluttered from the spars of the "Spartan." What a scene to look down upon, after crossing the ridges of Sclavonia and the wide plain of the Danube! We had almost forgotten a well-known sensation, and wished to be off again "on the deep blue sea."

The traveller is conducted to the city by means of a series of zigzags, finely executed on the face of the hills. We had entered another climate; for vineyards, oliveyards, fig trees, and unmistakeable tokens of a warm sun appeared on both sides of our path. They are the gardens which embower the villas of merchants, — luxurious retreats when

the gentle breeze from the Gulph of Venice plays among the branches, and wafts over the hill side the fragrance of flowers.

But we had reached the municipal barrier, presented our passport, driven to the hotel, mounted several flights of stairs, and were busily engaged filling up a schedule with our age, name, place of birth, religion, occupation, condition of life, intended length of stay within the walls, destination, description of party, and where last we resided. This form the traveller must attend to in all Austrian cities, as the authorities adopt the principle of considering every one a rogue, until he proves himself not so. It is vainly imagined that by this means culprits can be discovered. Would those English writers who speak so favourably of this practice like to see their own government adopt it? How long do they suppose that Britons would tolerate this nuisance? There are quite sufficient customs to admire on the continent, without falling in love with laws odious to free men.

The day after our arrival in Trieste was Easter Sunday. In the morning the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches were crowded; their organs pealed with festive energy, and the firing of guns from the castle, at intervals, signified the progress of the momentous ritual. We had attended service in the English chapel, where there is a tolerably large congregation for a foreign town; and when it was over we found every one of the churches closed.

To devotion pleasure had succeeded; crowds patrolled the streets and quays; family parties sauntered in the enjoyment of the balmy air; carriages rolled past; coffee-houses attracted and emitted visitors. So passed away the evening of a solemn day; and, when darkness began to creep on Trieste, the streets swarmed with persons in every stage of intoxication.

CHAPTER XIII.

COSTUMES IN TRIESTE. — MONOPOLY AND SMUGGLING. — THE SARDINIAN FLEET. — SAIL FOR THE LEVANT. — LIFE ON BOARD THE STEAMER. — CORFU. — BEAUTY OF THE FOLIAGE. — THE IONIAN REPUBLIC. — DEFECTS IN ITS POLITICAL CONSTITUTION. — TRADE OF THE ISLANDS. — SANTA MAURA. — CEPHALONIA. — ITHACA. — NAVARINO. — CAPE MATAPAN. — THE ÆGEAN SEA. — THE GRECIAN ISLES. — THEIR BARRENNESS. — VARIABLENESS OF THE WINDS. — SYRA. — BEAUTY OF THE LADIES. — DRUNKENNESS. — VIEW OF THE ISLANDS. — CHANGE STEAMERS. — SCENE ON BOARD. — THE AUSTRIAN LLOYD'S CO. — PASSIONATE TEMPERAMENT OF ORIENTALS. — TOUCH AT SCIOS. — SMYRNA. — ITS SITUATION, STREETS, AND TRADE. — DRINKING AN ENGLISH HABIT. — SUNSET. — CAMELS. — TURKISH CEMETERY. — THE BAZAARS. — EXCURSION TO BOURNABAT. — DONKEY-RIDE. — LOVELINESS OF THE CLIMATE.

THE streets of Trieste are paved with flagstones, and consequently very smooth; but in wet weather so slippery, that few horses in the city have sound knees. They intersect each other at right angles, near the shipping; but in the direction of the fort they are by no means so regular. Dirtiness characterizes the town from one end to the other; horrible odours offending passengers even in the chief thoroughfares.

Nowhere in Europe does the traveller meet with a greater variety of costume than in Trieste.

Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Copts, Maltese, Italians, Servians, Croats, Dalmatians, Spaniards, Dutch, French, Swedes, Egyptians, English, and Americans, may at all times be seen on the quays. So accustomed are the citizens to see men of these different nations, that they attract no observation. The dress of the women in this city on holydays is strikingly picturesque; consisting of a many-coloured jacket, a scarf of net-work, a variety of kerchiefs and ribbons, and a white piece of cloth folded gracefully over the head. The ladies appear to be handsome; but an excessive and ludicrous dandyism distinguishes the young men.

Trieste may be said to be the only seaport of Austria; the other towns on the Adriatic coast, excepting rebellious Venice, being of little consequence. Every year the trade of this city increases, it being a free port, and having an extensive back country to supply. The population now amounts to 90,000. Italian is the language of the merchants; but the peasantry speak a Sclavonic dialect. Smuggling prevails to a considerable extent on the coast of Istria and Dalmatia. The articles surreptitiously introduced are tobacco, gunpowder, and salt; the trade, in which the Austrian government attempts to monopolize, thus holding out a premium to illegal commerce. With all the vigilance of the officers the public obtain large supplies of these commodities from contraband dealers, whose price, far lower than that demanded

by government, tempts every man knowing the value of money. It is marvellous that experience and example have not long ago opened the eyes of every nation to the impolicy of such monopolies. "Penny wise — pound foolish," are the states who thus sacrifice moderate duties, and encourage illicit traffic, for the sake of benefits more illusory than real. The Austrian finance department will be the last to suffer from making Trieste a free port in deed and truth. It is a wise maxim among men, that every one should confine himself to his own business, and not interfere with matters foreign to it. We opine that cabinets have quite enough to do, without trenching upon the province of the merchant.

On the day of our departure from Trieste, the exchange displayed an unusually animated appearance; for the Sardinian fleet had been reported in the offing, and every merchant had come to the rooms to hear all about it. Some talked of a bombardment; others of a flag of truce; a third party guessed the enemy had resolved to surrender at discretion; while a fourth club of speculators maintained that want of provisions alone had induced the Piedmontese admiral to pay a visit to the seaport of his adversary. Believing the last supposition to be correct, we were not loth to pack up our moveables, and mount the deck of the "Mahmudie," about to sail for Constantinople. Four o'clock had no sooner struck, than up rose the

anchor, and splash went the paddle wheels of our tight little steamer. The view of the city from the sea is striking. In one glance we saw its whole extent, its rows of warehouses, its quays groaning under the weight of merchandise, its castle, its fort, its parade ground, lighthouse, mole and shipping, with lofty vine-covered hills in the background.

Off the romantically-situated town of Pirano, in Istria, we passed between the Sardinian squadron of ten sail, and the few ships of war which Austria boasts of; the latter lying snugly behind a rocky headland. From every foremast floated the white flag of truce.

For two days we continued to coast the bold Dalmatian shore, sometimes approaching near the land; at others keeping so far out to sea as only to observe the outline of distant hills. Our company was rather too select,—only three cabin passengers besides our party constituting the circle at dinner. Besides these, there were a few second class travellers; a Bedouin who squatted on deck, and three horses for the king of Greece. As soon as we rose in the morning, our steward brought in coffee. At ten o'clock we sat down to lunch, consisting of eggs, tea, fruit, stewed meat, uncooked smoked ham, and Laybach wine. At four we had dinner; when soup, fish, three sorts of meat, vegetables, pudding, cheese, fruit, and coffee constituted the fare. Tea in the evening concluded the day's entertainment. In respect to the culinary arrange-

ments, all Mediterranean steamers seem pretty much alike. One lives very comfortably and very cheaply on board them.

But what signifies plenty when the Adriatic rolls, — when your ship tumbles along over noiseless billows?

On the morning of the third day, after setting sail, we awoke to a calm sea and a most enchanting prospect. The steamer lay quietly in a bay landlocked on three sides by the lovely island of Corfu, and on the fourth by the snowy mountains of Albania, rising precipitously from the very edge of the azure waters. The narrow openings towards the north and south were scarcely visible; the sun shone with almost tropical brilliancy; the air seemed laden with perfume; and within a musket shot of the ship, inviting a visit, was the town of Corfu, with its impregnable citadel, its fort, its curious houses, and the palace of the Lord High Commissioner, backed by wooded mountains of great beauty. How luxuriant appeared the vegetation, in contrast with the leafless trees of Germany! How delicious was our walk on the ramparts and in the gardens, after tossing on the perverse Gulf of Venice! From the citadel we enjoyed a splendid view of the island, the bay, and the opposite coast, where

> "Minarets arose,
> And the pale crescent sparkled in the glen."

Around us, among the guns and battlements,

grew thousands of wild flowers, filling the air with their fragrance. At the gateway, a British military band was playing, and crowds of loungers listened to the music. It was Good Friday, according to the old style of computing time, to which the Greeks adhere. The streets of the lower town seemed one impenetrable mass of human beings, selling vegetables and fruit. Every second man carried a lamb on his shoulders, the bleating of which animals added not a little to the tumult of tongues.

Corfu is the principal island of that group which now forms a separate republic, under the protection of Great Britain. The constitution of this commonwealth vests all legislative power in three parties; viz., a Lord High Commissioner appointed by the English monarch, an assembly elected by the nobles* and a senate of six, whose president the governor nominates, while the remaining five members are chosen by the assembly. The senate, besides deliberating, acts as an executive council in the appointment of petty officers, and the carrying out of the laws. Both bodies meet for five years. The Lord High Commissioner has a veto on all measures and elections, the deputy governors for each island are of his choosing. A municipal body assists these functionaries in their local duties.

* It is no misrepresentation to say that *all* power centres in the Commissioner; for a primary council of his "most obedient servants" nominate *fit* persons for the electors to choose as members of assembly.

This aristocratic constitution seems not destined to please the Ionians. Before long they will make serious attempts to popularise it, we hope with success.

Priests swarm in these islands, without however benefiting their flocks, if we may judge from the prevalent immorality. In Cerigo, every fifty people have a spiritual adviser! Here, ye Scottish divines, is church extension! Large proprietors own most of the land; their tenants paying them half the produce, and holding their farms from year to year. This rack-renting produces much misery. Of late years the trade has greatly increased. Currants, wine, honey, and fruits, are exported in large quantities; but olive oil must be regarded as the principal product, about 200,000 barrels being annually filled with it.

Corfu, the ancient Corcyra, was founded by a colony from Corinth; who in course of time became so powerful as to wage war successfully with the parent state. Like all the other islands of the group, it fell into the hands of the Romans when the latter conquered Greece. They next became the property of Venice; and, when under her dominion, the citadel of Corfu, commanded by Count Schulemberg, stood a siege of forty-two days from a Turkish army of 35,000 men, and a naval force of twenty-two ships of the line. A statue of the Christian general, who compelled the assailants to retire with severe loss, adorns the esplanade ground.

On the decline of Grecian greatness, France obtained possession of the Ionian islands; but when Napoleon invaded Egypt the Turks proclaimed a republic at Corfu, which lasted till the Russian occupation. Finally, at the peace of 1815, a commonwealth was formed under the protection of England.

We consider it very questionable if our country derives any benefit from this connection. Pecuniary sacrifices she does make to maintain it; for, although all civil expenses are met by the revenue, and although the islands ought, legally speaking, to provide funds for defraying the charge of the military establishment, they have never yet paid the latter item, but left it a burden on the people of Great Britain. Neither has it, to our minds at least, been clearly proven, that civilisation is promoted by our occupancy of these islands. We wish to enlighten the Greek nation, to raise it in moral power, and by its means to serve the interest of all eastern countries. But we have not set about this work in the right way. The Ionian republic, to be a shining light, must have freedom from the oppression of nobles; a constitution like that of England, an educational system, liberty to print and read newspapers, and other reforms suitable to develop the intellectual and moral energies of the people. Athens and Corinth did not rise to greatness by pursuing a policy such as we act upon at Corfu. We conciliate the degraded nobles, while the nation at

large remains in political bondage; the interests of those who pay taxes, and those who impose them, jar with each other; permanent prosperity being sacrificed for fear of difficulties likely to arise in carrying out a generous plan of social enfranchisement. Not a year passes without tumults taking place in these islands. In fact, the English have not been much more successful than the Turks, in their attempt to direct the councils of the commonwealth. Both powers started on erroneous principles, and therefore failure has in both cases been the consequence.

Ever changing, yet ever beautiful, were the views which we obtained from the paddle-box of the steamer as she left these shores. Gradually Corfu disappeared, and, last of all, even the citadel sank beneath the horizon. We approached the Albanian coast, and could discover little Turkish villages perched on the hill sides, with the river Acheron of the ancients flowing below them. During the afternoon, the mountains of Santa Maura, one of the finest of the Ionian islands, loomed in the distant east, and at sunset we entered the narrow channel which separates Cephalonia, the most populous of the group, from Ithaca,

> "The barren spot
> Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave."

In the morning we passed Zante, and beheld the waves crested with foam; for the western horizon

was black with clouds, prognosticating a coming tempest. On the left rose the wild and lofty mountains of the Morea, "their summits clad in mists of heaven," and a town of flat-roofed houses at their base. It was Navarino, the scene of Europe's last naval conflict, the place where the maritime power of Turkey received a blow from which it will not speedily recover. The Mussulman frowns when that name is mentioned; it reminds him of his country's disgrace, — of the Christian's might on the boundless sea. Bare and bleak are the fields around it. Desolation may be read on the aspect of the Peloponnesian shore. The waves beat on the rocks and on the rude walls of Moudon, as we passed between the mainland and the dreary islands of Sapienza and Cabrera; but shortly afterwards the sky cleared, the black clouds rolled away, and at sunset we were sailing on a tranquil sea, under the shadow of those grand cliffs which form Cape Matapan.

What recollections crowd into the traveller's mind, when he awakes on the Ægean gulf, surrounded by the isles of Greece! We had read of these "little Paradises;" we expected to see something quite equal to the descriptions of fairy-land, to inhale orange perfume wafted over the waters, to hear the gurgling of streams, to recline in bowers of roses, to watch houris with piercing eyes and long black ringlets, and to listen to Æolian harps played by Sappho's heirs. Alas! vain visions all!

The islands of that archipelago are for the most part barren rocks, covered with a scanty vegetation, browned by the sun, and enlivened only by some flat-topped houses, or a few stunted fig-trees. Enthusiasts, sentimental tourists, do not be offended, if we compare Melos, Paros, Naxos, Syros, Tenos, and the remainder of that far-famed cluster, to heath-clad Mull or the Hebrides. Two little islands guard the Bay of Naples, Ischia and Capri by name; the lover of natural beauty would enjoy more a forenoon spent on one of them than weeks among the Cyclades.

Nowhere are the winds more variable than in this sea. We had scarcely sighted Siphanto when an illustration of this presented itself. The "Mahmudie's" smoke curled over the bow; but that of a little Turkish steamer from Crete, pursuing exactly the same course as ourselves, and about eight miles distant, lagged far astern. These phenomena constantly occur in the Archipelago, but we scarcely expected so soon to witness an instance of them.

Bang after bang of fire-arms succeeded each other as we anchored off the populous town of Syra, next to Athens, the chief place in Greece. It occupies the shore of a bay backed by an amphitheatre of hills, and consists of a collection of flat-roofed houses of no great height. Since the revolution, at which time many exiles had to fly from the mainland, and especially since the esta-

blishment of the Austrian steamers, this island has flourished commercially. A multitude of ships lie at the quays, chiefly small coasting craft. The old town stands on the highest part of a conical hill, on the summit of which a Roman Catholic cathedral has been built; for the inhabitants profess that faith. The lower town, peopled by adherents of the Greek church, is situated on the sea-shore. The streets are mere lanes, narrow, rough, and irregularly paved: the houses are quite oriental in their style. Syra produces a considerable quantity of wine, and consumes much timber for ship-building purposes. We landed at noon on Easter Sunday, amidst a crowd of Greek boatmen—fine-looking, picturesquely-dressed fellows, with red head-dresses, embroidered jackets, wide trousers, and daggers. They, in honour of the day, kept firing powder out of pistols, like English boys on King George's birthday in times gone by. When the sun became less scorching, we strolled along the curious streets, admiring the beautiful damsels who were enjoying the evening air on the house-tops, and ever and anon nodding happily to favoured swains. Dandies in European costume, Greeks, Turks, and Albanians, in their long waving petticoats of spotless white, all looked upwards to the lovely eyes of Grecia's daughters. We felt our strange appearance; for the charmers started at our uncouth attire, and not a smile greeted the western barbarians. We thought them cruel, but admired

their noble forms. As the evening advanced, the wine-shops attracted visiting crowds, and our guide remarked, "You must excuse the people to-day, for it is Easter, and they are all drunk." Pistols cracked from every window, and singing parties paced the streets, entertaining the population with their Bacchanalian songs. What a singular scene! How different from the quiet of covenanting Scotland! As the sun sank behind the mountains, it lighted up the white houses with that well-known glare, which warns the eastern traveller that no twilight need be expected. We took the hint, retired to our box of an inn, and supped on salad and honey, before attempting to sleep amidst the firing of pistols and shouting of inebriated Greeks without, and the buzzing of mosquitoes within.

Next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and shone brilliantly through the Venetian shutters. Notwithstanding its glare we scrambled up the rough path which leads to the Roman Catholic cathedral,—a poor doll-decked chapel, commanding a prospect over the Cyclades. Having counted the islands visible, caught a glimpse of the mountains in Milos, and called on the aged bishop, who presented us with sweetmeats and water, after the eastern fashion, we commenced the arduous descent along the filthy streets. The Greeks still kept holyday; the coffee-houses emitting sounds of revelry. It was, however, time to return on board our steamer to get our baggage transferred to a

larger vessel, ready to sail for Constantinople, and on the foremast of which hung the yellow flag, indicative of her being in quarantine, and debarred from intercourse with the shore.

Sorry to part with the "Mahmudie's" obliging captain, we rowed alongside the ship which was to carry us onwards. Strange indeed was the scene presented on her quarter-deck! Daylight was fast disappearing; but we could distinguish tall Albanians pacing backwards and forwards, attended by dirty servants; a group of disreputable-looking people standing around the wheel; several Greek and Turkish families squatting on the planks, provided with mattresses, cooking utensils, onions, black bread, bed-covers, umbrellas, robes, bags containing meat, baskets, &c. &c.; and lastly, screaming ill-bred children bouncing against every one. Not only rich Egyptians and Arabs, but also Albanian nobles, and Greek merchants, who have houses in London, and possess great wealth, travel as deck-passengers on board the steamers in the East. French and English captains, of course, compel these folks to be content with the accommodation for which they pay; but the Austrian Lloyd's Company permit them to mingle freely with first-class travellers, nay, often to monopolise the poop deck. This practice is most reprehensible. How can ladies walk on a deck which is crowded with dirty Greeks, eating garlick and onions, and with little insects of a troublesome nature? For gentlemen

it matters not; but let no English female set foot on board an Austrian steamer in the Levant. All arms are taken from Orientals as they enter European vessels, — a necessary precaution; for if enraged they will strike a death-blow without remorse. We saw an instance of this just before leaving the "Mahmudie." An Egyptian, with an immense quantity of baggage, had come on board from another steamer, where he had been permitted to spread his mattress on the poop, although a third-class passenger. To a similar proceeding on board his well-ordered ship, our captain objected; whereupon the African stamped with rage, glared on every one like a Bengal tiger, rolled his eyes in their sockets, then rushed to a room on deck where his musket had been deposited; but the door being securely fastened, our hero began to gnash his teeth, and threaten his persecutor with terrible retribution. Many sad accidents have happened on account of the ungovernable passions of eastern men. Like

> "The sons of Chimari, they never forgive,
> Nor with guns so unerring their vengeance forego."

Three hours after the time fixed (for Austrian navigators keep neither time nor rules), the vessel moved off from Syra's isle.

When morning came, we rose just as the steamer stopped at Scios, the principal town of the most fertile island in the Ægean sea. It exports large

quantities of wine, fruits, and gum mastic. In 1822, this fair spot was the scene of a massacre unequalled in modern times. Some of the natives having taken part with the Greeks in their war of independence, the Turks landed to desolate the country, to destroy the crops, to fell the trees, to burn the houses, and either to murder or enslave 120,000 people. Only a few hundreds remained to curse Mussulman barbarity. The hills of Scios are, like those of all the other islands, bleak, but the plains afford good soil. Houses are starting up again both in the town and around it. Perhaps, in a few years, prosperity may revisit its shores.

As it blew freshly, the notable Austrians had difficulty in turning the ship, which had swung round at anchor; but once in the right track, we steamed rapidly towards the headlands protecting the bay of Smyrna from southern gales. As we proceeded, signs of verdure, at the base of the mountains, became more frequent; green grass, flat-roofed houses, and corn-fields appeared to vary the dull expanse of brown hills, and in some places we could distinguish trees of tolerable size. At length the tall cypresses, which indicate a large burying ground, rose before us. Beyond them, minarets presented themselves. We sailed round a shabby fort, and anchored off Smyrna, the capital of Anatolia, and the most flourishing port in Asia Minor. It stands at the head of a fine bay, into which flow the classic rivers Meles and Hermes.

Picturesque mountains bound the western shore; hills of less elevation rise on the other side, and towards the south the eye rests on rich plains with high summits beyond. The city extends for two miles along the shore of the bay, the older parts occupying the slope of Mount Pagus, on the top of which is an extensive castle in ruins. Low, flat-roofed houses are inhabited by the Greeks and Mussulmen, but those of the consuls and Frank merchants, near the sea, are handsome edifices, of great size, and furnished with considerable elegance. A European landing in Smyrna cannot fail to be struck with the narrowness of the streets, on which there are no wheeled carriages of any sort. Their excessive dirtiness likewise attracts observation. As for paving, the term cannot well be applied to them, no two stones being on a level. The mansions of the grandees have all spacious courtyards, planted deliciously with fruit trees, the leaves of which afford a pleasant shade in summer. In these cool retreats we observed several fountains playing. The population of the place exceeds 120,000, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Franks, and Jews. It enjoys an extensive commerce, importing vast quantities of British and German goods, and exporting dye stuffs, oil, fruit, and wine, besides valuable silks from Brassa. In 1848, 4000 chests of opium were shipped at Smyrna for Alexandria, to be transported across the Isthmus of Suez, and forwarded from thence to Canton. The weed

grows in Asia Minor; formerly every package there produced went to China, via London.

As soon as the anchor of our steamer had fallen, boatmen crowded around us, supplicating our patronage in excellent French and even English. Committing ourselves to the care of one of these worthies, we were speedily rowed ashore. That evening, happening to pass along one of the dark streets near the quays, we heard a curious commentary on our national manners. An intoxicated Greek staggered past, followed by barking dogs. Apparently thinking it necessary, while under the influence of liquor, to speak English, he soliloquised, "I be a Greek, and care not for dogs."

What a glorious sunset we witnessed that night! Oriental, indeed, were the tinges of the fleecy clouds and the colours of the hill tops, which the sinking luminary irradiated. Next morning, on our way to the Caravan bridge, where the Smyrniotes promenade, we met several strings of camels bearing merchandise and fire-wood to the city — patient, hard-working animals, though in general not very prepossessing in appearance. Their outstretched necks and tinkling bells told us that we were in the East. Many of them carried nuts, from which a valuable dye is procured. Their drivers generally rode on asses in advance; ragged, sun-burnt, reckless-looking fellows they were. On the previous day, a caravan of 250 camels had arrived with valuable goods from Persia. We had

never seen foliage so green or blossoms so brilliant as those which the gardens in the environs displayed. Contrasted with these perfumed spots appeared a forest of funereal cypresses, beneath which were the Turkish graves. We rested awhile in this solemn place for the dead. Not a sound disturbed the solitude; not a breath of wind shook its guardian trees; scarcely a solar ray penetrated the excessive gloom. All was stillness; dismal looked the sepulchres. What a different scene presented itself, when on our return we visited the bazaars, long covered alleys with shops on both sides, and at all times crowded by purchasers. Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Europeans, and Mussulmen, women with their peculiar veils, in fact, people of every country bordering on the Mediterranean moved to and fro, or stood bargaining at the various stalls for the manufactures of Manchester and Glasgow, the cutlery of Sheffield, or the crockery of the Potteries. In many shops meat was roasting before spirit-lamps; in others, shoemakers were busy at their trade, and in a considerable number nothing but embroidered saddles were exposed for sale. Cotton goods, to the value of more than a million sterling, are annually exported from this country to Smyrna.

The evening proved delightful; so we hired two good rowers, and, with a favourable breeze, soon reached a landing place several miles from the city, where stout little donkeys waited to convey the

ladies to the pretty village of Bournabat. We dared to walk, despite the broiling sun; but resolved to patronise an ass likewise on our return, for the heat of Anatolia proved rather unbearable. At the village inn we enjoyed a delicious draught of sweet Asian wine, and were presented with brandy, which our host denominated English beer;—so universally known is the taste of Britons! We feel incapable of describing the gardens around Bournabat; those modern Edens, where oranges hang in thousands, and lemons manure the soil; where vines shade the walks, and majestic cypress trees, straight as arrows, point to an azure sky. Breathing perfume, admiring nature's luxuriance, enjoying the delicious air, we thought of our home, then chilled by frosts, rain, and mists from the German ocean. How glorious is the climate of the East!

During our donkey-ride to the bay we had a fine view of the city and its commanding hills. The sheet of water much resembled some of our Scottish lakes, and the lower lake of Killarney still more; for the entrance towards the sea could not be seen, and no ripple agitated its surface. Shades of evening closed around us before our stalwart boatmen reached the quay; but such an evening as we can form no conception of in this gray, misty, vapoury, shivering land! It was, indeed,

"The lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night."

CHAPTER XIV.

LEAVE SMYRNA. — MOTLEY THRONG ON BOARD THE STEAMER. — MUSSULMAN DEVOTION AND DRUNKENNESS. — THE DARDANELLES. — ABYDOS. — COLLECTING TICKETS. — GREEK KNAVERY. — CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS. — THEIR SUPERSTITION AND IMMORALITY. — THEIR CLERGY. — EFFECTS OF OPPRESSION ON NATIONS. — APPROACH TO CONSTANTINOPLE. — SPLENDOUR OF THE PROSPECT.

AFTER a long stroll in the city, and a visit to some of the missionaries, we took leave of Smyrna to return on board the steamer. She had been detained twenty-four hours waiting for Turkish recruits, and, when we approached, what a scene did our eyes behold! Fore and aft, on paddle-boxes, sky-lights, and railings, in boats, deck-houses, and, in fact, every available spot, squatted dirty copper-coloured creatures, clothed in rags, smoking bad tobacco, eating onions, and (forgive us for mentioning it)! picking little animals off their bodies. No fewer than 800 of these wretches, with 150 deck passengers, Turks and Albanians, Greeks and Armenians, occupied every inch of the deck; so that locomotion, at least, as far as ladies were concerned, was quite impossible. We expected that the officers would have, at least, cleared a pathway to the steersman's wheel; but nothing of

the sort: those who travel in vessels belonging to the Austrian Lloyd's Co. must lay their account with being treated like bale goods, detained days at different places on their route, and finding the information given them at the branch offices exceedingly incorrect. In Constantinople the agent could tell us nothing about the steamers on the Gulph of Lepanto; he could only receive money and give away tickets. We mention these facts, that future travellers may not be misled as we were, and that such defects in management may not be unknown to the public.

In addition to these grievances, our vessel must needs wait for the colonel of the ragged horde. At six o'clock, however, this individual,— an ill-shaped, badly dressed, and apparently deformed personage, came on board. We could scarcely look at his high shoulders, bowed legs, and old shoes, without laughing. Such a man indeed to lead a regiment! Nicholas the First will have no difficulty in overthrowing the Ottomans under generals so contemptible.

After a vain attempt to walk on deck, or rather on the brown legs and dirty faces of Mussulmans, we retired to the cabin, where one of the officers was kneeling in the direction of Mecca, prostrating himself on the floor, bowing at intervals, and attracting the attention of every Giaour. As far as we saw, he was the only devout Mahommedan on board, and even his devotion could not be very

heartfelt; for, along with his brethren, he got disgracefully drunk on a loathsome spirit called raki, the night before we reached the capital. The religion of the Prophet forbids wine; but stronger liquors the faithful use, not generally indeed, but in many cases to great excess.

When we rose in the morning, the steamer was passing between the Island of Tenedos and the Plain of Troy. A stiff breeze soon carried us into the Dardanelles, and past the Rhetian and Sigæan promontories, between which the Grecian fleet was drawn up when Agamemnon laid siege to Priam's abode. This strait is defended by two castles, — Chanak-Ralessi in Asia, and Chelit-bauri in Europe. Around the former cluster a number of houses, chiefly consulates, with the flags of their respective nations flying from the roofs. Here one of the miserable recruits, in his endeavours to walk, knocked overboard a part of the bulwarks which had not been properly secured. So to pick it up the Austrians stopped the steamer for an hour.

Above the castles, the southern shore of the Hellespont forms a sort of bay, terminated towards the Sea of Marmora by the low point of land called Nagara Burnu. At its extremity stands a little white fort on the site of ancient Abydos. Here the strait is narrower than at any other part; here Alexander's army crossed over to commence that campaign which subverted Persia's empire; here the Ottomans first planted on Europe the standard

of the Prophet; here Xerxes erected that famous bridge over which passed an army on its way to be destroyed by Themistocles at Salamis; here Leander was wont to swim across to see his mistress; and here Lord Byron performed a similar feat, without a sweetheart to reward him. It is supposed that the supports of the Persian bridge rested between two hills directly opposite Abydos; indeed, at every other point either the strait is too broad, or the rising ground on the northern shore too precipitous to admit of such a structure.

The Dardanelles cannot boast of natural beauties, although its banks are well cultivated, and in some parts covered with woods or vineyards. But it is generally filled with vessels, the white sails of which greatly improve the landscape. Beyond Abydos the channel widens, so that from the centre we could scarcely see the mouth of the Aegos Potamos, where Lysander crushed the Athenian navy, and terminated the Peloponnesian war. Near that river, embowered in foliage, stands Lampsacus, and opposite to it the town of Gallipoli, a wretched, poor looking place, noted as having been the first town in Europe which yielded to the Moslem warriors. Here our friends the Austrians remained nearly three hours, lest they should arrive at their destination too soon! On leaving it, and steaming out into the Sea of Marmora, the officers began the arduous work of collecting tickets from the deck passengers; we say "arduous;" for

if a Greek *can* cheat he *will*, so that he requires to be sharply watched. One of these worthies maintained that he had given his check to the purser on leaving Smyrna; another had paid for two children and taken four; a third said his money was in his trunk at the bottom of the hold; and many had come on board without tickets, in hope of escaping detection.

For our own part, we have had no opportunity of testing the character of the modern Greeks; but in the Levant, every one talks of them in terms of severe condemnation, in fact, as the greatest rogues and liars anywhere to be met with. Moslems in commercial transactions invariably act with the strictest honour and probity; but even consuls and wealthy merchants belonging to Greece stoop to every kind of peculation. Such is the testimony of all business men in the East; and to it those who have ventured to travel in Otho's dominions say heartily amen. No nation spend more of their time in attending to clerical ordinances, in holding the solemn fasts of their church. But too often with superstition a loose morality is combined; people imagining that observance of religious ceremonials absolves them from performing their duty to their fellow men. Perhaps this delusion may in some measure account for the meanness and duplicity universally chargeable against the modern Greeks. The bishops and superior clergy, elected always out of the monasteries, dare not marry; but the

parish priests may take a wife before ordination. The latter are, with few exceptions, both ignorant and immoral, exceeding any other class in depravity. Yet the people yield implicit obedience to their wishes, believing every story which their spiritual advisers may choose to fabricate.

To judge of Greece from its present state, its merchants suspected invariably of dishonesty, its mountainous passes infested with robbers, its land lying waste, its forests cut down, its very wines unpalatable from careless cropping, we would suppose that liberty has not bettered its condition. But we must not judge too harshly, for nothing is more trying to a nation than a long period of oppression and servitude. Persecution in all cases attaches people more firmly to their religious creed; and when it happens, like that of the Eastern Church, to be disfigured by puerile superstitions, dire evils result from any attempt to root it out by force of arms. Then for ages this nation were doomed to helpless dependence upon conquerors whom they excelled in knowledge. Galled by such an ignominious slavery, the proud Greeks resorted to subtlety and craft, till every spark of their ancient spirit forsook their souls, and a Greek became synonymous with a scoundrel. In many other instances has oppression thus demoralised a once noble or promising race. Witness Italy and Poland.

We must have patience with a people thus down-

trodden for a course of years by a nation far inferior to them in civilisation. Like the enslaved negroes of America, they will require time to recover from the effects of tyranny, persecution, and forced ignorance, to illustrate the blessings of liberty, and to repay the European powers for the ammunition expended at Navarino.

Future writers may have a different account to give, after the reign of the Mussulman has become a mere historical reminiscence,—after years of good government have rolled away,

> "And while the pitying eye of Peace
> Smiles o'er her long forgotten Greece."

It makes one melancholy to reflect that banditti lurk in those mountains which look upon Lacedæmon, that the poignard of the assassin gleams in the very pass of Thermopylæ; while no Corinth now spreads her galleys in every creek of the Peloponnesus, and stone after stone falls silently away from the Parthenon. Mutable indeed are the fortunes of earthly governments. Of Epaminondas the modern Grecian knows nothing; the memory of the hero lives only in the class rooms of Eton and Rugby: fame has deserted its ancient seats for a "terra incognita" opened up by Agricola to the civilisation of the south, and now more powerful than the empire of the Cæsars.

About five in the morning we passed the Isles of the Princes; and shortly afterwards, one after an-

other above the sparkling waters, and as it were to

"Sentinel enchanted land,"

rose the airy portals of the East,—the mosques and minarets of Byzantium.

The sun had risen gloriously above a few fleecy clouds, and shone on the golden crescent of St. Sophia's cupola; the seabirds skimmed merrily the waters of the Bosphorus; every object looked fresh and fair, when we swept round the Seraglio point, and the amazing prospect burst upon us. We stood on the top of the wheelhouse, absolutely chained to the spot. Could that spectacle be real? Were these white minarets and dark green cypresses, these domes, towers, gardens, and palaces, terrestrial objects? or was it Fairy Land? We had seen many cities which justly boast of noble situations, architectural splendour, wonderful buildings, and gardens beautiful to gaze upon; but the recollection of them no longer charmed us after this first sight of Constantinople.

Before our eyes was the Golden Horn crowded with vessels of every nation, and crossed by a bridge of boats; on one side of it were Galata and Tophane, with the conspicuous watch tower of the former overtopping all; above them, Pera, with its diplomatic palaces and groves of cypress trees; opposite to it, Stamboul itself, its houses clustering around the Seraglio, the mosques of St. Sophia, Achmet, Suleiman and Mahommed II., and the

elegant Seraskier's tower. On our right flowed the waters of the Bosphorus, bearing thousands of light caïques, many merchant vessels, and the Sultan's fleet, and bounded by garden-covered hills which palaces adorn; behind us, Scutari presented its cypresses, its mosques, and barracks; while towards the left, the Sea of Marmora sparkled like a robe of diamonds in the brilliant sun.

We had realised our wishes; it was a moment of intense feeling when we, for the first time, embraced in one enchanting view the glories of the Moslem capital.

Time may roll on; cares may distract us; in the business of life former impressions may fade; recollections now vivid may cease to interest our mind; the very haunts of childhood may no longer be known to us; but one hour which the young man spent, the old man can never say has been forgotten,—the hour when he, from the Sea of Marmora, approached the "City of the Sultan."

The great charm of Constantinople is its novelty. The visitor lives and moves in a world which he never saw before; not one object reminds him of Europe, nothing speaks of home. He beholds such scenes as are described in fairy tales, or presented to the English reader only in the pages of the Arabian Nights. The houses, the streets, the temples, the gardens, the cemeteries, the fountains, the minarets, the cypress trees, the caïques, the turbans, the bazaars, the veiled women, the porters,

the kiosques, and even the legions of dogs, all bear witness that people of Asian race and religion inhabit the capital of the Eastern Empire: the city, which, founded by Lacedæmon's adventurous sons, rose to eminence and power under the great Constantine. Place an English hind on the summit of the Seraskier's tower, and he would certainly believe himself in another planet. There is nothing European, nothing western to which we can compare that gorgeous display of man's ingenuity visible on both sides of the Bosphorus. At every bend of the strait, at every turn of the caïque, new prospects open up in endless variety; not of icy mountains, not of waterfalls, or valleys, or cathedrals, or squares, or wooded islands, but of objects quite oriental, of which Britons can form no image in their mind. Every feeling becomes absorbed in that of wonder, when you pay a first visit to the mosques of the Moslems, the palaces of the Caliphs.

CHAPTER XV.

NOTES ON CONSTANTINOPLE. — ITS SITUATION. — VIEW FROM THE SERASKIER'S TOWER. — THE BAZAARS. — CURRENCY OF TURKEY. — MOSQUE OF ACHMET. — A FIRMAN. — THE SERAGLIO. — MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA. — THE DANCING DERVISHES. — SCUTARI. — ITS BURYING GROUND. — HASKIOY. — THE SPANISH JEWS. — MISSION OF THE SCOTCH FREE CHURCH. — THE CARAITES. — MISSIONARIES AT CONSTANTINOPLE. — THEIR ZEAL AND SUCCESS. — OPPONENTS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS. — THEIR PRACTICE AND ARGUMENTS. — SIR STRATFORD CANNING. — SAIL UP THE BOSPHORUS. — THERAPIA. — THE BLACK SEA. — CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE. — EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY. — THE GARDENS, PALACES, VILLAGES, WOODS, VALLEYS, AND KIOSQUES IN EUROPE AND ASIA. — DRESS OF THE TURKS. — DOGS OF STAMBOUL. — COFFEE KIOSQUES. — HISTORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE. — DEGENERACY OF THE MODERN TURKS. — THOUGHTS ON THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.

In recording our "impressions" of travel, we do not presume to *describe* cities, concerning which so many able authors have written. Such an occupation would be unsatisfactory to ourselves, and uninteresting to the public. Our desire is to convey to the reader's mind some idea of the Eastern capital, in hopes that, perchance, in perusing the present brief narrative, he may learn something previously unknown, or may form a more vivid conception of scenes not altogether strange to him.

In our own experience we have found a casual word, an expression, a mere hastily penned phrase, often of more value than elaborate writing. In the interchange of impressions mistakes are rectified, doubts removed, and truths demonstrated. Perhaps, therefore, some of our hasty jottings may serve a purpose.

To illustrate the history or antiquities, to discourse upon the manners or politics of Constantinople, is not the duty of a tourist. We leave it to men who have spent years among the Turks, as we intend devoting only a few pages to recording our own observations on the appearance of that capital.

The steamer anchored; the ragged regiment on board raised a loud shout of welcome to "Istamboul;" caïques crowded around us, and, scarcely recovered from the bewilderment into which the sight of the Golden Horn had thrown us, we rowed ashore to Tophane, and ascended the steep narrow lane leading to "infidel Pera." It was yet early in the morning; but the sun shone fiercely upon us, and upon the gilded summits of those white minarets which tower above the mosque of Kilidsch Ali Pasha. Donkeys loaded with bricks and mortar, and driven by dirty men in scanty raiment, thronged the path; boatmen lay lazily around the arabesque fountain at the landing place; dogs prowled about in search of refuse, and clouds of tobacco smoke rose from the windows of frail wooden tenements which seemed to totter on their

foundations, as the animals passed by. In Pera, on the top of a hill overlooking Stamboul and the Bosphorus, stand the palaces of the European ambassadors; amongst which, most conspicuous, is that of the Russian minister. This Frank quarter has a curious appearance; for fires are so frequent, that many of the streets always consist of mere blackened ruins, while others are in process of reconstruction. Extensive burying grounds, over which dark cypresses nod, occupy the slope of the hill separating Pera from the smaller suburb of Cassim Pasha on the Golden Horn. They command most enchanting views of the City Proper, with all its various objects of interest. But the principal street on the rising ground leads down, through Galata, the most populous of the "quarters," and the rendezvous of the merchants, to the floating bridge across the Golden Horn.

Those who wish to enjoy their stay in any strange town, to understand thoroughly its topography, and to carry away with them a correct impression of its principal buildings, should, as soon as possible after their arrival, ascend some eminence, from which they can obtain a *coup d'œil* of the whole. Following this plan, our first expedition was to the top of the watch tower in Galata; one of the most prominent objects in the view of Constantinople. Here we were presented with coffee *à la Turque*, and enjoyed one of the finest prospects which this world can display.

It was a warm, sunny, cloudless morning; no haze obscured our vision; no murky atmosphere shrouded the panorama of the Bosphorus. Below us were the busy suburbs; separated from Stamboul by the Golden Horn, and absolutely blockaded by the merchantmen of every European nation. In the middle of the strait lay the Turkish fleet of line of battle ships, frigates, corvettes, and steamers, with the enormous "Mahmoud" bearing the Capitan Pasha's flag. The cypress trees of Scutari appeared beyond that forest of masts and the island tower, where rumour says a maiden daughter of the Sultan was confined, because a fortune-teller had predicted that a serpent's bite would cut her off at the age of eighteen. To withdraw her from danger of this nature, she was placed there; but an adder, concealed in a box of figs from Smyrna, verified the prediction. She was found a corpse, with the reptile on her bosom. In the distance, we could see the Sea of Marmora and the Isles of the Princes, with the snowy summit of Mount Olympus in the ancient Bithynia. On the west, stretched out before us and beneath us, as if on paper, was Constantinople,—from the Seraglio point to the Mosque of Eyoub far up the Golden Horn. How majestic appeared

"St. Sophia's gleaming dome,"

partly hidden by the lofty cypresses which adorn the palace gardens! Then next to it stood the

mosque of Achmet; the only one in the Ottoman empire which has six minarets, four being the usual number even for the largest temples; while nearer the centre of the city, on a rising ground, was the sanctuary of Sulieman the Magnificent, the purest existing monument of Turkish architecture, supported by four minarets of unequal height. Then there were the mosques of Selim, Bajazet, Mahomet, Osman, and the Sultana Valide; and, lastly, the Seraskier's Tower, which commands the finest view of the city, and especially of the Sea of Marmora. We ascended its 330 steps in a clear but windy day, when the breeze swept down the Bosphorus, and shook the windows at the summit of the building. This is the station of the watch who have to give warning to the faithful of those numerous fires ever and anon breaking out in Constantinople. Safely we may assert, that no words can adequately describe the prospect obtained from that elevation. It is like beholding from this planet's *edge* the capital of Fairy Land.

Very different is the scene presented in the bazaars. They consist of a multitude of narrow streets, covered over, on both sides of which stand stalls for the sale of merchandise. One passage contains only the shops where slippers are sold; a second is devoted to Egyptian and Damascus cutlery; Armenians display their embroidery in a third; silk merchants occupy a fourth; every trade, in short, has an avenue of its own; while

sherbet venders allure passers by at the street corners. There is none of that glitter about Turkish bazaars which renders attractive western warerooms. They can boast of no fine effect, but are remarkable chiefly on account of their extent, the variety of the goods exhibited in them, and the singularity both of their construction and of the dresses of those who frequent them. At night not a seller remains; every entrance closes; these busy lanes become silent as the tomb. We found it advisable never to offer more than half what was demanded by the various shopkeepers. These fellows make a point of securing unreasonable payment if they can; their most solemn protestations you must disbelieve, or else be cheated beyond all precedent. They consider it fair game to fleece the Giaour. Unfortunately for them, we were accustomed to make bargains; so our bag of piastres suffered no more than necessary diminution. A piastre is worth about 2*d.* and an eighth sterling; and as five and six piastre pieces are the most current coins, one requires a servant to carry his money when he intends making purchases. It was with some difficulty that our own attendant staggered homewards under the weight of the sum we had received from an English banker in Pera.

We have no intention of describing, or even mentioning, all the sights of Constantinople. Strangers usually visit the column of Theodosius,—the Burnt Pillar, a venerable relic which fire after fire has

blackened, — the tombs of Sulieman and Mahommed II. profusely decorated with robes, mother of pearl ornaments, and gilt,—the vast subterranean reservoir, called the cistern of Constantine, or of the thousand and one columns, which formerly contained water, but is now used as a workshop by a few squalid creatures employed in twisting silk; and the Hippodrome or Atmeidan, a famous square formed by the Emperor Severus, and the scene of many bloody incidents in Moslem history. There took place, in 1823, the massacre of the Janissaries. After they had fallen, the Sultan exhibited, in the mosque of Achmet which bounds this open space on the east, the holy standard of Mahomet, in order to excite the enthusiasm of the populace in favour of a dynasty possessed of such a talisman. This relic the faithful believe to be the prophet's nether garment! The square itself is unpaved, dirty, and mean looking, although an obelisk of granite covered with hieroglyphics, and a column composed of three brazen serpents, occupy its centre. On three sides miserable houses look into the Atmeidan; but on the fourth rise the six beautiful minarets of Achmet's mosque, the galleries at the top of which appear to the observer like fringes of lace. This sanctuary excels all the others in exterior effect, though St. Sophia is much larger, and that of Suliemanie built in a purer style. We visited it one afternoon with a firman or permission from government. The Moslems were engaged in prayer, when

we arrived at the porch of the spacious temple; so we had nothing for it but to wait till the conclusion of the service,—taking, however, now and then a peep at the ceremony through an opening in the curtain hanging over the door. Having put on our slippers (for no one can enter a Mahommedan place of worship, or the palace of the Sultan, without either taking off his shoes or drawing on slippers above them), we gained admittance to view the enormous pillars and proud dimensions of the mosque. Its interior is spoiled by multitudes of paltry lamps hung from the ceiling. Indeed no Mussulman sanctuary can in point of grandeur for one moment compare with the churches of Roman Catholic countries. Several Turks were still engaged in their silent devotions, and prostrating themselves on the carpeted floor when we entered. They regarded us not; for their thoughts were in holy Mecca,—in the sacred city of "Araby the blest."

A firman to see the Seraglio and the mosques of Stamboul costs about 8*l.* sterling,—three fourths of which is expended in feeing attendants. Generally speaking visitors club together to procure this order. One fine morning accordingly we found ourselves walking down the steep streets which lead from Pera to Tophane in company with ladies and gentlemen desirous of visiting the "lions." In light caïques we were rowed two and two across the Golden Horn to the Seraglio point, and con-

ducted under a lofty gateway to a little town of gardens, pavilions, barracks, and Chinese-like buildings enclosed by walls, occupying the site of the ancient Byzantium, and called the Serai Bournou,—

> "A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
> Magnificently mingled in a litter."

Nothing can be more tiresome than to look at the poor rooms, the paltry furniture, and the unkingly galleries of the Seraglio. In one lobby the walls are hung with English engravings worth about 5*s*. each, and considered great curiosities. Except the splendid cypress trees, we saw nothing to admire in the town residence of the Sultan; although the French ladies of the party pronounced everything "magnifique."

How pleasing to emerge from ancient armouries and coronation parlours, and to enter the wide portals of St. Sophia! This immense mosque stands close to one of the Seraglio gates. It was founded as a Christian church by Constantine, consumed twice by fire, rebuilt by Justinian, and converted into a Moslem temple, when Stamboul surrendered to the arms of the Saracens. Its dome is 180 feet high. Pillars brought from Ephesus, Baalbec, Athens, Troy, Egypt, — in fact from every region famed in story, with marbles of all colours and kinds, adorn the structure. Its roof is a splendid mosaic, the stones of which cannot be counted. Sixteen years were occupied in building it. We ascended to the gal-

leries by a path so broad and gently inclined, that carriages could be driven on it, and from thence surveyed in wonder its magnificent dimensions. The best mode of testing its vastness is to go to one of the smallest aisles in the gallery, where looking at it alone, you feel that that fragment of St. Sophia would make a noble Christian church. Is the day not approaching when these walls will again echo the praises of Messiah,—when the gilded crescent on the dome will give place to the symbol of the Cross? We believe it is; and so also think the Turks.

Every Tuesday the dancing or turning dervishes exhibit in Pera. They are Mahommedan monks, who live apart from others, and perform, in a sort of circus, for the benefit of the pious and the amusement of the curious. When we entered, the actors were squatted round the ring, dressed in long cloaks of various colours and tapering hats of felt. A green scarf round the hat and a grey robe distinguished the chief, who fancies himself a representation of the Deity. In a small gallery other dervishes played on execrable instruments, howling lustily during the exhibition. The ceremonies commenced by the performers standing up, bowing, and walking slowly three times round the circular space with the chief priest at their head, doing obeisance as they passed to the cushion indicating his seat. Then, divesting themselves of their cloaks, under which they wore jackets of divers colours and long robes, they turned round with in-

conceivable rapidity,—their arms meanwhile being stretched fully out, their heads slightly inclined, and their bare feet seeming to wheel on pivots. During this operation the chief priest stood on his cushion, and the second in command walked about among the dancers. They whirled thus for fifteen minutes; then simultaneously stopped, retired to the edge of the ring, bended in the attitude of prayer, and received again their cloaks from attendants. Afterwards the second priest prayed audibly, and the dervishes again walked round the area, bowing to their prior. They next assembled opposite to that personage, and, advancing one by one, kissed his hand, and embraced each other. Lastly, the chief prayed, all howled, and the performance ceased.

> "Oh, how unlike the complex works of man
> Is Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan."

Much has been written in laudation of the burying ground at Scutari, the holy cemetery of the Turks; who, believing that in the end of the world the Mahommedans will be expelled from Europe, all wish to be interred on the Asian shore. This lonely piece of ground extends for three miles, and is one great forest of cypress trees; but to say that it can be further praised is to talk nonsense. Lying behind the town, it commands no view of the Bosphorus; the tombs do not display architectural beauty; of walks, or shrubs, or flowers, there are none. Even the cypresses are by no means so

handsome as those at Pera and Smyrna. We enjoyed a delightful sail across the Bosphorus, and through shoals of porpoises to visit this famed resting place for the dead ; but who that has seen those magnificent cemeteries, which do honour to the cities of the United States, can for one moment admire the burying ground at Scutari? We left it not a little disappointed.

Our next expedition proved more to our mind. Descending from Pera through the extensive cemeteries which ornament the northern slope of the hill, we embarked at the quay of Cassim Pasha, a suburb on the Golden Horn. Overlooking it is the arsenal; in the yards of which, vast numbers of men are constantly employed, building, repairing, and fitting out ships. Our light caïque shot swiftly past old 120 gun men of war, new steamers, and dismantled frigates, and soon conveyed us to the village of our destination,—Haskioy, the residence of the Sultan's foreign workmen, and of the Spanish Jews. A rising ground behind it, called the "Okmeidan," or "place of arrows," because there the Sultans were wont to practise archery, commands a fine view of Stamboul, especially of the mosque of Suliemanié,—where Mussulmans, about to depart on a journey, or wishful to hoard, deposit as in a bank their chests of money,—and the mosque of Eyoub, a sort of holy of holies, where the Turkish emperors are crowned, and near which no Christian can dwell. In the other direction, from this eleva-

tion, we looked over sterile fields, and bare hills, a specimen of Turkey in Europe. Our visit was to the Rev. Mr. Thomson, the able missionary of the Scotch Free Church in Haskioy; and, accompanied by him, we visited the quarter of the Spanish Jews, for whose benefit he has been sent. They inhabit miserable wooden houses, separated from each other by streets of excessive filthiness. At the outskirts we met a funeral, the corpse being followed by several rabbis, and a concourse of people repeating aloud prayers for the dead. The body, raised on a bier, was borne aloft on men's shoulders. We found the Jewish schools abodes of dirt, rags, squalor, and noise. Talking urchins covered the floor; while in the corners sat rabbis, turning over the leaves of dusty books. This colony originally migrated from Spain; they retain the language of their ancestors, and have a violent prejudice against Protestantism, carrying it often so far as to insult the missionaries in the street. Science, of which they are profoundly ignorant, is their great hobby; and, by means of it, Mr. Thomson endeavours to obtain access to them. They would on no account listen to his preaching, or read his religious tracts. Although great astronomers, they disbelieve in Galileo's theories; and perhaps may look with some favour on any one who gives them new light on subjects they are so fond of.

Even among the children of Israel, sects exist.

Apart from the dwellings of the other Jews stands a cluster of buildings inhabited by the Caraites, who reject the Talmud and traditions, look with no disfavour upon Christians, are willing to hear the truth, and adhere to the Old Testament as their only rule of faith. They do not intermarry nor worship with the superstitious party; and their school, which we entered, greatly excels the others in cleanliness and order. Nevertheless, the knowledge even of the teacher had very narrow limits; for he could not decipher a Hebrew map of Canaan, presented to him by the missionary. This liberty of access to the scholars, however, is only granted by Caraites; in another school, as soon as we appeared, the rabbi rushed forward to close the door.

There is a strong band of evangelical missionaries in and around Constantinople. For many years the American board has occupied this field by sending men of talent, enterprise, and perseverance, to pioneer the way. Already have converts yielded to their persuasion. In the awakenings among Armenians on the Bosphorus and Asia Minor, and among the Nestorians in Kurdistan, we witness the beginning of that great change which shall yet bless the scene of Apostolic ministry; and in producing which, our Transatlantic brethren have borne so honourable a part. Under many discouragements they have never swerved; and now, when whole communities and synods in the East declare themselves disciples, perhaps we shall hear

fewer sneers at the expense of those whose work mere professors neither understand nor love. There are some people in this country, making loud pretensions to orthodoxy, who *disapprove* of foreign missions, and shew their independence of mind by citing instances in which missionaries acted wrongfully, and drawing, from such instances, the strange conclusion that the zeal of evangelists to the heathen is mere hypocrisy.* Did these men ever read their Master's last commandment, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Do they desire to see that world converted to Christianity? If so, how do they propose to accomplish the desirable end? Surely not by searching for the errors of missionaries, by believing the stories of travellers who circulate rumours for facts, because they dislike the work, or by animadverting upon the censurable conduct of individual clergymen. As for the argument, that we have heathen at home, we should like to know who care for them,—the supporters of, or the objectors to, foreign missions? When the latter shew themselves very zealous for the evangelization of our British masses, we shall hear them with more attention. At present, the former carry on both works. In addition to the American clergymen, the Free Church of Scotland have missionaries, who

* The poet Grahame, when replying to the assailants of Christian missionaries, asks, with reason, "What were the Galilean fishermen?"

devote themselves to the Jews in Constantinople. Messrs. Allan and Koenig reside in Galata; Mr. Thomson in Haskioy.

The cause of Protestantism lies under a debt of gratitude to Sir Stratford Canning, Britain's representative at the Sublime Porte. He has manfully and successfully fought the battle of religious toleration, securing for evangelical Armenians liberty to worship as their conscience dictates, and exemption from the tyranny of their priests. Notwithing the influence of ecclesiastical dignitaries, the remonstrances of Anglo-Catholics, and the obstinacy of the government, like a true Englishman, he insisted upon justice being done. Posterity will thank him for it. It was with great pleasure that we one evening met the various missionaries, talked to them of the prospects of the East, and united with them in worshipping our common Lord. During that service, conducted within sight of St. Sophia, so near the vast sanctuaries which men have raised, we felt the truth of St. Paul's declaration, when standing on Mars hill, surveying the Parthenon,— "God who made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

For the first few days of our residence in Pera, the heat had been intense, the south-west breeze scarcely perceptible; but as we entered a caïque at Tophane to sail up the Bosphorus, the wind suddenly wheeled round, and blew coldly from the sea

of tempests. Our tiny barque pitched alarmingly, as she crossed the rapid currents, which set in from every headland, towards the opposite shore, covering the passengers with spray. But the sun shone brightly, and the scene on the water was animated; the change of wind having enabled hundreds of vessels, with their white sails set and their various ensigns unfurled, to pass down from the Euxine to the Sea of Marmora. They shot past us with great rapidity, both breeze and tide being favourable. At Therapia, a beautiful village situated on a little creek, we stopped; and, ascending the hills above it, enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the Black Sea, the entrance from it to the Bosphorus, the two castles built by the Genoese to defend the passage, the town of Buyukdere built around the last bend of the strait, Unkiar Skelessi and the giant mountain on the Asiatic shore, and the pleasant valleys inland. Here the English and French ministers reside in summer. We passed their residences, and crossed fields covered with fragrant wild-flowers, during our walk. Heath, hawthorn, and geraniums, were blossoming in April.

To record impressions of the Bosphorus is no easy task. Mr. Bartlett's illustrations give a much better idea of that fairy scene than any words can do. Let no one think they are coloured; for they do no more than justice to the beauties of the strait which separates Europe from Asia. To say that our expectations were realized is to afford but

a faint index to our feelings, whilst in the season of spring, when leaves and blossoms were brilliant, we gazed on the picturesque villages, the gardens, the palaces, the kiosques and valleys of the Bosphorus.

On the European shore the finest buildings stand; but the Asiatic exceeds it in beauty of natural scenery. Can we ever forget the valley of Anatoli Hissar, or the hamlet of Kandili situated on a mountain side, embowered in woods and vineyards, and commanding a view of the whole strait from the Euxine to the Propontis? Opposite it, the quiet village of Bebec, much resorted to by the Franks in summer, extends around an inlet; while immediately to the northward, the castles of Rumili Hissar in Europe and Anatoli Hissar in Asia guard the passage. Stenia, a harbour between these fortresses and Therapia, abounds in fishermen, whose grotesque costumes, nets and boats, add not a little to the beauty of the scenery. Nearer Constantinople, on both sides of the strait, are several imperial residences. That rejoicing in the name of Beschiktasche, a wooden erection with marble pillars in front, appeared to us the most elegant. The Sultan during our visit was living at his retreat of Istauros,—an unsightly building in Asia, opposite Beschiktasche. Although this palace has no claims to architectural splendour, the hills, woods, and vineyards above it are the most beautiful on the Bosphorus. A few fleecy clouds passed across the

sun's disc as we viewed this enchanting landscape, throwing some parts of it into the shade, while others appeared brighter by contrast. The Sultan, we thought, should live on the European shore, in order to enjoy the effects of light and shade in Asia. We can still think only with regret of those groves of lemons and oranges, those rocky mountain-sides, those olive-covered valleys, those corn-fields green in spring, those villages "beautiful for situation," those spacious palaces, those minarets rising amongst woods, those fortresses guarding the channel, those white sails shooting past, and that deep blue of air and water which constitute, when so finely mingled, the glories of the Bosphorus. Rapidly the caïque left all behind, darted between the huge three-deckers of the Sultan, and carried us again within full view of Pera, Scutari, Stamboul, the Sea of Marmora, and the distant snowy peaks of Mount Olympus. It was an exciting sail,—a chronological era in our pilgrimage; and even now

> "We see the gilded minarets shine,
> And count the thousand glories o'er
> Of either palace-girdled shore."

> "The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
> The gleaming turret of the gay kiosque."

Comparatively few Turks now wear the turban, the ugly Greek fez having superseded it. We are surprised that in a country where the sun shines so brightly, men should adopt for a head-dress a mere

red night-cap with tassels. Nothing can possibly be more unbecoming than the dress of Turkish women, consisting of long, ill-shapen robes, a white kerchief wrapped round the head, so as to conceal all the features but the eyes and nose, and yellow morocco boots thrust loosely into slippers without heels. How they waddle along the streets, like washerwomen on pattens!

In Constantinople all sorts of unearthly sounds greet the ear. The yells of men and boys selling wares, fruits, and baked meats, stun the passer-by; for the fellows manage adroitly to place their mouths close to the Frank's organ of hearing. The carriages employed on the streets are most grotesque equipages, like two covered sŏfas, profusely gilded, and slung upon high wheels not made for them. The driver generally walks alongside, a quicker pace being out of the question: indeed there is scarcely standing-room between the vehicle and the houses.

Soon after sunset every sound is hushed, every pathway deserted in Constantinople and its suburbs. The dogs alone remain masters of the city, except where a few Franks, guided by servants with lanterns, quietly retreat homewards. These strange curs are among the curiosities of the Eastern capital. They belong to no one, are never molested, and perform the part of public scavengers, being quite as efficient for this purpose as the police commissioners of a certain town with which we are familiar. It is remarkable that each dog has a dis-

trict of his own, which he and a fixed number of companions are expected by their fellows to occupy. If he leaves it, the whole canine tribe of the invaded territory assail him. They are wolfish-looking but not ugly animals, chiefly of a sandy colour, and, fortunately for the community, not subject to madness.

A coffee Kiosque is to a Turk what a restaurant is to a Frenchman; there he smokes his pipe, and drinks his favourite beverage, while conversing with friends about the gossip of the day. Poor and rich in Constantinople have such places to resort to; they have seldom more of a covering than projecting roofs of buildings, and are on all sides but one exposed to the air. Mussulmans could scarcely live without them. Crowds of Wallachian and Bulgarian musicians wander along the streets of the Turkish capital, thankful to receive even one para — equal to a twentieth part of an English penny. On holydays especially, when such resorts as the Valley of the Sweet Waters attract hundreds of visitors, these minstrels never fail to mingle with the throng.

Few cities have figured more in history than Constantinople. It has sustained twenty-four sieges, and been six times taken. Under its walls Christian and Mussulmans have fought bravely. Many different races have possessed it. There flourished the revered Constantine, who grafted the Christian church upon an ungodly world; and

there in splendour ruled that Sulieiman whose armies, after the Magyar chivalry fell on the field of Mohacs, threatened to plant the standard of the crescent on every European fortress. Under him the Turkish nation and the Mahommedan religion had reached the zenith of their power. How changed are matters now! Instead of pressing forward victorious soldiers to the gates of Vienna, Abdul Medschid trembles lest the Russian, by a coup-de-main, drive him from his capital and throne. Powerless is the Moslem Emperor, though a numerous army and fine fleet call him master. The enthusiasm of Osmanli warriors remains not; they cherish no patriotic feeling. Sunk in ignorance and sloth, many of them too covetous of northern gold, the general officers and naval captains of the Sultan are of little use, except to appear on parade, or bring ships of war, amid the roar of cannon out of the Golden Horn into the Bosphorus. Let Nicholas despatch a dozen frigates and a few thousand men from the Sea of Azov, and he may plant the black and white standard on the Seraglio.* We believe that there would be scarcely a show of resistance. The merchants of Galata need not tremble for the safety of their warehouses; for the garrison of Stamboul will not stand a bombardment. "What a melancholy prospect," says the

* We speak of Turkey UNSUPPORTED. Backed by France and England, or by either of these two great powers, she may defy the Russian.

reader; ".the Turks have no national spirit; the army is bad, and wants patriotic officers; the fine three-deckers have no sailors to manage them with steadiness. The treaty signed at Unkiar Skelessi, in June 1833, binds the Sultan, in case of need, or rather in case the Russian ambassador demand it, to close the Dardanelles against the fleets of France and England, to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with the Czar, and to place the Bosphorus at his disposal." All these things are true. "Then it is clear," you say, "that the ambitious, powerful, crafty Nicholas, taking advantage of the revolutions in France and Germany, and of the disunion among Western Powers, will strike a decisive blow at Constantinople, and establish his sway from Nova Zembla to Egypt."

On this vexed subject we venture to make two remarks. In the first place, the Turkish empire is fast tottering to its fall.* In the second place, Russia cannot permanently possess it.

There is a very prevalent feeling among Mussulmans themselves, that the close of their reign in Europe approaches. Travellers tell us that they have, on many occasions, heard this sentiment ex-

* "The Muhammedan rule, that political sirocco which withers all before it, is fast losing the fierce energy, which was its peculiar characteristic, and the world is being gradually prepared for the final dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire." — *Lynch's U. S. Expedition to the Dead Sea.*

pressed, especially in those provinces bordering on Austria. Byron refers to it, when he says,—

> "The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
> The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
> And the Serai's impenetrable tower
> Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest."

The Turks know full well their own weakness. They are aware how defenceless is the throne of Sulieman's successors, and are conscious that the halcyon days of Moslem success have passed away, giving place to a period of corruption which revolution will end. There exists not between Belgrade and Aleppo one spark of that warlike, crusading spirit, before which even the warriors of Hungary quailed. Politically, the Ottomans of 1849 are a different people from the Ottomans of 1526. They repudiate thoughts of conquest, and have little confidence in themselves, even in a struggle for nationality.

The religious aspect of the question is similar. Much less strict in every respect than they used to be, the Mussulmans display no such devotion as that which caused deeds of daring in Germany and Spain. Christians enter the mosques; they live in the Holy City of Stamboul; their religion the state no longer persecutes; European costume rapidly supersedes the dress of the Osmanli; the soldiers wear jackets and trowsers; they are disciplined like western troops; the sound of the bugle and the

word of command have succeeded to the wave of a Damascus scymitar and the cry of "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

All things have changed. Turkey is no longer an empire upheld by religious enthusiasm, by a love of manners widely different from the usages of Europe, by a people full of martial spirit, glorying in national strength. It ekes out a languishing existence, supported by diplomacy, in constant terror of a Cossack invasion, propped up by France and England to preserve the Black Sea trade. Solomon says there is a time for everything; and, if we do not much mistake present prognostics, the time for the dissolution of Turkish and Mahommedan power in Europe will speedily arrive.

But then comes the momentous question, — If the Ottomans cease to rule, who but the Russian can reign at Constantinople? On this arrangement alarmists in England and elsewhere seem to have set their hearts. It is the most unnatural and unlikely we can conceive of. Just as soon will Queen Victoria govern Norway and Sweden. Perhaps Nicholas may, in some ambitious mood, send a fleet through the Bosphorus, and annex to his dominions the Turkish capital; for a time even he may possess it; but when Austrians and Hungarians, Sicilians and Neapolitans, Danes and Holsteiners, Savoyards and Genoese, Bernese and Zugites, fight for separation, one can scarcely expect to see Livonians, Finns, Russians, Siberians, Circassians, Cossacks, Tatars,

Wallachians, Moldavians, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Cretians, Syrians, Asiatics, and Arabs united in one harmonious brotherhood under the illustrious Nicholas Paulovitch, Emperor of the East. Every natural and reasonable law may be considered as abrogated when the countries between Cyprus and Kamschatka acknowledge one king. No man, be he possessed of ever so much talent, could in this nineteenth century rule absolutely over half the earth. Nicholas is not Cæsar Augustus, nor 1849 an age like the golden epoch in Roman history.

But how comes it, we ask, that the Russian is not only safe on his throne, but ready for conquest when all other sovereigns find occupation enough, at home? Do no dangers threaten him? Do his subjects live in contentment and peace? Have his squadrons yet obtained access to the fastnesses around Ararat? Has Circassia yet succumbed? Hear we of no grumblings in the Livonian provinces? Must revolutions necessarily stop at the boundary-line of the great Sclavonic empire? May not troubles yet be apprehended near Warsaw? These questions require answers before the northern autocrat need talk of being crowned in St. Sophia. Again we repeat, there is a time for everything, and that for the existence of unlimited monarchy in Europe approaches its close. The same public feeling which banished Metternich, which hurled Louis Philippe from his throne, which prompted

the gallant defence of Rome against an incompetent general and a misled soldiery, will yet find its way to frigid Russia, and compel the great man there lording it, either to humble himself, or join companions in exile at Claremont and Brighton. We write of no improbabilities; men who have studied well the state of Muscovy, agree with us in thinking that Nicholas by no means occupies a secure position. His system of government prevents manifestations of national opinion: politicians work there, not openly, but behind the scenes, and, at the very moment when British Tories point in triumph to the success of absolutism, a storm may be about to burst forth over European Russia, during which the name of Romanoff may disappear from the arena of political warfare. Security can only be obtained by constitutional monarchs whom their subjects revere.

If Nicholas wishes to hasten this consummation, let him extend his empire; if he desires to put off the evil day, let him remain as quietly as possible at home. He, of all men in Europe, cannot afford to head a crusade against liberty. Self-preservation, not conquest, should be his aim. Already he has too much territory and too many different nations to govern. If it be true that the present age greatly favours free governments, it is equally true that it hates a grasping love of power and the rule of aliens. The seizure of Turkey by the autocrat of Russia would raise against him a hurricane of

feeling in Western Europe, in the midst of which Poland might again "sound the loud tocsin," the Hungarians cross the frontier with all their chivalry, the cities on the Baltic demand a constitution, and the Circassians, descending like a thunder-cloud from Ararat, lay waste the valley of the Volga, and send a summons to the Kremlin.

Nicholas in time of danger overawed a rebellious soldiery; but he is not the man to bid defiance to Europe's expressed opinion, or set bounds to the desire for liberty.

CHAP. XVI.

VOYAGE TO MALTA. — THE "OSIRIS."—MYTELENE.—THE CLIFFS OF SUNIUM. — ATTICA. — THE PYRÆUS. — VIEW OF ATHENS. — THE ACROPOLIS AND PARTHENON. — CLASSIC SCENES. — MAGNIFICENT SUNSET. — FAREWELL TO GREECE. — A SHIP AT SEA. — APPEARANCE OF MALTA FROM THE WATER. — QUARANTINE LAWS. — THEIR VEXATIOUS NATURE. — THE LAZARETTO. — DEFENCES OF VALETTA. — THE MALTESE. — MILITARY.

No traveller need wish a better ship than the French government steamer "Osiris," or a more agreeable man than her commander M. de Prefort.* It would be well if the officers of certain British Post-Office packets conducted themselves with equal urbanity to passengers. We never enjoyed a voyage so much, as that from Constantinople to Malta in this elegantly fitted-up vessel.

It was evening when our light caïque shot out from the pier of Galata, and brought us alongside the steamer, which lay surrounded by Turkish men-of-war off the Seraglio point. Long and wistfully did we survey the mosques of Stamboul; many a look did we bestow on the Golden Horn, the minarets of Scutari, and the sparkling Bosphorus, before the "Osiris" left those wondrous scenes behind. But time passed away, the letter-

* This remark does not apply to all, or even to a majority, of the French steamers on the Mediterranean.

bags arrived, the anchor rose, the captain stood on the paddle-box, the guns fired; and not even an urgent despatch from the English Embassy would induce Lieutenant de Prefort to linger at Byzantium. Away we went across the Sea of Marmora, the tricolour at the mizen waving proudly in the wind. Soon even Sophia's dome disappeared in the east: we had parted, perhaps for ever, from Constantinople.

Some time elapsed before we could distinguish the individuals on board; for, taking into consideration officers, engineers, boatswains, carpenters, stokers, cooks, bakers, stewards, Jewish, Greek, Hungarian, Maltese, and Turkish passengers, there were a goodly number of faces to recognise. In the cabin, however, we had a very limited circle; a Grecian consul and a Magyar colonel being, with the exception of our own party and that of the officers, the only persons who sat down to table. Every day the conversation turned on the war in Hungary; on Bem's successful manœuvres, and on the disasters of the Austro-Russian troops. With extraordinary enthusiasm, the colonel narrated to us the achievements of his brave countrymen, of whose ultimate triumph he seemed to entertain not a doubt. He had travelled from Transylvania in disguise through the soldiers of Nicholas, and intended proceeding to Western Europe in furtherance of the cause undertaken by Louis Kossuth on the Danube.

The morning after leaving Constantinople, we enjoyed a fine sail through the Dardanelles; the sky being propitious, and the decks not so unpleasantly crowded as they were on board the Austrian steamer. While passing the island of Tenedos, we viewed the plain of Troy; the tomb of Achilles appearing conspicuously in its centre. As the weather was beautiful, our steersman kept close to the Asiatic shore, affording us varied prospects every few minutes. At one time nothing could be seen but rocky parapets; at another, green water-courses, covered with camels, lay within gunshot of the ship; while every now and then we came in sight of small Turkish villages, built around sequestered bays. In the evening we crossed the Gulf of Adramyttium, having on our right the wooded mountains of Mytelene. This is by far the most beautiful of the Grecian islands; presenting a pleasing variety of hills, rocks, forests, fertile valleys, cultivated slopes, and villages with garden-ground attached. The chief town, Castro, occupies a really romantic situation. The island exports considerable quantities of oil, and timber used for shipbuilding purposes. Near its centre, some lofty peaks are distinguishable above elevations on the seaboard.

After calling once more at Smyrna, and steaming along the north coast of Chios, we crossed the Ægean Sea; and, on a lovely morning early, found the "Osiris" close to the cliffs of Sunium, the

southern point of Attica. Not a cloud veiled the firmament; the water, beautiful in colour, had scarcely a ripple on its surface; every thing wore its brightest dress. What a morning for us to sail for the first time under the shadow of Mount Hymettus, between the isle of Egina and the land of Solon, Pericles, and Miltiades! At last our eye rested on the Acropolis, rising 150 feet above the plain, and crowned by the stupendous ruins of the Parthenon. Aided by a telescope, we could count its pillars, and even the stones of its portico. Built during the Augustan age of Athens, when Pericles ruled the commonwealth,—repaired by the Roman emperor Hadrian,—and reduced to its present condition by a Venetian bomb, in 1687, it yet proudly stands, to tell of ancient Grecian glory. No temple dedicated to the worship of Him who reigns in heaven and earth is grander in conception, or more admirable in execution, than that which superstitious yet accomplished Athenians erected as the shrine of Minerva, the patroness of their city. Two thousand three hundred years have now passed away: philosophers, poets, statesmen, heroes, and patriots, have ceased to make Attica famous; but, amidst the wreck of nations, little injured by destroying time, remains the Parthenon,

"The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul."

We could distinguish also, on the top of the Acropolis, the ruins of the theatre of Herodes Atticus;

and between these monuments and the sea, Areopagus, or Mars Hill, from which Paul delivered his sublime discourse to the inhabitants of learned Athens; and where, in the earlier ages of the republic, the judges sat to hear pleading, and pronounce sentence. Beyond the city, and exceeding the Acropolis in elevation, were the bold peaks of Mount Lycabettus; at the southern base of which we could distinguish the new Palace, a large building with a marble colonnade. Immediately to the westward stood the city, now containing 40,000 inhabitants, and increasing daily in importance. Mount Pentelicus 3,500 feet high, and celebrated for its marble quarries, bounded the view on the north. It is a huge shapeless mountain, adjoining Hymettus, and, like it, destitute of much vegetation. A beautiful and fertile plain stretched away on the west of Athens towards the hills. Through it flowed the classic Cephissus, watering the sacred groves of the Academy. As the steamer proceeded, new views opened up. Before us were the ports of Munichia and Phalerum; beyond them the rocky heights of Salamis. Approaching the shore, and turning abruptly round a headland, we entered the harbour of Piræus: —

> "Where'er we look'd, 'twas holy ground;
> No earth of thine was lost in vulgar mould."

This port is capacious, although it requires good pilotage to steer a ship between the rocks which guard

it. When the "Osiris" dropped her anchor, several French, Russian, English, and Greek ships were lying in the inlet; but with them or the shore we durst not communicate, for the dismal yellow flag hung at the foremast-head, and the guardians of the lazaretto were watching us. All unfortunate people arriving at Athens from the Levant must perform quarantine for a week, in a building where provisions are charged exorbitantly, and where the accommodation is execrable. As our arrangements did not admit of this sojourn, we were compelled to content ourselves with a distant view of modern Athens. Let us hope that very soon these ridiculous prohibitions will be removed. The day was oppressively warm; no living creature seemed to stir till evening. But, to console us for being detained in our marine prison, that night the sun set in a cloudless sky. And such a sunset! With lovely ever-changing colours, the landscape for a time was brightened; the retiring orb shone brilliantly on the olive-yards which occupy the site of "the groves of Academe;" then, as it dipped behind the hill of Salamis, the vale of Cephissus was thrown into the shade: still, however, the Acropolis retained its robe of scarlet light; but at length a shadow crept over that isolated hill, — the rays lingered only on the friezes of the Parthenon: then Mount Hymettus alone displayed the splendid tints; all below was gloomy. The sun had begun to forsake the heights of Egina and Salamis; it dipped, diminished, and

finally disappeared behind the hill of Megara, which stood out in bold relief, like some spectre of the mighty dead, amidst the halo of the sinking luminary. Streaks of green and red shot fitfully across the western sky; shadows stole swiftly over the mountains; then came the sombre fall of night, and all was dark, — except where Venus, like a little moon, described upon the waters a bright and shining way.

Byron must have been at the Pyræus when he penned those graphic lines: —

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
> Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light!
> O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws
> Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
> On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
> The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
> O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
> Though there his altars are no more divine.
> Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss,
> Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
> Their azure arches through the long expanse
> More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
> And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
> Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
> Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
> Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

The morning came, and with it our time to say farewell to Greece. The "Osiris" was under the bold headlands of Cape Matapan, steering out into the unruffled Mediterranean, and fast receding from

that shore where Lycurgus legislated and Lysander ruled. One by one the mountains of the Morea sank behind the horizon, those mountains which look down upon all that remains of Sparta. Our thoughts naturally wandered back to those times when Lacedæmon and Athens gave laws to the civilised world, when Britain was yet a desert inhabited by the hunter and the wolf, and before Europe had begun to fear the "senatus populusque Romanus." Strange vicissitudes do countries suffer. The Peloponnesus is now little more than a waste; the haunt of robbers, the dread of travellers. What remains of Corinth, that proud city which sent her fleets to colonise the Mediterranean shores? Sparta exists not, even in name. Fain would we speculate on the causes which brought about the decline and fall of Greece, discuss the social state of her ancient people, and trace the influence of heathenism, of disunion, of perpetual wars of class-government, and of other circumstances, on the fate of those commonwealths, which Xerxes failed to conquer. But such an inquiry would be quite out of place in a narrative like ours. Philosophers of no mean reputation have handled this subject ere now.

What a lonely thing is a vessel on the trackless sea! In a calm, one likes to meditate; in a storm, who feels not awe? Tossed about like a reed is even the transatlantic steam-ship when the wind of heaven raises mighty waves. How insignificant, then, man's creations! There are times when even

the scoffer trembles, and one of these is when the Power he derides upheaves the angry ocean. We have seen such a storm, listened to the sharp roar of the billows, heard the creaking of timbers, and witnessed a powerful engine baffled by the tempest. It was an awful display of God's greatness: we felt conscious of helplessness, silenced by instinctive dread. No surges like these, however, impeded our progress from Athens to Malta ; the sea was lake-like,—a skiff might have crossed it. But still we experienced a feeling of loneliness, for not a speck broke the monotony of sky and water. The sailors, having nothing to do, spent Sabbath in firing the guns and singing national airs. Sweetly did they join in the Marseillaise and Song of the Girondins. Arion's dolphin might have left its haunts to echo back the chorus to the gallant tars. At length Malta slowly rose before us, a barren uninteresting spot, but the emporium of Mediterranean trade. Swiftly we steamed along the shore towards that splendid array of forts which proclaim Valetta. Perhaps there are few strangers who do not feel astonishment on viewing for the first time these commanding works from the sea. Excepting Quebec, they were the most imposing battlements we had ever seen. Passing the lighthouse and the mouth of the Great Harbour, we entered the Quarantine or lesser harbour, and anchored off the lazaretto, whither we were soon conveyed in the ship's boats, to be purified from the plague, which

is supposed to be always existent in Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and the other cities in the Levant. At Malta, passengers from the City of the Sultan are only detained in this lock-up house one complete day, besides the day they enter and the day they depart; at the Piræus seven days are exacted; at Syra the same; and when rumours arise of disease being prevalent in Asia, all these terms are increased. Formerly the periods of seclusion were much longer, but modern sense has shortened them materially. Still, however, the quarantine system seriously incommodes travellers in the Mediterranean. We believe it to be kept up in a great measure to extend the patronage, and not unfrequently to increase the revenue, of governments. Every lazaretto has its captain, with a tribe of inferiors appointed by the state; and at most of them the charge for board and bed is exorbitant. As for comfort, the inmates of such abodes know nothing of it. They seldom escape the ravages of loathsome vermin. That disease is prevented by means of this device, few well-informed men now believe. On the contrary, every traveller in southern Europe hears of persons whose health has been seriously injured by the confinement they endured, and the insufficient accommodation afforded them whilst performing quarantine. The rules are of the most absurd nature. For instance, if you wish to send a message to friends in pratique, you may write it on a slate, but no one will touch

paper which you have handled. So well do the officials at Malta know that the whole system is vicious, that they do not ask travellers to open their trunks, which are much more likely to carry infection than their bodies, especially after the latter have been exposed for several days to the sea air. The lazaretto is a large building on the shore of an inlet. It is divided into a number of compartments or galleries, one or more of which the captain of the prison assigns to the passengers of each vessel that arrives. The rooms, which are in suites of two and three, open into a verandah, where the incarcerated persons may walk. Each *party* must have, and pay for, a guardiana, or keeper; and each *person* receives, on entering, an iron bedstead, a deal table, and a rickety chair, provided by the *munificence* of government. The window-frames on the verandah have no glass in them. We mention this for the benefit of invalids, as we caught a violent cold under that inhospitable roof. Bedding, basins, towels, provisions, &c., are supplied by parties on the premises, who thus earn a livelihood. Early on the morning of the third day, the captain of the lazaretto, an official residing in Valetta, and always in pratique, arrived and gave us our liberty, the physician having visited us the day previously, and in the course of a hasty walk along the terrace declared us in good health! Can anything be more ridiculous? We are aware that the reason assigned for continuing the quarantine at Malta is, that were

it abolished there, Naples, France, Tuscany, and other powers would place all vessels arriving from that island on the same footing as ships from the Levant. But surely this circumstance cannot justify the plan of putting people into rooms without glass windows, with stone uncovered floors, and a mere stick of furniture,—treating them, in fact, worse than felons at home, and preventing them taking open-air exercise. It is the duty of every wise government to remonstrate against such follies, and to insist upon the question being thoroughly investigated. Even granting that quarantine laws act beneficially in preventing the progress of disease, why enforce them on all occasions?—for every one knows that the plague is no more always present in Constantinople, than is cholera constantly in London. The public now begin to see that lazarettos are of more use in providing places for friends of officials, and in replenishing exchequers out of travellers' pockets, than in staying the ravages of pestilence.

Malta, the ancient Melita, is an island of calcareous rock, destitute of wood, and inhabited by a population of 120,000 souls, an inconceivable number of whom are Romish priests. It is sixty miles in circumference, and distant sixty miles from the nearest headland of Sicily. Valetta, its capital, stands on a narrow promontory called Mount Xiberras, separating the Great Harbour from Marsamuscetta, or Quarantine Harbour. These ports

are second to none in the Mediterranean in point of depth of water and protection from tempests. Stupendous batteries defend them. First, at the extremity of the rocky neck of land, occupied by the city, is the fortress of St. Elmo with a splendid lighthouse. Immediately opposite to it, at the end of an equally bold cape, Fort Ricasoli commands the entrance of the principal harbour. On another lofty rock, jutting out into the roadstead between the suburbs of Senglea and Vittoriosa, and facing the Valetta custom house, stands Fort St. Angelo. Then, protecting Mount Xiberras from the land side, are the lines of Floriana, a perfect labyrinth of battlements and cannon. Enclosing the suburbs on the great harbour, are the Cottonera lines. Fort Tigne defends the approach to Marsamuscetta port, the lofty walls of Fort Emmanuel guarding the lazaretto. Two thousand soldiers can be accommodated in the barracks of Fort St. Elmo alone. The massiveness of the masonry, the extent of the buildings, and the extraordinary strength of the natural situations, impress every stranger. Each of them is a fort scarcely inferior to that majestic sentinel to the Canadas, the citadel of Quebec. Successive grand masters of the order of St. John of Jerusalem erected these batteries. Many rulers have governed Malta. Napoleon, on his way to Egypt, seized it from the knights, and left there a strong garrison, which Lord Nelson, victorious at Aboukir, compelled to surrender,

after a memorable siege of two years and a day. Previous to this capture, the Maltese had risen against their French conquerors, and voluntarily ceded the island to Great Britain. This act, sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna, is celebrated by the following inscription over the guard house at Valetta, " Magnae et Invictæ Britanniæ Melitensium Amor et Europæ vox has Insulas confirmat, A. D. 1814." Valetta is a clean, handsomely built town. Its streets intersect each other in straight lines, terminating either at Fort St. Elmo and the Floriana lines, or at the ramparts overlooking the great and quarantine harbours. The houses are built of stone, stately in comparison with those of most European countries, but mean looking in concontrast with the auberges of the various orders of knights. That of Castile resembles a palace in extent and architecture. From the top of the batteries overlooking Marsamuscetta Harbour, we obtained a fine view of Sliema, a favourite sea-bathing residence of the Valettese; but our usual walk was to the " look-out " on the Floriana lines, which commands a noble prospect over the island, and especially of the creeks and bays constituting the Greater Port. In that secure roadstead a number of British line-of-battle ships, frigates, and steamers always lie, while not a day passes without foreign men of war, commercial steam-ships, or Barbary craft entering or departing. Strada Reale aspires to be the principal street in Valetta. In it

stands the palace of the governor, formerly the residence of the grand masters. A chastely built English church, erected by Queen Adelaide's liberality, and claiming the Bishop of Gibraltar as its minister, overlooks the quarantine harbour; and on high ground near it is a beautiful unadorned column of marble, sacred to the memory of Governor Ponsonby.

Malta has acquired celebrity on account of the salubrity of its air; but, during our residence, the Sirocco wind, or, as the residents call it, the "Shrocky," rendered the atmosphere cold and cloudy. Even during its prevalence, however, we could scarcely endure the mid-day glare of the sun reflected from the white houses. Indeed, for a couple of hours, i. e., between twelve and two o'clock, the streets were nearly deserted, except in the vicinity of the markets, where meats, vegetables, maccaroni, and fruit abounded. They display these commodities on booths, erected on both sides of the thoroughfare.

The Maltese women wear a peculiarly sombre dress, consisting of a black silk gown and a shawl of the same material drawn over the head like a hood. The men of the higher classes ape French fashions in their garments; the labourers, who swarm at every street corner, and sleep all day and often all night, also on the pavements, wear generally a straw hat, a blue shirt, a scarf girded round their waist, and a pair of coarse trowsers.

None of them boast of shoes. Boating being their principal occupation, the steep staircases leading down to the Great Harbour, are their usual resorts. They pester strangers incessantly for patronage.

Valetta has every appearance of a garrison town. No one can walk the streets without meeting a band of soldiers, neatly dressed in red jackets and white pantaloons, Scotch highlanders in the Gaelic costume, artillery serjeants in blue and bluff, young lieutenants in undress, jolly tars on leave from the flag-ship, commanders in the navy on their way to the club-house, and, perhaps, the admiral himself in cocked hat and et ceteras. Cannon-firing seems the great amusement of the military. It disturbs one's repose almost as much as the doleful, tiresome, exasperating church bells, which toll slowly and fitfully by night as well as by day.

CHAP. XVII.

INTERIOR OF MALTA. — ST. PAUL'S BAY. — REFLECTIONS. — STATE OF THE JEWS AN EVIDENCE THAT CHRISTIANITY IS OF DIVINE ORIGIN. — FREE CHURCH IN MALTA. — BUILDINGS. — BEGGARS. — BELLS. — PRIESTLY PROCESSIONS. — CITTA VECCHIA. — ST. ANTONIO. — GOVERNMENT OF MALTA. — SAIL FOR ITALY. — THE SIROCCO. — STRAITS OF MESSINA. — SUB LIMITY OF THE MOUNTAINS. — MESSINA. — JUST IN TIME. — SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. — THE LIPARI ISLANDS. — STROMBOLI. — BEAUTY OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF NAPLES. — VESUVIUS. — THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

At Malta we had to wait a considerable time, in consequence of the King of Naples having impressed into his service all the steamers belonging to his unhappy country, for the purpose of attacking Sicily. Our first excursion was to St. Paul's bay, situated about seven miles to the westward of the city. The *interior* of the island, if we may be allowed the expression, has indeed little pretensions to beauty. No timber grows, excepting the gigantic bushes of prickly pear, the figs, vines, and orange trees which surround the villas. Helpless ugliness characterises the country houses, or rather the square erections of stone with small windows and flat roofs, which watch the barley fields. The sickle had already been applied to some of these in May. Near Valetta are many

large villages, the churches of which appear conspicuous from their size and architectural ornament. Passing this stony dusty wilderness, we crossed a rising ground, and then drove for a mile or two over a road, formed by a smooth stratum of rock, to the shores of that bay, where the great Apostle of the Gentiles suffered shipwreck.

If it be granted that Malta is the "Melita" mentioned in Scripture, and few scholars now entertain a doubt of it, then the creek pointed out by the inhabitants as the scene of that memorable disaster, must be the veritable one, for no other on the coast corresponds with Luke's graphic description. Let any one open his Bible at the twenty-seventh verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and compare the following facts with the account therein given.

The land first made on approaching the bay from the north-east lies so low, that in twilight and when the sea runs high, breakers are heard before the coast is seen. What but the sound of surges dashing over hidden rocks could have led "the shipmen to deem that they drew near to some country?"

The bottom of the ocean, off Cora point, consists of very stiff clay, which, even during a gale of wind, holds the anchor firm. How few places on a rocky shore admit of "four anchors being cast out of the stern," so as to secure a ship driving before the tempest?

Near the cape which forms the western boundary of the bay, is a small but elevated island. The sea, when an east wind blows, rushes violently through the narrow channel separating it from Malta, and then flowing into the creek, there meets the waves which roll in by the main entrance. This surely is the "place where two seas met?"

The "shore" or beach mentioned in the thirty-ninth verse, does not certainly exist; but geologists tell us that, even although such a beach had existed at that time, according to the laws which govern the strata found in that vicinity, it could not have remained until now, but, on the contrary, must long ago have been submerged.

The wind was blowing strongly from the north-east as we strolled along these rocks, watching that meeting of the currents which proved fatal to the Apostle's galley. A fort stands now on that lonely shore, a lieutenant and nine Maltese riflemen guarding it for Queen Victoria. How little did Publius think that Melita would one day belong to the sovereign of an island in the northern seas, whose dominion was to exceed that of the proud Emperor, from whom his authority came! Still less could he foresee that a race of men whom Romans reckoned savages, would carry the same gospel which Paul taught to the utmost ends of the earth, and become chosen instruments in the hands of a holier, purer, mightier God than Olympian Jove! The Euroclydon still lashes the Mediter-

ranean; the two seas still struggle in the noted creek; but how changed the aspect of that "certain island" on which Paul was cast! The world is more metamorphosed still. No longer does Augustus issue his edicts from the Capitol. There the Pontiff of a powerful but declining church strives with foreign aid to quell the tumults of a shamefully treated populace. No Sanhedrim now vindicates, by cruel acts, the rights of Jewish worship in the city of David. The Moslem crescent waves over Jerusalem; Turks call on Allah on the spot where stood before his human judges the Lamb of God, and Bedouins occupy those plains which once were covered with Christian chivalry. And Paul's haughty accusers, where are *their* descendants? Do Jewish lawgivers still hold court on the hill of Sion? A voice from the dirtiest alleys in London, Paris, and Frankfort answers Ichabod. Wanderers over Europe, citizens of the world, downtrodden, despised, usurers by profession, the Jews bear emphatic testimony to the fact that His blood has been on them and on their children. We recognise, in the present condition of that long favoured people, a glorious testimony to the divine origin of Christianity, — to the authenticity of the Scriptures. What Voltaire, or Paine, or Owen ever penned a book, all the prophecies in which have been fulfilled to the letter? Let Mahomet, or Confucius, or Vishnu, or Jupiter, or Baal produce like proofs that their system is not of earth,

and we will hear them. Let the modern infidel account in any reasonable manner for the literal fulfilment of Scripture, and we shall regard him as the cleverest of men. But we suppose impossibilities. Apart from the essential purity and moral loveliness of the Christian religion, apart from historic testimony, apart from the experience of men, apart from the effects of the Gospel on nations, apart even from the discoveries of modern travellers, especially of that indefatigable man who has raised Nineveh from the dead to silence the scoffer, the Bible itself affords indubitable evidence that Jesus is the Christ.

We cannot help, when reviewing places celebrated in ancient history, meditating on the wonderful ways of Him who hath chosen a people almost unknown in Rome and Athens, to treasure up the oracles which inspiration gave, to exercise an unparalleled influence on the destinies of mankind, and to preach Paul's Messiah where Latin cohorts never sought a foe. This is the special calling, not of Britons solely, but of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Free Church of Scotland have a neat little chapel in Valetta, attended chiefly by soldiers. It is not often that one sees a precentor and a beadle in the British uniform. Evangelical Christians of all sects worship in this sanctuary, as Anglo-Catholic doctrines predominate in Queen Adelaide's church.

The Cathedral of St. John, situated in the centre of the city, though plain externally, has a gorgeous interior. The mosaic work of the roof, the monuments in the aisles, the sculptures, especially the statue of Louis Philippe's brother, the Count de Beaujolais, and the painting by Caravaggio of St. John's beheading, deserve attention. The only remarkable object in the palace of the governor is the old tapestry, representing Indian scenes and Venetian naval victories, which no one can fail to admire. From the signal tower above this edifice we obtained a splendid view of Valetta, Malta, and Gozo, a little island to the westward.

We cannot forbear mentioning the cabs of Valetta, than which nothing could be constructed more clumsy, and at the same time curious. They are high, covered noddies, raised on two monstrous wheels, with their shafts resting on the horse, and apparently bearing him down unmercifully. The Maltese have been long famous for manufacturing gold and silver trinkets. Shops for their sale abound almost as much as beggars, from whom no traveller can escape. They have been well described as —

> "a greedy crowd
> Of lazy fellows, filthy, fierce, and loud,
> Who landing place, street, stair, and temple crowd."

Another nuisance has excited tourists' ire: —

> "On the sultry wind for ever swells
> The thunder of ten thousand tuneless bells."

Then there are priestly processions in the streets, with tinkling cymbals and little lamps, in the midst of which walks a fat friar, carrying to some expiring sufferer that piece of wafer, which a curious superstition has invested with "attributes divine." Bludgeon men attend these companies to beat children who may be in the way, and warn the devout but lying and dishonest race of boatmen to bend the knee.

Near the centre of the island of Malta, on an elevation, stands its ancient capital, Citta Vecchia, now almost deserted on account of Valetta's rise. The road to it leads over the Floriana lines, and across a dusty plain between barley-fields and gardens, where only fig-trees seem to thrive. The peasantry were busy planting cotton when we passed. A dirty priest showed us the curiosities of the cathedral erected over the spot where tradition says Paul lived while the guest of Publius. Chroniclers have fixed upon a grotto as the Apostle's abode. From the windows of the council chamber above this church we enjoyed a fine view of the coast, and then drove to the governor's delightful summer retreat of St. Antonio, situated in a hollow two miles from Citta Vecchia. The garden attached to this residence is really a charming spot, an oasis in the Maltese desert. Many little watercourses irrigate its soil; the perfume of the flowers and the refreshing shade of the trees rendering it a Paradise compared with the other parts of the stony

waste which surrounds it. Oranges, lemons, peaches, nectarines, pears, apricots, medlars, almonds, and figs grow luxuriantly on both sides of the walks, which are arched over by vines. Dark cypresses and trees of a brighter tint, cast their shadow over rows of Indian corn, potatoes, tomatoes, and every kind of root which a sunny climate can afford, while playing fountains cool the burning air. We returned to Valetta, not by the ordinary road, but by a rocky valley planted thickly with almonds and fig-trees, which terminates at Pieta, a watering-place on the shores of the quarantine harbour. Malta is governed by British officers, assisted and advised by native functionaries. The revenue amply suffices to pay the civil expenditure; but the army costs more than 100,000*l.* per annum. The Maltese dialect is a sort of Africo-Italian. Most part of the land grows cotton, which the people export to Naples and northern Italy in the shape of yarn. They import large quantities of corn from Odessa and Sicily.

We think that considerable care ought to be taken in selecting a governor for this island, small of itself, but exercising no small influence in the Mediterranean. Frequently circumstances require immediate action on the part of that officer, involving his own credit as well as his country's honour. Above all, no man should be appointed viceroy who will allow himself to be governed by the fanatical council of priests who always meet at Valetta.

Religious opinions certainly ought not to disqualify any one from serving his Queen in high situations; but, as friends of liberty, we by no means recommend Roman Catholic governors to be sent to Malta. That colony is a hotbed of clerical intrigue, a nest of Jesuits. Such being the case, the chief ruler should be a Protestant, not because Protestants alone can conscientiously discharge important trusts, but as a mere civil precaution against the government of friars.

A remarkable instance of the danger arising from adopting a different policy has occurred whilst we write. On the entry of the French army into Rome, hundreds of refugees embarked on board a steamer and a sailing vessel for Malta, where not one of them doubted they would be safe from the oppressor. But Mr. O'Ferrall, the Roman Catholic governor, the friend and ally of the priests, denied to them that liberty to land which has been given in England to republicans and absolutists, exiled monarchs, and proscribed socialists, without distinction of political creed. Louis Philippe and Prince Metternich, as well as Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, found a refuge under the banner we unfurl; but the Jesuits of Malta objected to receiving on their island "a circulating society of revolutionists," as a British minister thinks proper to call them. The poor excuse for conduct so unworthy of liberal minded men, is, that they might have stirred up dissensions,—where do our readers

suppose?—in Malta! We can scarcely imagine any thing more ridiculous, than gravely to tell the public of this country that a few poor refugees from the tyranny of cardinals could or would attempt to overthrow the government of an island so strongly fortified and guarded as that over which Mr. O'Ferrall so unworthily presides. Do Lords Grey and Russell really believe it?

Having been informed that the French mail steamer would not be able to sail early on the forenoon of the day appointed, on account of the Constantinople packet's non-arrival, we had resolved to console ourselves by an excursion, when a messenger arrived in haste with the intelligence that the "Scamandre" was getting up steam. So we packed our trunks with remarkable rapidity, rushed out of the Hotel, leaving Mr. Waiter to follow with his bill; raced down the staircases leading to the quay on the great harbour, leaped into a boat, and soon mixed with a crowd of passengers,—English, French, Maltese, Italians, Turks, and Greeks; all busy assorting luggage, and talking their respective languages on the quarter deck. Malta has obtained an unenviable reputation for overcharges at the hotels and boarding houses. Strangers seldom escape without being regularly cheated. Fortunately for us, we had the affair in our own hands; and, consequently, when an exorbitant bill was presented before the steamer sailed, we lectured its custodier well for extortion, threatened to report the Inn

wherever we went, and deducted a considerable sum before settling.

Immediately afterwards the captain mounted the gangway, shouted "*D'abord*," "*Comme ça*," and away went the "Scamandre" out of the roadstead over a billowy sea. In a few minutes, men, women, and children changed colour; lurch succeeded lurch; then groans were heard: the timbers creaked; the shrill whistle of the boatswain called the sailors to their duties: every one looked gloomier than another, and we flung ourselves despairingly on a bench, till the spray induced us to exchange that couch for a scarcely softer one on the cabin floor. There we lay till the coast of Sicily protected us somewhat from the northwest wind and the swell of the sea. The evening set in calm and pleasant; we awoke early next morning to see Mount Etna: but alas! the big rain drops fell fast, a few peals of thunder had attracted heavy clouds, and the volcano could not be seen.

In an hour or two, however, the vapours rolled away; the sun broke through, and revealed to us a wonderful prospect. The ship had just passed Cape Spartivento, and steamed merrily through the straits of Messina, midway between the Italian and the Sicilian shores. The clouds were slowly moving up the mountains, unfolding no ordinary panorama of deep gorges, gigantic rocks, wooded slopes, and villages perched on hill tops. Beautiful indeed was the effect of light and shade, as the sun strug-

gled to penetrate the mist. In Italy we could see the town of Reggio, situated on a cultivated declivity, and embosomed in foliage. Between it and two villages, named Pellaro and Arco, intervened broad water-courses; down which, after heavy rains, flow impetuous torrents. Steep and gloomy rose the mountains above them; but wilder even than them appeared to us the hills on the Sicilian shore. That coast is studded with villages, some of them snugly placed in woods, others looking down from rocky eminences on the clear blue sea; all of them possessing a stately church, and most of them commanded by a baronial stronghold, the haunt of knights errant in olden times.

We had passed Catania, the scene of crimes too horrible to mention; committed during three long days in the year 1849 by the soldiers of Naples, and sanctioned by their barbarian general. Now we entered a little bay on which stands the shattered town of Messina, the second place in Sicily, and containing a population of 120,000. We can scarcely conceive of a finer situation for a city; built as it is on the shores of a creek, which a narrow neck of land separates from the straits, and immediately at the base of green peaked hills, above which rise lofty mountains. Fortifications crown the *adjacent* heights; the *interjacent* valleys displaying a luxuriant vegetation. The town itself, though very dirty, looks well from the roadstead. It possesses several fine buildings; but the houses on the quay bear

sad marks of that awful bombardment which they so long sustained from the citadel, a fortification on the opposite side of the little bay. Scarcely a window remained; several dwellings were mere heaps of ruins. As soon as the anchor went down, a crowd of boats surrounded the steamer; to keep off the clamorous owners of which, a sailor stood on the entrance ladder with a drawn sword and buckets of water. Even with these precautions, the crew experienced some difficulty in preventing the boatmen from forcing their way on deck.

Our ramble in Messina nearly ended unfortunately; for it was only by the merest chance that we sauntered along a street leading to the sea, and beheld the "Scamandre" getting under weigh; the commander on the paddlebox, and the wheels in motion, friends on board meanwhile despairing of their incautious companion. To rush to the quay, leap into a boat, hold up a two franc piece, and shout "*vapore*," was the work of a moment; and just as the words "*en force*" were repeated to the engineer, we sprang on deck, glad to escape a ten days' detention, without money or raiment at Messina.

Away we steamed from this island Eden, out into the strait, and over the whirlpool of Charybdis, which opposes no obstacle to vessels propelled by paddles. It is formed in certain states of the tide by one current running *down* and another *up* the straits. On our right stood the gloomy, sullen-

looking guardian of the passage, the classic rock of Scylla, with a little town near it, and precipitous hills rising above it. A fishing village occupied the extremity of the opposite cape in Sicily.

When we doubled that point, the Lipari Islands appeared before us, and we bore straight towards Stromboli, the dark outline of which was yet but faintly described against the western sky. Again the ship began to roll, for no longer had we any protection from the long swell of the Mediterranean. The weather however favoured us; not a cloud obscured the sky, but that which rose from the crater of the volcano. At a distance the smoke of the mountain appeared like a white vapour resting on the rocky summit of the island; but, as we approached, we could see it rising upwards in volumes from the fiery furnace, and by and bye the crater appeared at some distance from the top, on the northwest shoulder of the hill. A few fishermen inhabit this island, though the ground is hot in most places a few inches below the surface.

We saw nothing during the afternoon but smoking Stromboli, and the dim outline of the Calabrian hills. At dawn next morning we got on deck while the steamer was crossing the Gulf of Salerno; an opening in the hills revealing Mount Vesuvius. We soon doubled Cape Campaniella, and passed between the mainland and Capri's rocky isle. Few prospects are more strikingly beautiful than that which reveals itself to the stranger entering the Bay of

Naples from the south. We steamed close to the cape, the precipices of which seemed falling on us; a-head, and yet indistinctly visible, was the city with wooded hills behind it; on the east rose the cone of the burning mountain; while on the right, as we proceeded, a most romantic coast gradually unfolded various beauties, as if loath all at once to exhibit its charms. Opposite Capri, the shore rises very abruptly from the water's edge to a great height. This slope is covered with forests, vineyards, olives, fig trees, and all the other productions of Southern Italy. Numerous chalets adorn the hill side; and on a commanding elevation stands the village of Massa, which a rocky promontory separates from Sorrento, the fashionable summer resort of Neapolitans. Vine woods embosom this little town, which is situated on a level spot at the base of precipitous mountains, and elevated on lofty cliffs far above the sea. Vico comes next. Its site much resembles that of Sorrento. At the foot of Mount St. Angelo, a gloomy hill capped by two curiously shaped rocks, and rivalling Vesuvius in grandeur, stands Castellamare, the Brighton of Naples, almost hidden by foliage from vulgar gaze.

Slowly, but steadily, we approached the city, leaving these scenes behind. First appeared its noble castle on the top of a wooded hill, rising from the very midst of the town; then our eyes rested on rows of mansions which stretch for many miles along the shore; a mole, lighthouse, and harbour,

next were revealed to us; "*machine doucement*" shouted the captain, who walked the paddlebox gangway in white waistcoat and glazed boots; "*d'abord un peu,*" called the same voice, and then, to prove that English MUST be spoken on board steamers, he gave the final word "*machine* STOP." Down went the anchor, and up rushed on the quarter deck a host of boatmen, ciceronis, and passengers' friends.

Before being allowed to enter the city, we had to visit, first, the police office on the quay, where tickets of residence were given us; and, secondly, the custom house, that our baggage might be minutely examined. Fellow voyagers, in a state of mental anxiety and excitement, thronged the rooms of the latter. "Donnez-moi un franc, et je vous donnerai deux," shouted an Englishman in want of change, to the owner of the boat which had brought him ashore. No answer gave the man of the oar. "Donnez-moi un franc, you scoundrel, or I'll break your head," vociferated the exasperated traveller, choler having banished French terms from his mind. Such a confusion of tongues, trunks, and individuals only those can comprehend who have waited in a little custom-house on the arrival of foreign packets crowded with passengers.

CHAP. XVIII.

IMPRESSIONS OF NAPLES. — FIRST DRIVE. — EQUIPAGES. — SUNSET. — VIEW OF THE BAY AT EVENTIDE. — CASTELLAMARE RAILROAD. — POMPEII. — ITS SILENT STREETS. — THOUGHTS ON POMPEII. — CIVILISATION OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS. — HERCULANEUM. — A TRATTORIA. — THE STRADA TOLEDO. — THE CITADEL.—MAGNIFICENCE OF THE PROSPECT FROM IT.

Our troubles at the Neapolitan custom house being over, we were glad to enjoy the luxury of commodious rooms after the narrow berths in the steamer. We do not intend to give a *journal* of our proceedings in Naples, to narrate what we saw on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, or to furnish a guide book to the objects of interest which that capital contains; but a few extracts from notes jotted down daily may, perhaps, be read with more interest than any elaborate description of the city.

The evening of the day we arrived, like all the evenings we spent within sight of Vesuvius, was *beautiful* in that sense of the term which men living in northern latitudes do not understand. We therefore set out *en voiture* to survey the town and vicinity generally, preparatory to a more particular inspection of its curiosities. Having driven along the Strada Toledo, the streets adjoining the royal palace on the quay, the Castellamare road and the suburban thoroughfares, we joined the

other equipages which after dinner throng that fashionable drive, extending for some miles by the seaside, in the direction of the islands which guard the bay. For a considerable distance westward from the forts protecting the harbour, a fine public garden separates this road from the beach, while consulates, hotels, and large private mansions stand on the opposite side of the street. Beyond the shrubbery the thoroughfare keeps close to the water at a great height above it, and cut out of sandstone cliffs, which villas, terraces covered with figs or grapes, grottoes and cottages adorn.

A gay scene presented itself on this corso about sunset. Carriages drove past filled with the beauty and fashion of Naples. First, a consul in his light britska enjoyed the coolness; next a rich merchant lolled in a well-stuffed chariot; behind him moved the gaudy equipage of an ambassador, with footmen in blue, green, red, and gold, succeeded by a hired cabriolet, in which dandies displayed well-brushed hats and pale-coloured gloves; alongside, a tradesman and his wife were drawn in a less dashing vehicle; then appeared a pony chaise, rattling at a famous pace over the stones, followed by a brougham with delicate ladies inside. Whilst peeping at their pale faces, we nearly missed a sight of a cardinal reclining in an equipage, behind which stood two gaily-dressed footmen holding staves of office. Then a horseman in livery galloped among the carriages, commanding a passage

for the king's uncle, in his superb chariot and four. In none of the European capitals have we seen a more animated, stirring exhibition of horses and carriages than that which we witnessed on the Neapolitan corso. Enjoying it, we almost forgot to look at the deep blue waters, the huge shadow which Mont St. Angelo was flinging over the bay, or the pillar of white smoke which Vesuvius was throwing up into a cloudless sky. Oh, what a scene for the painter! Rarely indeed do nature and art combine so well to favour his beloved profession. We stopped, gazed, wondered, and gazed again; looked upwards to the picturesque castle with its bower of woods, surveyed the spacious palaces on the shore, beheld Castellamare and Sorrento by the light of a setting sun, and then, turning our eyes towards the smoking summit of the volcano, pronounced the Bay of Naples the finest prospect we had ever seen, the Bosphorus scarcely excepted.

Early one morning we were threading our way along narrow streets crowded with half naked men selling meat, and with donkeys laden with vegetables. The Castellamare railroad terminates in a poor suburb near the bay. No person who is easily hurt should travel by it; for passengers thump violently against the sides of the carriages during their journey, on account of the rails being unevenly laid. We passed for three or four miles over fields of vegetables, — peas, beans, potatoes, artichokes, tomatoes, and salad. These extended

as far as the eye could reach. Then approaching the sea, we stopped at the station of Portici, one of the largest villages near Naples. Between it and Torre del Greco, another populous place, the line for the most part has been hewn out of solid lava, ejected by Vesuvius in former ages. Villas with beautiful pleasure-grounds occupy open spaces between the fields of rock, and the railway embankment abounds in wild flowers, the fragrance of which neutralised the smell of dirty boilers. At Torre Annunziata we diverged from the Castellamare line, and turning inland passed through gardens and vineyards to a solitary station-house, situated in a field of Indian corn, and marked "Pompeii."

Leaving our fellow-passengers to go on to Nocera, where the railway ends, we walked across the field to the high road, on the other side of which rose an extensive mound of soil, unlike that beneath, and covered with poplars and other fragile trees. Buried in this hill of earth and cinders reposed the Roman city of Pompeii, until modern researches admitted into its dwellings the light of day. We could not see the ruins from the road; but, skirting for a short distance the base of the mound, entered through a portal of two weeping willows into streets still bearing the marks of chariot wheels. We first inspected the only two-storied house in the city, and then passed between rows of ancient tombs to a ruined arch, with the remains

of a portcullis, which separated the municipality from the suburbs. Then for a couple of hours we wandered along silent streets, entered spacious mansions with mosaic floors, marble baths, and delicious cisterns; surveyed the scarcely tarnished pictures with which the plaster of the walls is adorned; looked into wells with the mark of cords deeply indented on their stone coverings; wended our way through secret passages; admired half prostrate pillars of the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders; strolled over the grassy carpet of the Forum; ascended the benches of theatres; desecrated a dozen temples, and penetrated even into the recesses where formerly ever burned the vestal fire. What a multitude of noble edifices are there! Jupiter, Hercules, Saturn, Mercury, Venus, Diana, Castor and Pollux, have all their fanes, still more or less in a state of preservation. In one house we saw a pile of water jugs; in another, stone mortars for grinding meal. The streets are narrow, but regular, and provided with raised pavements, not a stone of which has been displaced. Then there are commodious public baths and rows of shops, gutted and unroofed. The museum at Naples contains all the curiosities found in Pompeii. We felt awed when treading the now deserted pavements of temples, streets, and mansions, which busy crowds passed over centuries before. How striking the silence! Not a sound cheered these solitary dwellings but the voices of guides and the

booming reports which every now and then issued from the mountain. No living thing moved amid the houses but men who washed the mosaic pavements that we might more distinctly see their beauty, and startled lizards which rushed precipitately to their holes. We walked through luxuriant gardens to a dell in which stand the splendid remains of an amphitheatre. This vast building is in excellent preservation, the benches for the spectators, the dens for the wild beasts, the chambers for the gladiators, the porches and the arena being all nearly perfect. They have not yet excavated the whole of Pompeii. It was destroyed, not by lava but by the soil and rubbish which the burning material displaced from the intervening fields. From the elevated altars of the temples, and other heights in the ruined town, we obtained a fine view of the opposite hills, of Castellamare, and of the fertile plain between it and Nocera.

How solemn to stand on the top of that mound of cinders, out of which Pompeii has been dug, and meditate upon the history of the little city unroofed beneath you! It now lies peacefully among gardens; but formerly the waves of the Mediterranean washed its western portals, as the shells and sand found there testify. A gentle breeze rustled among the weeping willows which have their roots above the public buildings of the Roman city; the smoke of Vesuvius curled gracefully upwards from the crater; sounds like distant

thunder every now and then emanated from that burning furnace; the peasants were busy pruning their vines and watering their fields of maize; hills beyond the ancient Sarnus cast their shadows over the valley; skiffs shot swiftly across the bay of Naples; we saw a beautiful modern world around us everywhere save in one well hidden spot, where stood the temples of the heathen gods, the ochre-coloured walls, the marble baths and mosaic pavements of a town founded before Imperial Roma. The very buildings which men tenanted previous to the birth of Christ, were in view, wanting, however, the roofs, which had either been burned by the red-hot cinders, or driven in by the pressure of the overwhelming material. Few skeletons were discovered in Pompeii, showing that its six thousand inhabitants must have had timely intimation of the catastrophe about to befall their dwellings. In a vault, however, the bones of seventeen persons lay mouldering, when excavating moderns admitted to their dark sepulchre the light of day. In one shop they found a loaf stamped with its maker's name; on the counter of another, lay a box of pills, destined to wait 1673 years for a patient.

Sublime must be the spectacle of the burning lava, as with

> "Havoc and devastation in the van
> It marches o'er the prostrate works of man."

Did the monuments of Pompeii impress us with

a favourable idea of ancient Roman civilisation? Did they speak to us of a people skilful, industrious, enterprising, acquainted with many useful inventions, living in affluence, comfort, and peace? Our answer is, unhesitatingly, No. Small are the rooms, ill-ventilated the houses, narrow the streets, and rude the plan of Pompeii. A modern European tradesman would object to live in the dwelling of its quæstor; Swiss chars-à-banc could not be driven on its pavements; and Neapolitan ladies would turn up their noses at the little pigeon-holes, called by the Romans shops. This disentombed city goes far to shew that much eloquent description and learned praise have been wasted on the condition of our ancestors, and that the lords of the world, with their Ciceros, Cæsars, Virgils, Antony's, and Ovids, were mere barbarians in comparison with the nations of modern Europe. The civilisation of those realms ruled over by Augustus, has been referred to in such a manner by men of learning, that it may seem presumptuous to speak of it slightingly. But should a few similar Pompeiis rise from the dead, living men would value more highly the immeasurably superior advantages which, in every department of human knowledge and social existence, they now enjoy.

The railroad which connects Naples with the watering places on the bay has no lack of passengers, the country through which it passes being populous; but the station-houses are mere

huts, the porters dressed in rags, and the carriages have little pretensions to comfort. We returned along the line as far as the Portici station, and ascending the hill visited the only part of Herculaneum which has been excavated, viz. a temple and six or seven houses. This city was larger and richer than Pompeii; but, having been covered with solid lava, it cannot, without enormous expense, be opened up, as the latter has been. We descended, with the aid of guides and candles, a dark stair hewn out of the burning material, and leading to the gloomy passages of an ancient theatre, which could contain 10,000 people. The orchestra, the tiers of benches for visitors, the robing-rooms for the actors, and the entrance halls are shown. Lava, eighty feet in depth, covers them. A few paths only have been cut out, in order to obtain an idea of the extent of the building. In such a cavernous place we could see little, except the marks of human heads overwhelmed by the liquid rocks when Herculaneum was buried. But we heard the carriages rolling along the streets of that village, which succeeding generations have built on the ruins of the Roman city.

Emerging from these subterranean passages, we dined on maccaroni, oranges, meat cooked in a singular fashion, and *vin du pays* in a trattoria, entering from the principal street of Portici. Here our servant had a violent altercation with the landlord about the bill, the latter demanding two

piastres, the former offering one. Our host, at length despairing of success, accepted the smaller sum, and after François had called the Porticians "canaille," we drove off to the city.

It is really pleasant to saunter up and down the Strada Toledo, or lounge in the public gardens of Naples. One sees such a variety of costumes, equipages, customs and characters, that time passes rapidly away. One evening we set out to visit the fort situated on the top of the hill which commands the town. The inhabitants seemed all on the balconies of the houses, resolved to enjoy the breeze after the day's sultry sun; gentlemen were riding on hired donkeys up the steep street which seemed to be terminated by the burning mountain; priests and monks followed on horses and in cabs; ladies were conversing with each other from open windows; and sellers of meat were raising their shrill voices on high. It was a merry scene in the Neapolitan suburbs that night. But, as if to remind us how uncertain is time, a funeral passed by. First walked an officer, then came the coffin, covered with black velvet embroidered with gold, carried on men's shoulders, and attended by mourners, dressed entirely in white, their eyes only being visible. Priests and relations closed the procession. Having left behind the crowded streets, we entered the luxuriant gardens which crown the hill. Grape and fig trees hung over the road; the perfume of orange and acacia blossoms filled the

air; on the wayside, flowers reckoned rare with us, grew profusely; the cottagers were busy plucking mulberry leaves for their silkworms, and groups of ladies looked down from the flat-roofed villas on the strangers.

Immediately below the fort — which no stranger is allowed to enter — stands a Carthusian convent, occupying the point of rock which projects over the town. We have seldom, indeed, seen so rich a sanctuary as its little chapel. Mosaic work, apparently far too precious to tread on, serves instead of floors; every altar glitters with gold and silver; jewels compose the outer rails; the arched roof is one vast fresco; pictures by famous masters hang on the marble walls, and every niche boasts of its handsome statue. The light was dim when we surveyed this gorgeous church, attended by a young monk, who pointed to the bones of saints preserved in golden boxes; and to the paintings which he prized the most. The building appeared to us more like a European treasure-house than a temple in which to worship Him who searches the hearts of men.

Crossing a marble corridor, and entering a small chamber at the extremity of the rock, we beheld that extraordinary view which amazes every traveller visiting Naples. The sun was setting; a gentle ripple moved the waters of the bay; a cloudless sky watched over us. And such a prospect! Several hundred feet below us lay Naples, with its

flat-roofed houses, its narrow streets, and busy crowds. We looked down upon the city as one looks upon a model in a museum. The King's palace, the mansion of the finance minister, and its spacious courts, the light-house, the forts and shipping; churches towering above the houses; barracks and hospitals, occupying pleasant sites in the suburbs, could be seen at a glance; while a broad green belt of garden-ground surrounded them. We saw the fashionables walking on the public promenade, and driving along the shores of the bay. This alone formed a scene which called for admiration. But it was not all. Dare we describe the view beyond? Before us, its base adorned with villages and forests, its top covered with hardened lava, rose Vesuvius, — a mighty smoking cone. Clouds of vapour curled upwards from its crater, descending now and then so as to obscure the more precipitous peak which forms part of the same mountain. Towards the north, picturesquely shaped hills stretched away to the horizon, an uncommonly fertile plain intervening between them and the sea; and far distant we could distinguish the town of Caserta. No navies filled the Bay of Naples; the British line-of-battle ship "Prince Regent" lay alone in the roadstead; two steamers were crossing its waters; but above Castellamare frowned Mont St. Angelo, nodding defiance to the volcano opposite. Seaward the sun lingered first on the rocks of Capri, and then on that beautiful

peak which rises from the centre of Ischia's isle. A hilly country, covered with wood, separates the city from Baia on the coast. On it the parting rays shone brilliantly; the heavens were lighted up with a refulgence unknown in northern climates; a pinkish glory crowned the mountains; blue were the waters, white the latine sails, and lovely every tint of nature, when the sun set that evening on the Bay of Naples,

> "And Hesper on the front of heaven
> His glittering gem displayed."

We have, in Switzerland and the Tyrol, seen grander natural scenes: the traveller feels more completely separated from the usages of Western Europe when he enters Constantinople; and more impressed with the splendour of ancient times, when he views the palaces of Genoa and Venice. Fairy land alone can be seen on the Bosphorus; the citadel of Naples claims no comparison with Quebec, or Ehrenbreitstein, or Malta; the view from it is much less extensive than many we have witnessed — than that, for instance, from the Righi culm, or from the western slope of the Alleghanies; but where in Europe or America is there such a comprehensive view of cities, villages, woods, volcanoes, waters, ships, islands, vineyards, corn-fields, and mountains? Perhaps the Bay of Rio de Janeiro alone can rival it.

On that balcony of the monastery, strangers have

often sat for hours, absorbed in their own thoughts, — so full of admiration, that utterance was denied. And can we wonder? We ourselves, little given to enthusiasm, nearly devoid of sentiment, absolutely started back at the sight. Our next impulse was to engage a dwelling there — in presence of Vesuvius and these mountains, — that the scene might be enjoyed once and again, and that time might be afforded us rightly to appreciate David's words, — "Great and marvellous are Thy works, O Lord; in wisdom Thou hast made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

CHAP. XIX.

RAILROAD TO CASERTA. — BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY. — CULTIVATION. — CROPS. — THE ROYAL PALACE AT CASERTA. — CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS. — DISUNION. — INFIDELITY IN ITALY. — THE CREED OF INFIDELS. — BAD GOVERNMENT. — THE DOMINION OF PRIESTS. — ITS SAD EFFECTS IN THE PAPAL STATES. — STATISTICS OF THESE STATES. — THE FRENCH INVASION. — ITS INJUSTICE AND FAILURE. — GOVERNMENT OF NAPLES. — THE BOURBONS. — ITALIAN REVOLUTIONISTS. — BRITISH ABSOLUTISTS. — THEIR WRITINGS. — THE CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN ITALY. — ITS INFLUENCE ON THE PEOPLE. — THE TENURÈ OF LAND ANOTHER CAUSE OF NATIONAL DECLENSION.

Driving along the Strada Toledo, on our return from the citadel of Naples, we met the funeral of a count, which was proceeding after dark to the cemetery. A hearse, drawn by four horses, conveyed the body; and behind it walked the chief mourners in military uniform, attended by servants bearing lighted candles. The carriages of nobles, with fine hammer-cloths and richly-dressed footmen, followed.

Adjoining the metropolitan terminus of the Castellamare railroad is that of the line which proceeds inland to Capua and Caserta. Desirous of seeing the splendid palace built by Charles III. at the latter town, we took our places in the morning train, along with a multitude of passengers. Pass-

ing the beautiful burying ground of Camposanto, and crossing the extensive vegetable gardens which surround the city, we entered a remarkable fertile country covered with aspen trees, attached to the stems of which, and forming a sort of natural canopy, grew vines. The mulberry also abounded. The surface of the ground was one rich carpet of green herbs, the hemp plant being the finest of them all; but barley, rye, and every sort of vegetables flourished also beneath the tremulous aspen leaves. Clover and poppies varied the colour of these grains. Not a crop had failed; the vegetation was luxuriant. We admired the excellent order in which the fields were, they being carefully weeded, and irrigated by means of force-pumps, wheels, and other contrivances. Embowered in foliage stood the husbandmen's miserable huts, presenting a striking contrast to the spacious dwellings in the towns, and even in the villages. Every opening in the trees on the right revealed to us Vesuvius, with its smoking crater dominating over the plain. Beyond the first station we traversed a more open country, with fewer trees, a light, easily-worked soil, and thriving crops of grain. It resembled some counties in England; but, oh! how much brighter the green of the vegetation, — how much more brilliant the blue of the sky; let us add, also, how much better tilled the land. Romantic villages, feudal castles on hill tops, and fine rocks, prepare one for the beauties of Caserta, a

vast palace, standing on the plain close to the village of the same name, and two miles from the mountains. It has been compared to Versailles; but though the grounds are certainly finer, the building itself cannot bear comparison with the residence of Louis XIV. Passing through the little town, and driving up a lane bounded by banks where wild figs and vines entwine among the branches, we entered a gate of the royal demesne, and found ourselves at the foot of a beautiful cascade, formed by the little stream which waters the gardens. Between this waterfall and the palace flows the rivulet, sometimes expanding into a broad artificial basin, at others tumbling over rocks, or gurgling between statues of gods, nymphs, and mermaids. Avenues of noble trees run parallel to the waters. The king's residence is an immense quadrangular stone building, with an ugly roof, and an inconceivable number of apartments. You enter it by a fine marble staircase from a central court. Two admirably sculptured lions guard the first landing place, and twenty-four lofty pillars support the arched roof of the lobby. In the chambers they show the usual number of pictures, statues, vases, mosaic pieces, frescoes, gilt furnishings, state chairs, celebrated bedsteads and antique cabinets. A dressing-table and looking-glass, hewn out of one block of spotless white marble, was, in our opinion, the "lion" of Caserta, although the couches are shown on which Murat

and the Emperor of Russia slept; the former when his brother-in-law governed continental Europe, the latter during his late visit to his brother despot at Naples. "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity," thought we, after exploring this labyrinth of gorgeous rooms, to which we could find neither beginning nor end. The palace is quite too large for the kingdom; its founder, however, when he built it, ruled likewise over Spain. The chapel and theatre at Caserta, though by no means remarkable, *must* be visited, for the sake of the fees the servants receive for showing them. So we walked through them, pronounced them incomparable edifices, and then adjourned to eat oranges in a trattoria.

We had a brilliant afternoon to return to Naples. The gardens sparkled in the sunshine; the aspens trembled in the almost imperceptible breeze; lemons, oranges, and figs hung in clusters in the orchards; the fragrance of flowers came wafted towards us, and above the plain Vesuvius smoked. That afternoon we understood the full meaning of Heber's expressive words

> "Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

It is difficult to describe correctly the character of the modern Italians. With many good points they seem incapable of acting unitedly, and are guided more by impulse than principle. Eager to form a

confederation, extending from Monta Rosa to Cape Spartivento, they meet to talk over the matter, and end by splitting the country into independent states, scarcely larger than the Marquis of Breadalbane's highland property. Hating tyranny, they come together to plan its destruction; but in half an hour so differ in opinion, and insult each other, that duels must be fought. They feel the effects of bad government, and set about applying not only violent but delusive remedies, without forethought or consideration. They speak too much, read and think too little; rashly defy disciplined armies, and when union is their only safety rake up old quarrels. Moderation, perseverance, resolution, and self-denial seem no parts of their creed. They present a striking contrast to the Anglo-Saxon race. What has caused this state of things, so fatal to the progress of liberty and the peace of Europe? We ask a question which a Christian Gibbon alone can answer, for it is no simple matter to philosophise on the decay and fall of nations. We may, however, allude to one very potent influence, viz. the state of religion amongst the people. Few travellers refuse to concur in the statement that infidelity prevails to a greater extent in Italy than Roman Catholicism,—at least amongst the most powerful classes.* So many corruptions crept into

* "The present Pope has never attempted to curtail or modify the legends, the saint and image worship, the derogatory, incredible, ridiculous miracles, and all that 'trumpery' which

the Romish church — so far did it depart from an intelligible creed—such absurdities were its votaries required to credit— of such a flagrant nature were the crimes of priests, popes, and cardinals—that the people, especially the educated inhabitants of towns, lost all faith in their ancestral religion. Of the Bible, of the Gospel, of Protestantism, even of the moral law, they know nothing. Can we wonder, then, that infidelity became their refuge? Rejecting the idol worship, the penances, the absolution, the pilgrimages, the miracles, and the other cunningly-devised fables of the papacy, they, in ignorance of holier doctrines, seated themselves on the scoffers' chair.* Superstition invariably produces similar effects. It has ruined the Italian peninsula. But some may ask, how comes this to pass; for disbelievers in revelation have principles like other men; they are governed by moral laws? We reply, where can we find these principles,—whoever saw the creed of sceptics? Is there any known mode of discovering their views? One party may say, The standard of utility regulates the conduct of infidels; what injures society they avoid; what benefits society or produces no evil consequences,

goes, and has for ages gone, to make sceptics, unbelievers, and scornful infidels of nearly all the educated classes in Italy." — *Macfarlane's Italy.*

* "If the belief of the Italians were not so overtaxed, so overcharged and gorged in their childhood, — they would believe something in their manhood; as it is, not one in ten of them believes anything." — *Macfarlane's Italy.*

they do. We reply again, Who are the judges of utility? Should Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Bolingbroke, or Bunyan, Howe, and Baxter, or Napoleon, Charles XII., and Charlemagne, or Owen, Joe Smith and Fourrier, be appealed to in the matter? The objector urges, once more, that such reasoning cannot be admissible, seeing that each man, in virtue of that reason which guides him, can decide for himself. This creed amounts simply to an admission of the maxim, that every one may do what is right in his own eyes. The Jesuits defend falsehood; the Socialists approve of adultery; the Brahmins justify infanticide; the Polynesians eat their enemies: and yet we are gravely told that society may flourish without religious principle. Italy rises up spectre-like to deny the statement.

But that unfortunate country mourns over another evil. For ages it has been governed by the worst of princes. Let Rome and Naples suffice to illustrate this position. Whatever virtues the Popes may have possessed, — and, *certes*, few of them would be recognised by Christianity's Founder, — no government acts so prejudicially upon the best interests of a nation than that of priests. We should prefer as rulers the Russian Czar, or the Parisian clubs, to clergymen of any sect. The duties of the latter pertain to another world; when they neglect this truth they do violence to the Scriptures, and bring religion into disgrace. Clerical dominion has in every instance

injured society; Christianity invariably suffers by state alliance in any form. How forcibly does the condition of the Church's territory verify our opinion! In no part of Europe are morality, education, industrial arts, enterprise, and commerce more depressed. The extraordinary excess of the imports over the exports proves this. The articles of honey and wax are introduced into the country to the value of 140,000 dollars per annum. Raw wool to the amount of 260,000 dollars is sent out of the country; and spun, or woven wool, to the amount of 480,000 dollars, received into it. The inhabitants lose two millions of dollars on cotton, and — but the reader will scarcely credit it — 68,000 dollars on butter and cheese! "Only think," says a recent writer, "of a country where the olive has but to be planted to spread its silver leaves in the sun and give abundant returns, actually importing foreign oil to the value of 320,000 dollars from the other Italian states." The total revenue of the States of the Church is about two millions sterling, the expense of collecting it 460,000*l.*, leaving a net income of 1,540,000*l.* to pay the interest of a debt of 6,300,000*l.*, and the annual expenditure of government, which is 10,154,000 dollars. These figures refer, of course, to a period previous to the late changes. They show how effectually priestly domination can ruin a territory fertile and favoured by nature.

We by no means intend to say that that alone

has caused the demoralization and poverty prevalent throughout the States of the Church. Other influences, which we have elsewhere referred to, tended to this result; but their existence does not mitigate the evils of government being vested in spiritual tyrants, who, when they assume political offices, step out of their proper sphere as messengers of Him whose "kingdom is not of this world."

The attempt lately made by French arms to perpetuate so injurious a power cannot by any possibility succeed in permanence. All history tells us what an evil thing it is to confide offices of state to ministers of religion. Neither party benefits from the connection. Irresistibly has the conviction been borne in upon the Italian mind, that priests, bishops, and cardinals should cease to govern. If General Oudinot, believing Mazzini and his followers to represent the opinions of only a small minority amongst the Roman people, had waged war against them with the avowed purpose of restoring the Pope to his spiritual throne, and giving the citizens liberty to choose their own rulers, we should have understood his object. Men would have sympathized with his sentiments, though perhaps doubtful of the wisdom of carrying them so rudely into practice; but for France to enter upon a crusade in favour of clerical government, is folly. Mark the signs of the times, M. Barrot,—take notice of how the current is setting in; lest, vainly endeavouring, in league with obsolete systems, to battle against

the waves, you allow the galley bearing the tricolour flag to sink amidst the stormy waters. Resist anarchical propositions; but let clerical cabinets, unaided, totter to their fall; lest worse evils happen to Louis Napoleon than those which have overtaken the unfortunate Pope of Rome.

It does appear odd, that the country which professes to lead all others in the adaptation of governing forces to the wants of the age, should step so prominently forward to prop up a power, suited only to a people in a state a little removed from barbarism, condemned by history, experience, and popular opinion, and unable to support itself even with all the influence of Roman Catholicism on its side.* The chapter in history, which narrates this expedition, will afford a subject for much curious speculation to the Humes, Gibbons, Prescotts, and Macaulays of the twentieth century, writing at a time when neither Pope nor autocrat dominates over any part of Europe. General Oudinot's invasion of the Pontifical states, appears to our mind very much like the last and convulsive effort of three once powerful influences in combination, — viz. thirst for martial glory, devotion to spiritual tyranny in high places, and anxiety to obtain employment for an excessive military force. As the lion of

* We quite coincide with a recent writer who says, "The papacy is an old institution, which has only the shadow of life; it will disappear as a vain phantom, as soon as Italy shall make a fresh attempt at emancipation."

the desert makes his most desperate charge, even in the agonies of death, when no hope remains of success against the arms of man, equally resolute do the persecutors of mankind appear, before the chariot wheels of civilisation crush them for ever.

Again, take the case of Naples. What do we find there? A despotic, incompetent monarch, belonging to an unfortunate and no less incapable family. That lazzaroni, functionaries, and boatmen love him, we believe, (for he devoutly attends the ceremonies of the church, liberally supports his officers, and covets the favours of the crowds who all day long bask in the sun shining on his capital); but ask the middle classes his character, and nine out of ten will answer, "bestia." If the man spoken to happens to know French, perhaps he may heartily add, "tous les Bourbons sont canaille." It will be somewhat difficult to persuade a thinking person that A CAUSE does not exist for this general hatred felt toward Ferdinand and his race. Although no "liberal," in the Italian sense of the term, we do firmly opine that Naples does not thrive under its present government. The blessings which, we trust, will yet be vouchsafed to it are — a king of patriotic feelings, *provident*, condescending, humane, but firm, — ministers, undaunted by faction, yet devoted to the interest of the masses — and a constitutional Parliament, elected in such a manner as to represent, not the nobles, not the clergy, not

the clubs, not the "loafers," but every class in that beautiful country.

Here it may not be out of place to advert to the sayings and writings of certain English residenters in Italy and travellers in that peninsula, who, disgusted with the leaders of the late revolutions, think it necessary to extol absolutism, superstition, and the King of the Two Sicilies. Persons in this singularly anti-British frame of mind crossed our path more than once, and this current year of 1849 has witnessed the issue, from the London press, of works in two octavo volumes, price one guinea, devoted entirely to abuse of Italian reformers, such as Gioberti, Guerazzi, and Mazzini, and to ridiculous praise of despotic policy and princes. We are no republicans; we have few feelings in common with a knot of anarchists, whose selfish acts and crude views retard the progress of real liberty. English "reformers" do not wish to see the Neapolitan dominions, or any other Italian territory, given over as a prey to terrorists; but the folly of fools should not deprive wise men of their wisdom, nor convert open-hearted Britons into vapid declaimers against democracy. Once for all, let us declare our horror at the proceedings of the barricade men in Leghorn, Naples, and Genoa, at the doctrines of the communist and infidel politicians who disgrace the name of freedom, and at the falsehoods circulated by propagandist clubs from

Milan to Messina. Travellers need not publish philippics against revolutionary crimes of this sort; for humanity, religion, and even common sense brand their perpetrators as committing treason against constitutional government. But whilst the British public can form their own opinion of Italian "liberali," certain recent writers, who have seen the evils of democratic excess in the peninsula, may greatly mislead their readers, if the latter do not carefully separate the chaff from the wheat whilst perusing their pages. A specimen of the works to which we refer may illustrate our meaning. An Englishman prefaces his remarks by professing entire impartiality between the belligerent parties in Italy, the faults and virtues of both of which, he says, it is his desire faithfully to represent; and then proceeds, in more than twenty chapters, to call the reformers every foul name which his readers can imagine, "maniacs, idiots, monsters," &c.;—to laud the practice of princes hiring Swiss mercenaries, without however letting us know whether he would approve of their guarding Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral;— to illustrate in his own way the astonishing improvements which were going on, before 1848, in Italy, *especially in Naples and the States of the Church*,—to prove by long paragraphs, purporting to be the *ipsissima verba* of persons whom he met in travelling, and whose speeches he reports like a short-hand writer in the gallery of the House of Commons, that the

Austrians govern Lombardy well, and are beloved by the people, — and to represent the King of Naples as the best of men, whose life, and that of his "dear" family, a hateful faction sought to take in the spring of last year. But our friend is careful to put all his strongest *ex parte* statements in the mouths of his casual acquaintances. Fain would he have us believe that he could sit down in his English study, and put on paper the very words of long political dissertations addressed to him by loyalists in Piedmont or the valleys of the Abruzzi. These fabulous orators especially denounce Lord Palmerston, at whom those English abroad, who see no medium between absolutism and anarchy, delight to *bark*.* Scores upon scores of pages are devoted to a Bourbon version of, and an anti-liberal commentary upon, the doings of the British fleet on the coast of Sicily, with remarks in approbation of Austrian invasion in Italy, and disapprobation even of diplomatic interference on the other side. The writer of all this generally received but deceptive matter, lived many years in the country alluded to. He presents to us another instance of a man possessed of opportunities for acquiring knowledge, but of such an illogical, ill-poised mind, as to neutralise the advantages he might have derived from them. It is a great mis-

* We use this inelegant term purposely; because it expresses, better than any other, the tone usually assumed by that able diplomatist's continental enemies.

take to suppose, that all who live long in a kingdom can give a correct account of it. Judgment and reason must appear prominently in the works of an author, or his testimony may go unheeded. Whilst the British public censure the "liberali" of Italy, let them not believe all that is said by writers who can quote Tasso on every page, and appeal to twenty years' experience.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that no other causes but priestcraft, despotism, and anarchical projects have contributed to the debasement of the Neapolitan dominions and of Italy in general. Without attempting to trace all of these, or to allocate to each their share in rendering that country what it is at the present day, we may observe that the fertility of the soil and the tenure upon which men cultivate the land, have been as influential as any other source of national declension.

The climate of Naples renders unnecessary those habits of application and continuous industry which conduce so materially to the welfare of a people. The agriculturist has his olive tree, the produce of which enables him and his family to eke out a wretched existence with little or no exertion. It grows on stony ground as well as deep soil, and on bare mountain sides no less than in the delicious valleys, affording food to beings whose wants are few, and easily satisfied. The labourers about town, the lazzaroni who sleep on the streets of the capital,

may also obtain the means of subsistence without trouble. At certain seasons of the year, but only for a short period, there is a great demand for workmen, to attend to the fruits of the earth. Then these dirty, idle, dissolute fellows sally forth, and, by means of unusual diligence, lay up for themselves a store sufficient to enable them, in sloth and indolence, to spend the remainder of their precious time. Luxuries they require not; Indian corn, made into cakes without being baked, and called *polenta*, and legumes soaked in olive oil, constituting their scanty fare. Clothes they can nearly dispense with where cold winds seldom blow. A shed in such a glorious climate serves as a house to man. To the development of mind, soul, and body, the snows, mists, and frosts of dreary Scotland are more favourable than the perpetual sunshine of southern Italy. Nature there absolves the human race from industry; functionaries, priests, and tyrants say amen, so let it be. Contented with maize pudding and olives, the lazzaroni of Naples lounge all day long at street corners, ever ready to cause a riot, or fight for the Bourbon. They sleep there or in outhouses during the darkness, and lay up no treasure for an evil day. Like the South Sea islanders, with their plantains and bananas, these Italians can afford to

> "trifle life away
> Down to the sunset of their latest day;
> Then perish on futurity's wide shore,
> Like fleeting exhalations known no more."

The want of a mutual dependence of man on man operates unfortunately for Italy. All the nobles dwell in the towns; all the peasants produce just sufficient maize, wine, olive oil, hemp, or silk to pay their rents and fill their bellies. The productions of the soil vary little from the Alps to Cape Spartivento, every person being engaged in pursuits nearly similar to those of his neighbour. Therefore both the internal and the foreign trade of the country are confined within very narrow limits. For the enterprise, energy, and industry of its population, the peninsula affords outlets so unimportant as not to affect the national interests materially one way or another. The great *desideratum*, in all the states of that country, we believe to be a stimulus to the industry of its people.

Next to climate, the tenure by which the land is held everywhere, except in Tuscany, operates as a depressing cause throughout Italy. On the banks of the Arno alone the peasantry own the soil. In other provinces it belongs almost exclusively to great proprietors, who exact from those engaged in its cultivation half, and, in peculiarly fertile spots, even two-thirds of the produce. Under such a system no nation need be expected to prosper. It effectually precludes improvement, and prevents the comfort of any, excepting those who in dissolute capitals spend the earnings of their serfs. To enumerate the various functionaries who prey upon the Neapolitan people would weary the reader. Let

him not, however, forget, when investigating the causes of their low condition, that of ecclesiastics alone, about ninety thousand shelter themselves under Ferdinand's protecting wings, ten thousand of whom dwell within a few miles of his palace.

CHAP. XX.

MUSEUM AT NAPLES. — PUTEOLI. — BAIA. — VIEWS OF VESUVIUS. — PLAN OF THE TOWN. — BEGGARS. — PRIESTS. — MONKS. — LOTTERIES. — SOLDIERY. — CHURCHES. — SUNDAYS IN NAPLES. — AURICULAR CONFESSION. — ITS HISTORY AND EFFECTS. — DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES. — PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE STEAMER. — LAST VIEW OF THE BAY. — ARRIVAL AT CIVITA VECCHIA.

ONE day must be devoted by all travellers to the inspection of the splendid museum contained in a large building at the northern extremity of the Strada Toledo, and enriched by the spoils of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Etruria, and Rome. On the left, as you enter, are several rooms filled with frescoes, signboards, decorations of temples, and small specimens of mosaic work, found in the buried cities. The next series of apartments on the ground floor is devoted entirely to statuary. We were surprised by the beauty of the sculptures, by their colossal size, and by the extent of the collection; for we did not expect to see such remarkable specimens of that art among the curiosities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Especially we admired the horsemen, than the attitudes of whom nothing could be more natural. In another room are shown two large cauldrons, formerly used by the idolators

of Pompeii for cooking their sacrifices. Perhaps in these very utensils human victims have been offered up to the divinities of heathendom: we shuddered at the thought. Near them stands a stone jug, the entrance of which must have been hermetically sealed by lava at the time of the eruption; for water still remains in it, as one can discover by shaking it. We were likewise shown the richly-sculptured tombs, the decorated vases, the urns, and other ornaments in marble, which they found in such profusion in the houses of the excavated towns. In a spacious chamber, surrounded by statuary, is preserved one of the finest pieces of mosaic work in the world, representing the last conflict between Darius and Alexander. It was discovered forming the floor of a private residence in Pompeii. Fifty thousand ducats, or upwards of 8,000*l.* sterling, were expended in transporting it to the museum. Ascending the staircase, which is defended by two giant equestrian statues in bronze, we visited the apartments where are kept the articles used for domestic purposes, discovered in the overwhelmed houses. Lamps, drinking cups, pots, frying-pans, handfuls of grain, medicine vials, surgical instruments, ladies' jewels, jars containing the tears shed over the graves of relations, portable cooking apparatus, consular chairs, looking glasses, glass boxes with rouge, fish-hooks, bronze milk jugs, beautifully formed altars for incense, gold rings, bracelets, the contents of a sculptor's studio, and

other articles (to enumerate which would require a superhuman memory) fill these rooms. Then there are chambers for Etruscan vases found mostly in Calabria, for ancient and modern paintings, and for Egyptian curiosities. But we neglected them in our anxiety to see the contents of a Roman city, which succeeding generations have disentombed. How wonderful thus to hold converse with contemporaries of Titus, and to open up houses closed by lava for sixteen hundred years!

One of the finest drives in the vicinity of Naples is to the entrance of the bay. The road, commencing at the extremity of the gardens on the seashore, and leading to the watering place of Baia, passes for the first half mile through a splendid grotto on the sandstone ridge which here overlooks the waters. It resembles more some of our British railroad tunnels than a natural opening; it is however less damp, and the perpetual clatter of horses feet, and noise of human tongues, enliven the gloom; for the cavern appears to be a much frequented thoroughfare. Emerging on the further side of the hills, quite secluded from the city, we crossed a fruitful plain covered with vines, and their supporting aspens. In this district, as well as between Naples and Caserta, grow vast crops of hemp; appearing, when seen from elevations, like rich carpets, so bright are the leaves, and uniform the plants. Arrived on the seashore, we enjoyed a fine marine view of Baia and of Pozzuoli, the ancient

Puteoli, where Paul landed. Beyond them rose a bold headland with its castle, and in the distance the volcanic peaks of Ischia. Close to the beach is the beautiful little island of Nisita, protected by lofty cliffs, and covered with foliage. A stronghold occupies its summit; a quarantine station stands at the base of the rocks; and, half way between the island and the shore, is a turreted fortress. Ascending the sandstone hills, we drove through vineyards and villa gardens at a considerable height above the sea, and commanding an extensive prospect over the bay. Fishermen were busily employed casting their nets into the waters; skiffs shot past, the breeze filling their latine sails; and the royal steamer, on its way to Gaeta with despatches, tossed up the spray from its prow. We stopped at a delicious garden, sloping down to the sea, and belonging to a Neapolitan prince. On entering, so sweet was the perfume, so brilliant were the camellias, geraniums, roses, and lilies, and so enchanting the view of Naples, that our first impulse was to send for friends at home, and treat with the Marquis for the purchase of this villa. Guided by a female servant, we walked through the grounds, which, near the bay, are hewn out of the rocks; visited a museum and aviary belonging to the proprietor, and descended the cliff to see the curious kinds of fish kept in the salt water ponds.

Perhaps from no point is Vesuvius seen to greater advantage than from the Strada Gigante,

leading down to the marine forts at Naples. One could remain there for hours watching the smoke issuing from the volcano, the sun playing upon the houses of Portici and Torre del Greco, and the boats skimming the blue waves of the bay. Naples is built in the shape of a crescent around the hill, on which stand the citadel and monastery. A long quay, terminated by a light-house, protects the harbour from gales. At the other extremity of this pier stands the king's palace; a large but ugly building, partly of brick and partly of stone. Beginning at the corner of the edifice, and extending in a nearly straight line to the northern suburbs, a distance of several miles, is the Strada Toledo, the great leading thoroughfare. From it, at right angles, other less important and narrower streets diverge; those on one side terminating at the base of the castle hill; those on the other, ending in less regularly built suburbs to the eastward. Looking along the former, the fort meets your eye; Vesuvius forms the horizon of the latter. Commencing also at the palace, another leading street crosses the narrow neck of land which separates the harbour from the public gardens. This promontory terminates in a strong fortification, which a castle built on sunken rocks faces seaward. Every evening in summer, an extraordinary number of carriages and horses crowd these two great thoroughfares, the English style of equipage predominating. All the streets are paved with huge blocks of stone, as

smooth as our causeways. No horse can in wet weather run safely over them. Consequently even the steeds of nobles have cut knees. In the Strada Toledo all sorts of vehicles may be seen, — pony carriages containing pretty demoiselles, sporting-like equipages on high wheels for dandies, superb chariots belonging to ambassadors, waggons drawn by oxen and donkeys, spring-carts filled to overflow with peasants, and patient asses carrying provisions or clothes to wash. One is struck with the brilliancy of the Neapolitan shops. The shoemakers, of whom there seems to be an abundant supply as in Malta and Constantinople, occupy quiet streets by themselves, plying the awl before the shop doors. Curiously decorated stalls for the sale of oranges, lemons, and water, stand at the street corners; generally speaking, the shrine of some patron saint surmounting them.

If beggars are numerous in Valetta, they *swarm* in Naples and its vicinity. We have never seen so many any where else.* The only class of men who equal them in point of number are the priests and friars, with whom the city teems. In nine cases out of ten, excessive corpulency, indicative of greater luxury than falls to the lot of most Italians, distinguishes these gentlemen. It has been said that the Roman Catholic divines may justly complain of being wronged in this respect by travellers. It may

* Excepting at Macroom, between Cork and Killarney.

be so with regard to other places; but as far as Naples is concerned, the accusation requires no proof.

We remarked, very soon after our arrival, the vast number of "Reali Lotti," royal lotteries, situated both in the town and suburbs. We hope young Italy will abolish these corrupting institutions, when the last of the Bourbons has retired into private life.

In the outskirts of Naples, we observed several public buildings of extraordinary extent. A poor-house, near the botanical gardens, has 300 windows in front; a barrack on the Portici road has 400. The Neapolitan soldiers appear to greater advantage than those of most other continental countries. In general they are handsome men, dressed neatly in blue jackets faced with red, and white trousers, scrupulously clean, and more martial-looking than the dwarfish troops of Germany. The guards, like those of Austria, wear white uniforms. The Swiss life-guards dress exactly as British troops of the line. Dragoons and lancers may be always met with patrolling not far from the palace, and infantry crowd the courts of that spacious building. For the first week or two of his residence in Naples, the street cries ring for ever in the stranger's ears. Even during the silent watches of the night, he fancies he hears men inviting sale for their orange-water, maccaroni, bread, meat, and sundry wares. Stentorian must be the lungs of these criers.

In some open spaces, within the boundaries of the city, stand elaborately carved marble pillars of

considerable height and ancient construction, not a little ornamental withal. The dwellings have all balconies and flat roofs; spacious courts distinguishing the larger mansions. A class of poor women earn a livelihood in the Neapolitan capital by changing silver into copper money at little stalls or shops in the principal streets. The frequency of sign-boards in the languages of France and England shows that Naples is much visited by foreigners.

The churches of the city are by no means remarkable in point of architecture, although some of them possess many antiques. On Sundays, as many loungers promenade on the streets, and as many venders of meat ply their trade, as on other days. We observed that few shops were closed; and the owners of those which were had gone to the country on pleasure, not to the house of God. Dandies with short canes, straitened mustachios, and white trousers, sauntered along the Strada Toledo, while beggars lay literally in heaps at the street corners. We entered, first, the church of the Jesuits, under the frescoed roof of which, mass was being performed, in the presence of old men and women; and then the cathedral, where a few people were worshipping in the side chapels, the high altar service only being performed on highdays and holydays. On ordinary occasions, neither bishop nor cardinal appears, the great organ peals not, and only a sprinkling of the faithful attend. If Protestantism obtained a footing in the Neapolitan territory,

we should soon see a different state of matters. Romanists can conscientiously neglect their duties, when no danger threatens their craft. As soon as reformers appear, they manifest an extraordinary activity and earnestness.

In this church, for the first time, we saw men at the confessional. We have been in hundreds of Popish sanctuaries before, at all times of the day; but never beheld any of the male sex unbosoming their griefs to priests. The majority of the confessors were, as usual, fat, irreverent personages, who thought nothing of winking to the strangers during the recital of the penitent's sins. Disgusted with this most artful and wicked of Roman Catholic rites, we gladly left the building, thankful that Scotland favours no such religion, and persuaded, with the Apostle, that "God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth."*

This usage forms no part of Christianity. It existed amongst the ancient Greeks, derived most probably from Egypt, and was recommended by several Athenian sages. Candidates for admission into the mysteries which existed among pagan nations, confessed their sins. The Siamese practised it before its introduction into the Roman

* "The very rudiment of the intellectual, as well as of the moral life," says Isaac Taylor, "is the power of reserve. This encrusting of the soul is the first law, and it is the necessary condition of that individuality, apart from which there remains no fulcrum of resolve, no self-originating progress or purpose, no liberty, no dignity, no love."

Catholic church. Zoroaster commanded his disciples to observe it; the Parsees recommended it; and in Thibet it has long been prevalent among the worshippers of the Llama. It is a Buddhist rite, and was found in America amongst the Indians of Peru. Even the Talmud declares it obligatory.

But in all nations it has operated as a plague, dividing families, demoralising society, and interfering with plans of government. Several of the Popes, for instance Paul IV. and Gregory XV., were compelled to remonstrate with their bishops against the immoral use made by priests of this powerful engine. Even the Council of Trent had to consider its effects. Church history abounds with examples of this practice being made by the clergy subservient to the most criminal designs. The great day alone will lay bare the hideous atrocities perpetrated by means of auricular confession. The nunneries of Spain, France, and Tuscany were, for a long period of years, the veriest dens of infamy. De la Vegas, de Vals, de Bois, Mingrats, and Picards exercised their seductive arts on hundreds of young women of whose history we know nothing.

But other evils resulted from this usage. In how many instances have estates been willed away to religious societies by men whom priestly influence frightened on their death-bed! * In fact,

* In the language which Scott puts into the mouth of Bishop Aldingar, when addressing Harold the Dauntless, —

"Thy father was wise, and his treasures hath given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven."

speculation in this very respect prevailed widely throughout Roman Catholic Europe.

Confessors, likewise, in notable instances, have incited monarchs to evil deeds for purposes of their own. Witness Louis XI., Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XV. Political and religious liberty have suffered direly from the machinations of fathers, when hearing the tales of transgressions narrated by their unwary victims. No rite is so revolting in itself; none has been so abused.

Let a noble traveller in Portugal and Spain — one, too, who rather favours Roman Catholicism than otherwise—describe its effects in that country: "I do think that the clergy often persuade their penitents to make, or at least to sanction, any revelations the church may deem expedient; and this course is, I think, pursued still more where women are concerned. When the devotional feeling is strongly impressed on the mind of a fair Spaniard, it supersedes every other, even the deep-rooted passion of love; but this excess of zeal is chiefly found in the remote provinces. Under the influence of this engrossing passion the character of the Spanish woman becomes altogether changed. If once persuaded that the man she loves is conspiring against the church, every avenue to her heart, that well of deep and inexhaustible feeling, is closed against him. An unworthy system of deception, the offspring of a false principle, is substituted for her former sincerity. She believes that her own,

that his salvation, that the weal of thousands whom his machinations may endanger, imperiously require her to sacrifice every personal feeling, to dive into his inmost thoughts for the purpose of betraying them, and to treasure up, and afterwards reveal, every careless word breathed in the hours of dalliance, or dropped in the unguarded moment of powerful emotion. During the civil war there were instances of women, misled by their frenzied attachment to the church, who actually received their unwary admirers in the warm embrace of love, and even in that hour of reciprocal passion dealt the fatal blow with a firm hand but an agonised heart." *

We blush for enlightened Europe when we think of such an odious custom having existed so long even in her seats of learning. Its results have embittered many a poor girl's lifetime, alienated husbands from wives, brothers from sisters, and parents from children; wrested properties from their rightful heirs, convulsed the political affairs of kingdoms, and broken not a few fond mothers' hearts. We have met with Roman Catholics abroad, who on no account would permit their wives to confess to priests, though otherwise attentive to the observances of mother church. Why? Because no moral man regards the practice without fearing evil consequences. It has ruined the peace of his neighbour's family, and may ruin his.

By means of auricular confession, the secrets of

* "Portugal and Gallicia;" by the Earl of Carnarvon.

the domestic circle, which ought under no pretence to be revealed, the plans of statesmen, the destination of inheritances, the confidential sayings of friends, become patent to a designing priesthood, who in instances innumerable have turned their knowledge to the basest ends. What *are* the uses of history, if not to warn men against practices which experience has condemned, which bring Christianity into contempt, and debase the human race?

Let a priest be ever so conscientious, the confessional proves for him too strong a temptation. Prompted by improper motives, yielding once to evil suggestions, he asks questions which corrupt the penitent and demoralise himself. From small beginnings great evils arise. This has been the experience of the church in all ages; but experience seems to have remonstrated in vain against the corruptions of the Papacy.

To our mind no sight is more sickening than a beautiful young lady on her knees, relating her transgressions to a burly priest, while he smiles significantly to the stranger during the recital. Such irreverent conduct occurs by no means unfrequently in Italy.

We left Naples at six o'clock on a lovely evening, in the Sardinian steamer "Lombardo," having been prevented by a severe cold from ascending Vesuvius, and by the French invasion from proceeding, as we had intended, by Terracina to Rome. Con-

soling ourselves with the reflection that the "Eternal City" and Florence would remain intact till our next excursion, we took possession of cabins for Genoa, along with a crowd of passengers, — more indeed than the steam vessel could well accommodate. English predominated; but Americans, Italians, French, Germans, and Russians were also on board. In the ladies' cabin children's cradles covered the floor; and not only berths but armchairs had their occupants. At dinner assembled Prussians whose thoughts centred in the eatables, Yankees and British ladies who had ascended Mount Sinai and watched the waves of Jordan, and fashionables from St. Petersburg, who, like many Anglo-Russian folks, rendered themselves disagreeable to every one by their ostentation and vulgarity.

At sunset the steamer passed between the castle-capped Nisita and the island of Procida, one of the most charming spots we have ever seen. Along its northern shore extends a row of white houses, guarded by a strong fort, and enclosed by luxuriant flower gardens, which green foliage protects from the burning sun. The island rises gradually from the beach; noble trees crowning its heights. The isles of Greece may be styled deserts in comparison with this Neapolitan Eden. Beyond it lay Ischia, with its fine peaked mountain, presenting a striking contrast of rocks and vineyards. On our right Baia and Pozzuoli reposed on the shores of a

calm bay, and astern the hills around Naples breathed a long farewell. The sandstone ridge hid the city ; but above it Vesuvius smoked quiescently in the twilight. Far away loomed Capri; dark, ill-defined forms indicated where stood the Sorrento hills, and Procida sparkled like a gem under the skies of Italy. The last panoramic view dissolved, the ship entered the Bay of Gaeta, and darkness covered these bright scenes.

The "Lombardo" was steaming off Ostia and the mouth of the Tiber when we rose on the morrow. Before breakfast the scenery on the coast changed, wooded flats having given place to hilly ridges and open fields. As our vessel was going round to enter the papal port of Civita Vecchia, a Sardinian war-steamer signalled us to lay to, and sent her launch for despatches. Shortly afterwards we anchored in the little harbour of the States of the Church, within a stone's throw of the battlements.

CHAP. XXI.

ROME UNAPPROACHABLE. — FRENCH GENERALS. — LEGHORN. — AUSTRIAN TROOPS. — INVASION OF ITALY BY GERMANS CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF NATIONS. — ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE. — PISA. — ITS CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER. — ENGLISHMEN ABROAD AND THE DIFFERENT CURRENCIES. — ARRIVAL AT GENOA. — SITUATION OF THE CITY. — PALACES. — PICTURE GALLERIES. — STREETS. — MARBLE. — LILLIPUTIAN SOLDIERS. — LORD HARDWICKE. — THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS. — THEIR HISTORY, INFLUENCE, AND FALL. — NOT DEMOCRATIC STATES BUT ARISTOCRACIES. — MR. D'ISRAELI. — THE PROTECTIONISTS AND THE FATE OF ENGLAND. — COMPARISON BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN, GENOA, AND VENICE. — ALARMISTS. — EVILS IN OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM AT HOME. — SMALL CAPITALISTS. — FINANCIAL REFORMS.

THOSE of our passengers who had intended to visit. Rome, here heard the afflicting intelligence that active operations had been commenced against that city by General Oudinot, whose mock heroic proclamations and imbecile acts have since acquired for him a sort of comic fame. These news deterred all but some Americans, who nasally exclaimed that they would go to Rome whether they got out of it or not.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a town dirtier or more uninteresting than Civita Vecchia. French soldiers thronged its streets to the evident disgust of the inhabitants. The flags of the Roman and Gallic republics waved from the forts in friendly

contact, all the while that the armies of the one commonwealth were employed in subverting the government of the other. As soon, however, as the vain-glorious general found that, after months of disgrace, he could perform the notable exploit of defeating a force half as numerous as his own, he hoisted, on the ramparts of Civita Vecchia, the colours of the Papacy. Really *la belle France* is at a loss for heroes and "glorious victories" when such braggarts as "Cardinal" Oudinot, and such actions as those he fought with Garibaldi can be regarded with any feelings but those of shame and grief. They have tarnished French valour more than did Marlborough or Wellington at Ramilies or Waterloo. Europe regards the invaders not with dislike but with pity.

The district around the Papal seaport, like all the rest of the territory, is badly cultivated. Looking upon it, we could, without difficulty, have fancied ourselves in Arabia Deserta, or the South American steppes. But evening came, and the steamer weighed anchor, to drop it early next morning in the harbour of Leghorn, or more properly Livorno, which a long quay of solid masonwork protects from southerly gales. Only a few days before, this city had been stormed by the troops of Austria, who, once in possession, shot every one found in arms. During our drive in the town we saw many evidences of warfare,—bombs lying about, cannon-shot sticking in walls, gates defaced by

bullets, and streets torn up to impede the motions of cavalry. Our inn, as well as all other large buildings, was filled with Austrian officers and their attendants. Of all the movements in Europe, during the late revolutions, we consider this attempt of a German monarch to proclaim martial law in Italy the least justifiable. What earthly business has Austria with the affairs of Rome and Tuscany? Very true, the Livornese acted foolishly in resisting the wishes of their countrymen, and in supporting a minority who advocated unwise measures: but who constituted Francis Joseph umpire between the contending parties? If neighbouring powers are to be allowed thus to march their soldiery into other territories, and dictate to the inhabitants what government they ought to serve, then Liberty must seek another planet, for on earth it can exist no longer. Had a British force attacked Schleswig-Holstein, what would Germany have said? Had Narvaez hastened to assist Louis Philippe, would any one have applauded him? These cases are analogous to the one we advert to. We blush to own it; but the real reason of Austria being allowed thus to trample on Italy is because Italians have no power of resistance. If Tuscany had been a potent kingdom, how would Lords Brougham and Aberdeen have deprecated its invasion! What is the difference between an Austrian army occupying Leghorn, and a French army occupying Liverpool? If the one be justifiable in international law, so is

the other. Yet, what an outcry would the British panegyrists of absolutism make, were Lord John Russell to invoke the aid of Gallic legions to prevent an outbreak in England! But, apart from the injustice of such invasions, when are we to see the end of them? Do rational beings suppose that Bologna, Ancona, Florence, and Leghorn will for ever tolerate Austrian garrisons? that Hungary will meekly receive Kalmuck Tatars to protect it? that marshals in pantomime will govern the city of the Cæsars till the end of time? No: this policy must cease; to encourage it is to crush every patriotic feeling — to banish freedom from the nations. Temporary success has at present aided it: but men now living will most assuredly see the time when not a German uniform will be visible on the other side of the Alps. If Italians, as some people perpetually say to us, cannot govern themselves, verily their present rulers will not do much to instruct them. Of all the modes for teaching a people the art of self-government, the occupation of their country by foreign battalions appears to us the most singular.* "The North American colonies are not fit to appoint their own rulers, to manage their own concerns, and act as a separate nation,"

* "I think the absolutism of Italy degrades the people, and tends to unfit them for political business. It seems the height of injustice to accuse men of ignorance and incompetence, when they are not suffered to exercise their understandings, or prove their ability for public life." — *Whiteside's Italy in the Nineteenth Century.*

said English Tories, when they read the Declaration of Independence. Who that has sailed on the Hudson, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, — that has visited the crowded streets of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, — that has seen the steamers, railroads, canals, telegraphs, colleges, churches, and manufactories of the United States, will say so now? * Leghorn, the port of Tuscany, stands on a plain, backed by lofty hills. Being favoured with a free commerce, it has risen to considerable importance in a mercantile point of view, and now contains 90,000 inhabitants. It has wide streets, but no handsome public buildings. The railroad station was guarded by Austrian soldiers, watching every movement among the people, when we purchased our ticket for Pisa. Between the two cities the land is perfectly flat, and mostly laid out in parks, resembling those of an English gentleman's seat. Pisa stands on the banks of the Arno, in a rich agricultural district, and near the base of picturesque mountains. It contains a population of 25,000. Ancient arcades line several of the streets, giving the town a peculiarly venerable appearance. On an open space, in the suburbs, stands the cathedral, an edifice 330 feet long, built in the Byzantine style, and appearing like a decor-

* "That the hopes of constitutional and monarchical liberty for Italy were not visionary," says an able periodical, "we see a proof at this moment (December, 1849) in the state of Piedmont, which has at last reached that haven, notwithstanding convulsion, and war, and defeat."

ated mosque without minarets. We admired the sculpture, paintings, arches, pillars, and inlaid roof of this church more than those of most Roman Catholic temples. There was more real grandeur, and less ostentatious display than one usually meets. The Baptistry, a lofty circular building in the same architectural style, occupies a site a little removed from the west wall of the cathedral, while, equidistant from the east wall, stands the famous Leaning Tower, the peculiar inclination of which is very apparent. It seems as if about to fall on the adjoining houses. We ascended this curious monument, and were rewarded by a beautiful view of the valley of the Arno, of the villas, gardens, and luxuriant fields adjoining Pisa, of the peaked mountains near it, and of the Apennines beyond. Having, on descending, procured a carriage, we drove some miles into this rich country, through vineyards and crops of grain, and between rows of noble trees, to a paltry summer residence belonging to the Grand Duke. For this excursion our charioteer demanded ten francs, but we dismissed him summarily with five, to the astonishment of the occupants of a café in which the altercation took place, and who most likely believed, with many foreigners, that Englishmen do not know the value of money. This idea prevails very extensively abroad: and no wonder; for hundreds of our countrymen travel every year on the Continent in total ignorance of currency and exchanges. An

English clergyman once held out to us a large handful of Austrian, Roman, Tuscan, Sardinian, and Neapolitan coins, asking us how many DRACHMAS they were. We have met many travellers quite unable to tell what coins passed current in the country in which they travelled. Of course, such folks are unmercifully cheated on their journeys.

The sunset gun fired as we passed the British, American, and Sardinian war-ships lying off Livorno. At day-break next morning we started up, and found the steamer quietly at anchor in the harbour of "Genoa the Magnificent." The custom-house officers being lazy, we were detained a couple of hours, waiting for permission to land; but, when we did go ashore, the functionaries treated us most politely, both in the passport and baggage offices.

Genoa, the principal seaport and naval station of the Sardinian dominions, is built around a small bay, which substantial piers of mason-work have converted into a harbour. The city covers also the eastern of the two promontories forming this inlet. Behind rise steep grassy hills, crowned with forts; beyond them are valleys, bounded by the higher peaks of the Apennines. A populous suburb, consisting chiefly of villas belonging to the merchants, occupies the valley of the Besagno, a stream flowing into the sea immediately under the eastern wall of the city. Another valley, watered by a torrent, occurs on the westward, but not so near the town,

and separated from it by a ridge of hills, adorned by gardens. Thus Genoa stands between two rivers: between steep heights and the sea. The ramparts, towards the north, have been converted into public gardens, from which you obtain a fine view of the neighbourhood. The streets are narrow but clean; as in Venice, they are formed of palaces, noble edifices, which, during the palmy days of the republic, contained more magnificence than they do now. They have extensive courts, elegant verandahs, and a profusion of architectural ornament. You recognise in them at once the dwellings of the rich aristocracy, whose descendants still flourish among the nobility of Sardinia.

We only visited two of the picture galleries, preserved in the mansions of Genoa, viz. the Durazzo collection, and that contained in the palace of the Marquis Brignole, a kinsman of Genoese doges and at present ambassador in Paris. Several master-pieces of Italian painting adorn these apartments; but we did not so much care for seeing them, as for inspecting the chambers where Dorias held carnival. The former residence of the Doges, during our visit inhabited by General Marmora, stands in a square, near the centre of the city. Marble is very cheap in Genoa, the coarser kinds being quarried close to the town, the finer kinds coming from Carrara, twenty leagues distant. Of this material the churches, and even the staircase of our inn were composed.

In the month of April 1849, the inhabitants, after a sharp conflict, compelled their military commandant to evacuate the city, whereupon General Marmora marched against them with twenty-five thousand men, who effected an entrance by the western gate on the sea-shore. When we visited it, a few weeks afterwards, the houses in that vicinity bore lamentable marks of musketry, and in the plaster of one of them cannon-balls were still sticking, with an inscription under them: "April 1849." At that time thirty thousand soldiers resided within the walls. We never saw such a dwarfish race. If Charles Albert's army at Novara was composed of similar men, no wonder that Radetzky's veterans overthrew it. Few of them exceeded five feet six or seven inches in height; their uniforms were badly made, unbecoming, and dirty; they carried themselves in most unsoldierlike style, stooped excessively, and slouched rather than walked. We thought with pleasure of our much favoured country, when we passed crowds of these idlers in the streets. The port had no lack of ships, especially small coasting craft; but the only man of war lying at anchor was H. M. S. "Vengeance," Captain the Earl of Hardwicke, who, by his timely intervention between the Genoese and General Marmora in April, saved the city from terrible calamities. Gaily painted are the Genoese houses—some white, some pink, some yellow, and others green; so that from a distance, and especially from the sea, they

present a striking appearance, contrasted with the deep foliage and dark shadows of the hills. The women wear over their head and shoulders a white muslin scarf, which becomes them well. One of the finest buildings in Genoa is that lately occupied by the Jesuits, now used as the head-quarters of the national guard. The stranger wonders at the magnificence of these edifices, on the construction of which such treasures must have been expended. Apart altogether from their vast extent, their marble staircases, and interior ornaments, what an outlay of money and labour must there have been on the splendid decorations of the exterior walls, than which few royal palaces are more richly sculptured. They give one an exalted idea of Genoa's former wealth.

One of the most curious chapters in European history is that which treats of the Italian Republics, — of the two great rival states who fought so long for the empire of the Mediterranean. Emperors, kings, and pontiffs gladly sought their alliance; no monarchical fleet could cope with them on the ocean. The camels of Syria, the horses of Circassia, the mules of Barbary, and the rafts of the Nile, brought cargoes for their merchantmen; eastern pashas trembled when they saw their war galleys; the Euxine, Propontis, and Levant bore their navies; and Grecian islands acknowledged their sway. They were the monopolist merchants of Europe, who, in the prosecution of the Asiatic trade,

laid up untold treasures. If the other powers regarded them with jealousy, they regarded each other not only with jealousy but with hate. Continuous wars resulted from their rivalry. Like Rome and Carthage they were sworn enemies, fighting on the Black Sea as well as on the Mediterranean. Of these palmy days the nobles still entertain fond recollections; both cities having tried to restore the republican form of government during the late continental troubles. The same feeling animates them as that which makes the French exclaim "Vive l'Empereur." Of these hallowed associations, advantage has been taken by men who aim at power. Why, say they, should that Venice which defied Barbarossa — that Genoa which sent her fleets to the Crimea — remain dependencies of other nations? Vain words. Since then, Europe has undergone a mighty change. These cities have no means of regaining pristine power, and, without it, independence would be a misfortune. The eastern traffic flows in other channels; and steamers ply on those seas on which Venice ruled as Tyre's successor. When Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, Europe ceased to depend on the Italian Republics. The merchandise which filled their galleys soon found its way round the African continent, in vessels which Andreas Doria would have stared at. The star of Genoese prosperity had run its course, and brighter luminaries obscure it. But in another

respect, the words of these modern republicans seem to us foolish. When glorifying by-gone ages, they forget that Genoa and Venice were not democratic states, but proud, tyrannising aristocracies. First, one faction, then another, governed them, — the masses, meanwhile, being mere Helots, compelled to do as Doges bid them. Of all forms of government liberty most shuns an oligarchy. Beside the palaces of princes were cellars which had their occupants, and thousands shared not in those riches which flowed in from India and the East. Gallant fleets sailed from the ports not to benefit the people, but merely to gratify their masters. Would that no more serious misdemeanours could be laid to the charge of these merchant nobles! In lone dungeons, beyond the ken of humanity, the victims of political intrigue died of pestilence and want; secret murders happened not rarely, and now and then men disappeared, to be heard of no more for ever. No key did any one possess to the fate of these luckless individuals, excepting the gondolier who, sleeping in his boat on some dark night, at the end of that little canal behind the Venetian Doge's palace, was startled by a shriek — a splash — and the momentary apparition of figures hurrying over the Bridge of Sighs.

Genoa and Venice rose to eminence at a peculiar period, when Europe needed maritime republics; but let us never again have similar commonwealths:

Like Carthage, Tyre, and Sidon they did not possess the elements of stability.

We were meditating upon the causes of their decay; thinking of the vast difference which exists between them and the commercial countries of the present day, and watching those blue waters which sparkle between Cape Porto Fino and the Genoese harbour, when, taking up a newspaper, our eyes rested on the peroration of a speech delivered in the British House of Commons, by a gentleman known as the leader of a great party. The words struck us forcibly; for they related to the subject of our thoughts. The statesman could see no reason why our national greatness "may not moulder like the Venetian palaces, and fade like the Tyrian dye." Does Mr. D'Israeli really think so? We thought he had read history, and studied national characteristics, to better purpose. Venice and Tyre had rich merchants and a great trade; so has England; but there the resemblance ends. To compare a municipal oligarchy with a free country (having a popular constitution, vast manufacturing resources, wealth widely spread among all classes, colonies in every quarter of the globe, commercial relations in territories unknown in the fifteenth century, an unexampled knowledge of the arts and sciences, and firmly rooted religious principles,) seems to us really puerile. The discovery of new routes would benefit, not destroy, Britain's trade. Her independent people would tolerate no aristocratic tyranny. She has

character and virtue to support her during these political storms which wither up by the roots governments like the republics of Italy.

In these words which we have now quoted, the Protectionist leader only gives utterance to a sentiment widely prevalent in England. For this reason, and not because of any superior sagacity on his part, they seem to us important. Very many excellent but easily alarmed people imagine that Great Britain has now reached the zenith of her power, and, like ancient nations, must be smitten with a swift decay. Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Tyre, Rome, Venice, and Genoa, we are told, testify that great maritime prowess cannot long endure. Now, such reasoning appears to us reducing the plans of Providence to a system in a manner rather unwarrantable. In order to arrive at any such gloomy conclusion, we should first ascertain that the manners, customs, laws, morals, religion, circumstances, and social state of the countries compared are nearly similar; for, if not, it is idle thus dogmatically to fix that their ends shall be the same. Though all these nations have ceased to exist, we meet assertion by assertion, and say, there is no reason why Britain may not preserve both her commerce and her dominions till time shall be no more. It was not Free Trade which ruined the Mediterranean commonwealths: exclusiveness, monopoly, class legislation hastened their fall. Had the liberal policy in which England has just cause to glory been adopted by

her predecessors in mercantile greatness, they might yet have exercised a potent influence in Europe. Those who oppose all changes, who dislike adapting tariffs and constitutions to the spirit of the times, —who, in short, think true wisdom can only be found in the acts of their ancestors, — should be careful before making allusion to Tyre and Venice. The history of these republics by no means strengthens the position of that party in Great Britain, whose favourite phrase is, "The country is going to ruin." Nothing can these good folks see but visions of uncultivated fields, shut-up warehouses, closed dockyards, empty harbours, ruined capitalists, and starved masses. Some of them even behold, through their green spectacles, owls and bitterns fluttering among the ruins of what once was London. The fiscal measures of Sir Robert Peel have set them to studying the Scriptural accounts of Nineveh, Tyre, and Babylon, that they may tell all young people what England will be in 1900. We met a merchant in the Levant who firmly believed that land was going rapidly out of cultivation; that ship-building was an art almost effete, and that capital was dwindling away imperceptibly in this unfortunate country. The poor man seemed relieved when we spoke of the danger not being so imminent. Orators like the author of Coningsby mislead nervous people. It is no joke to hear that one's own native land, where parents live, the soil of which contains the bones of ancestors, the scene

of youthful joys, the anticipated retirement for old age, is thus mouldering away without let or hindrance.

> "That now the crisis of our fate has come,
> And England's in the scale."

Let alarmists be consoled; "the prophets prophesy falsely;" never stood Great Britain on a firmer basis than that on which she now stands. Had anti-liberal counsels prevailed in her high courts of Parliament, no army could have preserved the peace of the country during the late excitement in Europe. By persevering in a similar policy, she will establish her government in the nation's affections. By opposing all reforms,— by stamping perfection on the legislation of former ages,— she will undermine effectually the bulwarks of her power. For the sake of humanity, civilisation, and the Christian faith, we pray for wisdom to guide, in liberal measures, the rulers of Great Britain, persuaded that she is destined by Eternal Providence to carry these blessings to the world's limits, that to men of every climate may be known those moral principles, that mental energy, and benign religion, which have made her great.

But, while we think that England cannot be logically compared with the Italian republics, because the social systems of the two present few points of resemblance, and that the fate which overtook Genoa does not imminently threaten London, it

need not be denied that evils lurk in the polity of our country, which legislation should boldly meet. The expenditure of Great Britain must, in some way or other, be reduced. We stop not to say whether the army or navy, the royal household, or the colonies should receive a smaller portion of the people's wealth. We give no opinion on the possibility or impossibility of diminishing the national debt. How the reduction is to be effected, statesmen must decide. But dire will be the consequences to trade and industry, if the taxation of England be not speedily lessened, and thus liberty given to those small capitalists, whom exorbitant taxes drive out of business. It is the policy of wise rulers to ward off the blows which princely establishments in trade cause less potent firms to suffer. Aristocracies in commerce may not be altogether undesirable; but they should not be permitted by their monied powers to extinguish traders of smaller capital. Let Whigs and Tories beware of a time, when England, like Genoa, may have but two classes in society: the one, boasting of untold riches — the other hewing wood and drawing water. The main strength of nations lies in the middle class. Sure destruction awaits every state, in which exist only nobles, placemen, and helots. It has been long the glory of Great Britain, that she has a class of yeomen, shopkeepers, and traders of moderate means, and that that class exercises influence. Such men had no existence in the

maritime oligarchies of Italy. Therefore, when luxury enervated their rich merchants, and commerce began to flow in other channels, prosperity suddenly forsook the palaces, which a beggared population had reared.

For the sake, then, of these middlemen, we say, let us have, and that without undue delay, a substantial financial reform. This policy our Transatlantic neighbours well understand. Even those amongst them who care very little for "republican simplicity" and the "equality of citizens," appreciate the immense advantage which the nation enjoys from a moderate expenditure, and consequently a light taxation. Thus encouraged, the trade of a country extends in a thousand healthful directions, diffusing plenty among men, who would have been serfs in Genoa, and who in England now struggle manfully to pay, not only for the privileges, but for the abuses of government.

CHAP. XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM GENOA. — CROSS THE APENNINES. — BEGGING MOUNTAINEERS. — FIELD OF MARENGO. — ALESSANDRIA. — VIEW OF THE ALPS. — TURIN. — ITS SITUATION, STREETS, BUILDINGS, AND SOLDIERS. — STANDING ARMIES. — POLITICS OF PIEDMONT. — ROMAN CATHOLIC ESTABLISHMENT. — RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. — PEASANTRY OF SARDINIA. — LANDHOLDING. — EXPORTS. — SUSA. — PASS OF MOUNT CENIS. — THE ALPS BY MOONLIGHT. — SAVOY. — CHAMBERY. — ARRIVAL AT GENEVA. — FAMILIAR SCENES. — JUNCTION OF THE ARVE WITH THE RHONE. — GENEVA AT NIGHT.

We left Genoa for Turin in the carriage of the courier, otherwise called the malle-poste. This is the quickest and best mode of conveyance in these parts. It carries four passengers: one in the coupé, beside the courier; the other three inside. The driver rides on one of the horses, guiding the rest by means of rope-reins, and a long whip, which he cracks perpetually, as a warning to carters and an incentive to his own team. We obtained a fine view of Genoa from the extremity of the promontory bounding the bay westward. By this route the road to the capital passes as far as the light-house point, where it begins at once to ascend the romantic valley of the Polcevera, which in winter is a considerable stream. It was a beautiful after-

noon when we bid farewell to "Genoa the Magnificent." Some Sardinian ships of war were standing into the harbour; beyond them rose the dark cliffs of Cape Porto Fino; the many-coloured houses sparkled in the sun; and a faint breeze rippled the waveless Gulph. We felt unwilling to leave the famous city; but the exceeding loveliness of the drive over the hills recompensed us. A mere rill of water trickled down the stony bed of the torrent, on both sides of which were steep conical hills, covered even to their summits with the most luxuriant vegetation. The brightness of the green foliage enhanced the picturesque effect of the scenery in this glen. In the vineyards, which adorn the streamlet's banks, stand delightful villas. Even the little hamlets on the road-side, with their painted walls and gardens, seemed inviting abodes. On the top of the highest hill a pilgrimage church surveys the vicinity, and on our right appeared conspicuously the forts which command the city. As we ascended, the valley contracted considerably. Beyond Pontedecimo, the road scarcely finds room for itself. Yet a railway, to connect Turin with its seaport, is in process of construction between these heights. Huge embankments, half-finished bridges, and tunnels not yet completely bored, met our eyes on every hand. We scarcely knew whether to look to the right or the left for the line. Having reached the head-waters of the Polcevera, we ascended, by means of skilfully constructed zigzags, the hills

separating the Mediterranean slope from the valley of the Po. This ridge forms part of the Apennines. Crowds of begging children annoyed us while mounting. Even boys in charge of donkeys left their animals to run after the carriage, and supplicate charity. This odious practice, more or less, prevails in all mountainous countries, the inhabitants of which some people incorrectly describe as high-minded, generous, and spirited! In the mountains of Switzerland, the Tyrol, Styria, Italy, and Scotland, we have seen much to show the fallacy of this too generally received notion. In our opinion, these praise-worthy feelings exist, to a far greater extent, amongst refined people in London, Edinburgh, Berlin, and Brussels, than amongst primitive races, who come little into contact with the great world. Many of the virtues ascribed, for instance, to Scottish Highlanders, exist only in the pages of the novelist! One who has travelled a good deal amongst them knows, experimentally, how exorbitantly they can charge — how cleverly they can deceive—how coolly they will neglect duty, when not fearful of detection! As for their boasted hospitality, commend us to the Lowlands, when we need the exercise of that excellence. Every tourist ought to discourage this begging system on the frequented continental routes. It is merely a bad habit, in no respect excusable, and originated entirely by the meanness of the natives. It has no connection with poverty.

From the summit of the pass, and during the ascent, we had a splendid view of the valley just traversed, of the hills clothed with forests of chestnut trees, and of the clear blue sea beyond. The sun was declining as we descended into another beautiful valley, bounded also by lofty heights, but broader and more fertile than the glen of the Polcevera. Beneath us swept along a fine river, having on its banks fruitful fields and villages of considerable size, some of them situated in spots so picturesque that the reader's imagination must be allowed to paint them without our assistance. At a small place, where we changed horses, the road emerges into a still wider plain, terminated on the east by sugar-loaf hills, on the highest of which stands a church, the beacon of the neighbourhood. Darkness had just closed around us, when we entered the town of Novi. Leaving behind its narrow streets, we drove along a champagne country for several miles. The trees appeared to us so many spectres; the bushes seemed martial tents; for it was a gloomy night, the stars twinkled feebly, and we were traversing the battle-field of Marengo, where French valour carried Napoleon conqueror over piles of slain,—where Austria's battalions fought more gallantly than ever they had done before, — where Dessaix succeeded in that daring charge of cavalry which opened for his master the gates of Milan. We thought of the snowy St. Bernard, — of the march down the Val

d'Aosta, — of the avalanche which fell upon the Italian plain, and astonished Europe. Perhaps never, in the annals of warfare, did general perform a more dashing, successful manœuvre. It took the nations by surprise; they shrank instinctively from fighting the man who achieved it.

It was near midnight when we rolled along the ponderous drawbridges which guard the entrances to Alessandria, the most important fortress on the Piedmontese plain.

Awakening early next morning from our fitful slumbers, we found the malle-poste toiling over a flat country of great fertility. On both sides were crops of rye and Indian corn, varied by vineyards and rows of mulberry trees. Happening to raise our eyes above the fields, the grandeur of the horizon quite took us by surprise. From right to left, nearly extending round us, rose the mighty Alps, the icy guardians of Italy. We could see every peak in the Pennine, Graian, Cottian, and Maritime chains. Towards the east, in all its isolated sublimity, appeared Monta Rosa, stepping out as it were into the plain of Lombardy. Then came Mount Cervin and the Great St. Bernard, while before us, touching the very heavens, kingly-like, stood Mont Blanc, propped up by aiguilles and snowy domes. Next to him were the Little St. Bernard, Mount Cenis, and Mount Iseran; while far above the hills, to the southward, rose Monte Viso's pointed peak, one of the finest mountains

in that terrible range. How thrilling to awake with such a prospect before us, and above us a cloudless sky. Beneath the giant Alps were lesser hills, which in other situations might be considered high.

We changed horses at Poirino. It was market day, and peasants, displaying the riches of their farms, filled the town. In this moist climate, we know nothing of roads so dusty that streams are conducted into artificial channels parallel to them, and men employed to throw water out of them with shovels on the highways. Between Turin and Alessandria this operation goes on most systematically. Having skirted the base of low hills, and passed many beautifully situated houses, we reached the right bank of the Po, and there met a carriage and six, containing the little children of the Sardinian monarch. Soon buildings became more numerous. On the opposite of the river appeared the towers of a castle, now used as a barrack; a monastery crowned an eminence on our right, and a suspension bridge spanned the stream. Crack went the postilion's whip, away galloped the horses across a stone bridge, and over the pavements of the Piazza Victor Emmanuel, the largest square in Turin.

We thought the Sardinian capital a handsome city. It stands on a plain, separated on the south from a range of cultivated hills by the river Po. Gardens, villas, a monastery, the Queen's palace,

the mausoleum of the royal family, and extensive woods adorn these eminences. Toward the north, the Alps rise one above another, till they meet the clouds. Shaded drives and walks encompass the city, like the ring of Saturn, while the public gardens proper occupy a rising ground in the midst of the houses. Regularity of building, wide and handsome streets, distinguish Turin, and most of the houses have a patrician appearance, being lofty and uniform in height and architecture. Tiles cover every roof. We had left the flat-roofed dwellings of the south, and rows of garret windows reminded us of Brussels. Here, as in too many other continental cities, wherever we went, soldiers, soldiers, soldiers!—living evidences of man's folly. How would our good folks in Scotland stare, if Government domiciled amongst them one warrior to every ten inhabitants? Gladly would they take refuge in peace societies, or any other saviours, from such a monstrous system. If the advocates of arbitration be fanatics, by what term shall we designate the abettors of those who allow such unproductive swarms to prey on a nation's industry? The emptied treasuries of Europe, the exiled patriots of Rome, Hungary, and Poland, the common sense of mankind, the religion proclaimed by angels on the plain of Bethlehem, all those feelings which distinguish a man of education from a savage, rise up in indignant protest against the vast standing armies of Christian countries. Let the intelligence

of this nineteenth century preach against them a vigorous crusade. No man can be expected to enumerate the various military uniforms he meets in Turin, seeing that every tenth person he sees is a soldier. We were reminded of Gulliver's travels by the pigmy regiments of Sardinia.

In the centre of the principal square in the city stands one of the royal residences; near it, on the eastern side of the same open space, the palace usually inhabited by majesty. This square, the Strada Po, connects with the Piazza Victor Emmanuel, the Strada Dora Grossa with the northern gate, and another wide street with the Piazza St. Carlo, in which are two fine churches and an equestrian statue. Every house has a balcony, which striped cotton coverings protect from the sun. Many of the shops enter from arcades, or arched footpaths, which line some of the streets. Ugliness characterises the churches of this capital, especially the cathedral. We visited several of them on Sunday, but found nothing to reward our curiosity, excepting in one where a large congregation had assembled to pray for the recovery of the King. In no city have we ever seen so many deformed persons as in Turin. We counted them by dozens in every thoroughfare. The human form, both in man and woman, seemed contorted into every possible shape; in fact, the prevalence of such objects really marred our enjoyment in the chief town of Piedmont.

We shall not be much surprised, if political

movements ere long cause warfare in that country. Dissatisfaction with the terms of the Austrian treaty widely prevails, and perhaps the King, upon whom circumstances forced their acceptance, may be the first to suffer. The Italians in these matters act most unwisely. Had Charles Albert been properly supported, when on the Adige, he might have cleared Lombardy of German troops, and have so guarded it from invasion, that Marshal Radetsky, with all his military talents, would have found it no easy matter to regain his lost advantages. But the Milanese were lukewarm, factions appeared, and no town but Venice did its duty. Now that iron rule has been re-established in these plains, the inhabitants begin to murmur, not against themselves, as they ought, but against governments to whom Austria can dictate. The rulers of Piedmont have an important part to play; their policy may exercise an immense influence upon European liberties; and we hope they may be induced to act wisely, moderately, uprightly, but with firmness; so that no charges can be laid against them, when the time comes for Italy to rise in strength, and free herself from the bayonets of aliens.

Perhaps nowhere in Europe can the Roman Catholic Church boast of a more complete religious establishment than it does in the Sardinian kingdom. Indeed, until late events, Piedmont has rivalled Rome in ecclesiastical splendour, and Belgium in sectarian bigotry. Nine archbishops,

thirty-four bishops, ninety-seven chapters, nearly four thousand parish priests, three hundred monasteries, and eighty nunneries, derive their support from the inhabitants of this little kingdom,—a small proportion of whom can either read or write. The history of the Waldenses proves how effectually all classes are under Popish domination, and how unmerciful even fellow countrymen may become when excited by polemical hatred. One of the darkest pages in the history of Roman Catholicism is that which narrates the campaigns of its followers against the Vaudois Church. These wicked persecutors were Piedmontese. The fact describes in vivid language the religious state of that nation. Superstition, ignorance, and clerical dependence characterised the people guilty of such fanatical excesses. When absolutism in 1848 had in so many countries to give way before constitutional liberty, freedom of conscience was proclaimed throughout the Sardinian dominions; but, within the last few months, signs of a reaction, caused by priestly intrigue, have appeared. If the Romanists succeed in restoring spiritual tyranny, the constitution will soon become little else than a dead letter.

We have before alluded to the miserable state of the peasantry in Savoy, where the land belongs to great proprietors, and is farmed out without leases to tenants who pay their landlords one-half of the produce. The holdings are in many cases as small as those in Ireland; and the cultivation every one

remarks to be very inferior. Indeed, corn is actually imported to a very large extent, to supply the surplus wants of the Savoyards, who exercise most unwisely their power of subdividing their farms amongst their children, and thus raising up a race of semi-paupers.

The chief articles of export from Sardinia are silk and oil. The former supplies the manufactories of Lyons, Zurich, and Germany, being transported thither overland; the latter goes chiefly to England, by way of Genoa and the Mediterranean. Yet the trade in these commodities is small compared with what it might be, if the country were opened up to commercial and agricultural enterprise. Liberal institutions will tend to this, if saved from the influence of the clergy, and the intrigues of the courts, who have a selfish motive in impeding the prosperity of Piedmont. We take a deep interest in the welfare of that little state, — not so much for its own sake, as for the sake of that Italy which lies helpless and bleeding at the feet of priestcraft and bureaucracy.*

Leaving Turin by the Strada Dora Grossa, we journeyed in the malle-post, along a road perfectly straight, and continuing so for eight miles, as far as

* The elections, which are just over in Sardinia, redeem the character of the people. In 1848, four fifths of the registered voters did not record their suffrages, and a representative was elected for Genoa by half a dozen of his supporters. In 1849 the inhabitants have manifested much more interest in politics, and consequently a majority of liberal but moderate men have been returned to the Chamber.

Rivoli. Trees shaded the footpaths; well cultivated, fruitful fields stretched away beyond them. Sweeping round the base of an eminence, we entered the valley of the Dora, having rugged hills on our right. At Avigliana, a village picturesquely situated at the foot of a precipitous hill, covered with wood, and crowned by a castle, we changed horses for the second time, and then pursued our course up the valley, which gradually increased in wildness, and decreased in width. Before us rose Mount Cenis, its snowy masses seeming to bar farther progress; on our left were grassy heights, on which stood villages and châlets, with gloomy peaks and icy fields above them. Similar cliffs looked down upon the valley from the other side; — we had entered the Alpine gorges. Just after dark we stopped at Susa, a Swiss town in appearance; and immediately on leaving it began, on a zigzagging road, and drawn by six stout mules, to ascend Mount Cenis. For several hours, in the dim moonlight, we toiled up the mountain. What a multitude of forms did the trees, rocks, snow-drifts, and torrents take, with no sun clearly to reveal their outlines! There was an unearthly grandeur in that prospect, viewed

"By the pale moon-beam's misty light,"

and extending over hills and valleys; which, though altogether different from that of the Alps in the day-time, produced within us a feeling of unspeakable awe, not unmixed with superstition. Spectre-

like forms seemed to move among the brushwood; shadows of superhuman things flitted athwart the sky; voices spoke to us in the wind; and giants shook their brawny arms on the icy peaks,—

> "Creation slept. 'Twas as the general pulse
> Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
> An awful pause! prophetic of her end."

Early in the morning, before a solar ray had glistened on the mountain tops, we reached the cold summit of the pass; above which, and reflected in the waters of a dismal lake, rose the dreary peaks of Mount Cenis. How delicious the hot coffee at Landslebourg at half past three A.M.! We praised the hostess for it, as if she had bestowed it gratuitously. From this wild place we traced the river Arco to its junction with the Isère, on the frontiers of Dauphiny. Between the villages of Termignon and Maurienne, the country is pastoral; but a hilly district of great fertility, abounding in gardens, parks, and châteaux, intervenes before crossing the latter river at Montmeillan. Vines, trained in the upright fashion like those on the Rhine, walnut trees, and hawthorn hedges with delightful fragrance, lined the road. As the horses walked slowly up every rising ground, we enjoyed many a saunter and distant view of the St. Bernard Alps. On the first house of every town or village in the Sardinian states, the traveller finds written its name, the name of the province, and the name of the division within the bounds of which it

stands. This custom we like; it assists the memory, and removes difficulties. We had formerly observed it to exist in the Tyrol.

Chambery, the capital of Savoy, stands in the valley of the Isère. It is a pleasant town, with several wide streets, pretty fountains, rows of arcades, and a venerable castle. There we remained six hours, which we thankfully accepted for ablutions and dinner. Every good citizen had retired to rest, when the malle-poste rolled along its gas-lit streets towards Geneva. When Morpheus released us, which he seldom does unseasonably, we were entering Annecy, the Sheffield of the Sardinian kingdom. A few miles beyond it the road crosses the Pont de Caille,—a suspension bridge over a deep valley, which rivals the Menai in point of height and span. The government deserves credit for the construction of such a work. It is second only to the wonderful bridge thrown across the Sane at Friburga in the canton of the same name. A fertile highland, dotted with villages, succeeds. For an hour or two we drove between well-tilled fields, until, turning suddenly to the right, we beheld at a glance the clumsy Juras, the valley of the Rhone, and the lake and town of Geneva, with the mists of the morning yet hanging canopy-like over them. The descent was soon accomplished. At the frontier town of St. Julien, a team of good gray horses was yoked to the malle-poste; a moustachioed functionary examined our passport; then villas, gardens, cafés,

orchards flitted past us; we crossed the Arve, galloped up the opposite height, and drove through the Porte Neuve into the Rome of the Reformation.

Every house and shop window appeared familiar to us; the bridges, islands, busy streets, ramparts, spires, and "blue arrowy Rhone" seemed to bid us welcome. With no small pleasure we took possession of our old quarters in the Hotel des Bergues, the windows of which command a prospect of Mont Blanc. We wandered up and down the steep streets of the high town, lounged on the bridges, watched the sparkling waters hurrying from their fountain head, and visited the cafés we had seen before. In the evening our old friend "l'Aigle" steamer arrived from Villeneuve. We felt as if again at home.

Two miles from Geneva stands a villa in a chestnut grove, looking down upon such a meeting of waters as one seldom sees. The Rhone, clear and blue as sapphire, hurries rapidly along, till its current is borne in upon and driven to the right bank by the milky Arve, pouring down its floods from the glaciers of Chamouni. Instantly, however, the bright waters rally, the intruder being forced to keep his own side, and for half a mile the two streams flow harmoniously,—the blue Rhone on one side, the dirty Arve on the other. At the next bend, nevertheless, the struggle recommences; a little way below it a mere strip of sapphire colour at the margin is all that remains of the clearer

waters. On a lovely warm day we sat watching this combat, the grasshoppers chirping loudly around us, the breeze wafting towards us the perfume of flowers. We felt then

> "That Nature had shed o'er the scene
> Her purest of crystal, her brightest of green."

Did the reader ever see Geneva by moonlight, when the sky was clear, the stars twinkling, and the lamps shining brightly on the river? How beautiful! We threw up the window, musingly gazed on the snowy range which met the southern heavens, the sleeping city, the rushing Rhone, and thought of the everlasting hills, the pavements of sapphire, and the "river which makes glad the city of our God."

CHAP. XXIII.

A DILIGENCE JOURNEY. — BANKS OF LAKE LEMAN. — ASCENT OF THE JURAS. — GRANDEUR OF MONT BLANC. — VIEW OF THE ALPS AND THE CANTON DE VAUD. — THE SUMMIT. — THE FRENCH FRONTIER. — ARMAMENTS. — CUSTOM-HOUSE EXAMINATIONS. — LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ. — LONS-LE-SAULNIER. — DILIGENCE HORSES. — DIJON. — TONNERRE. — CHAUSSÉES. — PARIS. — CONCLUDING THOUGHTS. — ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT. — WAR AND PEACE. — "LET WELL ALONE." — GRADUAL REFORM. — EFFECTS OF GOVERNMENT ABROAD. — LOVE OF AMUSEMENT. — INDEPENDENCE OF MIND CHARACTERISTIC OF BRITONS. — GOVERNING OVERMUCH. — FUNCTIONARIES. — THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND. — IS THERE A REASON FOR IT?

A RESIDENCE in Geneva recalls to one's mind many memorable incidents in the history of the church; for in it dwelt men who struck fearful blows at the root of the old superstition. St. Peter's Church was the Protestant Vatican,— John Calvin's pulpit the rostrum from which early reformers proclaimed the sins of Babylon. One evening we sauntered along the banks of the Rhone to a quiet burying ground, where not a few strangers from distant lands rest in the silence of death. It was full of mourning relatives, busily engaged in watering the plants which decked their kinsmen's graves.

The sun had just risen on Mont Blanc's hoary head, when we seated ourselves in the coupé of the diligence bound for Paris. "En route," shouted the conductors; crack went the driver's whip, and away rattled the ponderous vehicle across the bridge, through the northern gate, and along the road to Lausanne. Seldom indeed have we travelled on a more lovely morning. Though yet very early, the heat was oppressive even in the shade; the grasshoppers held a jubilee; the wild flowers filled the air with perfume; and not a breath shook the acacia groves —

"Which waved and wept o'er Lac Genève."

We drove along the margin of the lake as far as Nyon, in the canton de Vaud, where they yoked five horses into the vehicle, viz. two in the wheel and three in the lead, to draw us up the Juras. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the fields, villas, and flower-gardens on the banks of Lake Leman. In such a morning they appeared little Paradises. Across the waters the sun shone brilliantly on the Savoy hills, while above them, like the portal of another planet, stood Mont Blanc. Not a cloud obscured his majesty; every aiguille could be counted in that awful range. On the left the blue cerulean seemed to give way to the Jorasses; beside it the aiguille Verte shot up into the sky. We recognised the pinnacle of Charmoz, and the more distant Col du Géant, with the monarch himself

between them and the Dome de Goutć. On a previous occasion we had seen the mountain unclouded for ten days together; but that morning it looked, perhaps on account of there being a little moisture in the atmosphere, even more sublime than before. It seemed to touch the very heavens; and an involuntary thrill passed over us whilst we gazed. Irresistibly the thought was borne in upon our mind, How mighty must He be "who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance!"

But we anticipate; for not until we had crossed vineyards, and began to ascend the zigzags by which the road mounts the Juras through a forest of young beech trees, did the range of Mont Blanc appear in all its snowy grandeur. Few prospects in Europe rival that of the Alps and the intervening scenery from these woodland heights. Below us the Canton de Vaud basked like a garden in the sun; toward the west rose the hills above Annecy, with, at their base, the valley of the Rhone, Geneva, and the banks of the Arve; eastward we could see Vevay and the lofty mountains near Montreux, while in the southward heavens stood that terrible Mont Blanc. We sauntered slowly up the hill, while the diligence ascended by a more circuitous route, and thus had time to watch these mountains from various points of view.

A cold table-land, barely sheltered by pines, crowns the Juras. In this elevated position we really felt cold, though a couple of hours previously

the solar rays had oppressed us. At Les Rousses, the frontier village of France, our baggage was examined with great strictness, and our passport exchanged for a ticket of residence. No fewer than six thousand men, we were informed, garrisoned the forts near this place. If there be anything in the opinion of those who advocate our government maintaining armaments as powerful as those of our neighbours, every petty village on the English coast should have a like number of soldiers to protect it. Our soul is really stirred within us, when we think of this miserable system, — this salarying of idle crowds for vainglorious purposes. Diligences proceed in general either at a walking pace or at full gallop. The driver who took charge of us between Les Rousses on the high table-land and the deep pastoral valley in which stands Morez seemed to prefer the latter mode; for we travelled at a rate more expeditious than agreeable. Near the last-named village, another barrier stopped our progress, and officials again attacked the vehicle, pouncing upon those packages which had not been sealed up at the frontier. At this place they detained us half an hour; and this in republican France, on every church, café, custom-house, and public office in which are displayed the meaningless words "liberté, egalité, fraternité." The French, indeed, "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

We thought the Juras would never end. For

hours and hours we traversed their limestone ranges; ascending, descending, zigzagging, crossing ravines, and winding round eminences clothed with wood. A thunder-storm overtook us in the afternoon; the sun, after the rain had ceased, seemed inclined to roast us alive in the coupé. A long, circuitous descent leads from the valley of the Ain to the pretty town of Lons-le-Saulnier, situated among beautifully cultivated vineyards. The vines here, like those on the Rhine, are trained in the upright fashion, as the tree yields better when not allowed to run too much to wood. It was nearly dark, when after dinner five gallant greys drew us at a rattling pace out of the provincial capital. The lamp shining on their shaggy manes produced a very picturesque effect. We watched the team till sleep stole over us. Stallions of a heavier make, and better fed than our English coach horses, draw the public conveyances on the Continent. As many as seven of them sometimes were attached to our vehicle by harness of the most execrable manufacture. At the collars of most of the teams tingle little bells, the noise of which gives no little annoyance to the traveller.

At two o'clock in the morning we stopped at Dole, and were transferred to a larger diligence. A corn country without fences, and shaded only by long lines of ugly poplar trees, intervenes between this little town and Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, a large city, with many spires, good shops, wide

streets, and numerous coffee-houses, in which "eau-de-vie" seems the popular beverage. The road, on leaving, skirts, for several miles, bare limestone ridges, to which succeeds an undulating country, growing chiefly fodder for cattle. The peasants were busy washing their sheep in every pond and stream. Descending into a warmer valley, where vines again appeared, we dined on dishes saturated with onion sauce, at the little country town of Montbard. At sunset we had reached Tonnerre, a curious old place in Champagne, surrounded by meadows of clover and mangel worzell. All night we drove over the plains of this rich province, and, when morning came, found, by the increased jolting of the vehicle, that we had reached one of these chaussées, so common in France, but so hateful to the traveller. Crossing the Seine at Montereau, we obtained a fine view of the valley from the heights above it, before entering those interminable woods which lead to Melun. Having left behind us the regularly laid out forest between that city and the river Marne, we began to observe signs of a capital. Villas, villages, barracks, coffee-houses, and forts appeared in rapid succession. The driver and conductor stopped to have a glass of eau-de-vie, the diligence rattled through Ivry, and halted at a barrier on the banks of the Seine, beyond which a labyrinth of houses, gardens, spires, domes, and churches announced the Gallic metropolis. Hail to the Pantheon, Notre Dame, and St. Sulpice!

After sitting fifty-six hours in a diligence, at length we drove over the pavements of the Rue St. Honoré.

A tour on the Continent, in the year 1849, suggests many thoughts concerning the past history and future legislation of England. Secure, undisturbed, and prosperous, she looks down upon the troubled arena of Europe, whilst emperors, autocrats, bishops, cabinets, soldiers, republicans, nobles, and serfs there contend unceasingly for mastery. On no spot between the Vistula and the Pyrenees can the friends of peace and order pitch their tent; all is confusion, upheaving, excitement. Confidence has been broken, commerce languishes, exchequers complain of emptiness, old grievances start into active existence, new sources of discontent appear, ancient bulwarks obtain no respect, and laws divine and human bow before either turbulence or armies. Britannia alone regards quiescently the strife of nations; a refuge city for its victims, a rocky islet in the stormy sea. This happy position of our country has not failed to attract observation, and to produce discussion abroad. Every one we met adverted to the subject; the phenomenon seeming to affect most minds with surprise. It puzzled them to assign a reason for the peaceful state of Great Britain, with all her imperfections in government, while tumults, riots, and insurrections followed the application of their most approved political systems. Why is it, they said, that your

country (with its baronial possessions, its rich clergy, its laws of entail and primogeniture, its financial extravagance, its corrupt boroughs, which elect members to Parliament, and out-vote the people's representatives, its illiterate masses, its game lists, and the poverty prevalent amongst its operatives,) prospers, and is in peace, while NO FORM OF GOVERNMENT, OR CODE OF LAWS, tranquillises the Continent? Not unfrequently these inquirers are referred to the above *abuses* for the cause of Great Britain's enviable position, by persons who vainly imagine that in them consists our national strength; but the answer by no means satisfies an enlightened mind.

Very different are the causes which have rendered discontented men, whether chartists or absolutists, powerless in England. No "let-well-alone" policy has saved her. She lifts up her head, not because defects in government have been unremedied, but because GRADUAL REFORM has been the motto of her wisest statesmen from the days of the Runnymede Barons to those of Sir Robert Peel. Had the repeal of the Test Act, the Corn Laws, the prohibitory tariff, the rotten borough system, the statutes permitting West Indian slavery, and a hundred other enactments unsuitable to the nineteenth century, not been granted, England would have suffered in 1849 many calamities now devastating and demoralising other kingdoms. For peace, contentment, and prosperity we have to bless

a liberal legislative policy. Britons know that all wise reforms may be accomplished by constitutional means, and therefore no excuse for anarchical projects remains to us. Dogged refusal to redress grievances Englishmen have been little accustomed to; consequently their interest, as well as their principles leads, them to eschew revolutions. It has been otherwise abroad. Austria, France, Prussia, Sardinia, and Rome repressed every attempt to amend their government; till barricades, massacres, and demagoguism punished their want of sagacity,—till Louis Philippe, Metternich, and the Pope fled from popular indignation,—the two former to the only country which has acted up to the wants of the age.

It makes us smile to hear men still advocate that unwise policy which has shaken central and southern Europe as the earthquake shakes the cedars of Lebanon, or the volcano the villages on its slopes. But so it is in merry England. "Away with your perpetual changes," some cautious ones are ever ready to say; "we thrive under present laws,—want no more reform bills or agrarian enactments; give us rest, discourage agitation, and let well alone." Much wiser are the words of Logan,

> "If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate,
> The hour of peril is the halcyon hour;
> The shock of parties brings her best repose."

Let "Forward" be the motto of England, let "Reform" be blazoned on her time-honoured ban-

ner, or Victoria's dynasty may yet have to seek an exile beside the descendants of the pilgrim fathers o'er the western wave.

We advocate no sweeping changes; we extol no panacea to act like Holloway's ointment on the distempered nation; no theoretical ideas of right sway our mind; we are for a country keeping pace with the progress of its people, lopping off excrescences, purifying legislative abuses, suiting privileges, electoral or otherwise, to the circumstances of the governed, and advancing, by gradual steps, towards institutions more liberal than most liberals of the present day consider desirable in any coming time. Shall we pause in this wise policy, because of popular commotions abroad? We protest against so infatuated a course, — against "finality" — even for a limited period; and we do so because the minds of Englishmen must be directed to practical measures of reform, away from the theoretical designs of continental schemers.

If the statesmen, who carried constitutional amendment against deep-rooted prejudice in 1833, wish once more to be benefactors to their country, let them cease to cry "enough," "enough," and (while resisting Chartism, with its crude conceits and disreputable supporters,) lead the nation to such reforms as financially and politically we require. Europe cries aloud for constitutional changes, and England, the home of liberty, must not stop the way.

The effect of government on the Continent has been to make sad triflers of mankind. All day long, and half the night, men seek after amusement, insensible to the improvement of the mind. They work only for their daily bread; play engrosses all their leisure time, like school-boys hailing the holy-day when it comes, and thinking, in the meantime, of its enjoyments. Some travellers bestow no slight praise on foreigners for this very characteristic; they admire government and priestcraft for thus encouraging a love for innocent amusements, —

> "Innocent! oh! if venerable Time
> Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime."

Well spoke the poet! In that motto, ye Germans, French, and Italian speculators, behold the reason of England's power! To kill time forms no part of a Briton's occupation. His political history renders a different state of mind indispensable; for the descendant of so many liberal ancestors has more pleasing employments than idling all his best hours in coffee-houses, public gardens, and theatres. The constitution of England never repressed freedom of the will; and those who fortunately have been born under that constitution look upon it as their servant, not their despotic lord. Abroad, we see no such independence of feeling, no such determination to assert ancient privileges. These continental governments all commit one grievous error. They treat man as a being whom they must watch over, as a nurserymaid does her helpless charges.

To leave him to himself unfettered, to perform his duties to society, to advance in morality and intelligence, to acquire habits of dependence upon his own exertions, his own sentiments, and his own mind, is no part of their system. To *govern* him has ever been the Alpha and Omega of their arrangements. Father State pats him complacently on the shoulder, tells him to be obedient in all things, and, as a reward, he will be taught to read, write, cipher, and say his catechism. Being a mere pupil, he must be instructed how to manage his business, express his opinions, bequeath his property, educate his children, and worship his God. More of a machine than a man, he becomes "fond of trifling toys." Every petty officer under government you meet abroad takes care prominently to display his decorations of honour. Men look up to "Monsieur le Consul," as little children in Britain look at figures of wild animals at the entrance of Wombwell's menagerie. Foreigners hang helplessly on functionaries of all sorts. They have been taught from infancy to do so, and they do it as naturally as Englishmen depend on their own exertions. The latter are less likely to brook any interference on the part of government with their personal freedom, than the former to go down on their knees before some jackanapes of an exciseman.

Travellers frequently hear violent altercations in the coffee-houses of Germany regarding the causes of Great Britain's power. Some attribute it solely

to her insular situation; others enlarge upon the advantages she derives from coal mines; a third party give the credit of it to our old nobility; a fourth maintain that we have only to thank fortunate colonial discoveries. Seldom indeed does any one suggest that none of these influences, nor all of them combined, have exalted England to that high situation she occupies among the nations of the earth.

The grand secret lies in this, that we are not governed overmuch,— that we permit no senseless restrictions on our freedom, but insist upon abundant room in which to cultivate those faculties given us by God. With liberty to think, speak, and act, we encourage religion, industry, and intellect to take root in our land, and expand healthfully there. Regardless of governments, functionaries, and state protectors, we hold out a premium to individual energy, do not, in any respect, molest the industrious, and crown with something better than plaudits the enterprising man. Our very amusements tend to benefit the body or mind. Tea-gardens, coffee-houses, smoking rooms, and theatres weary us,— we must make a profit by our very pleasures.

Take a man out of a Rhenish wine shop, and ask what he does? You will find, perhaps, that he is a bookseller, who only keeps on his shelves such volumes as Frederic William approves of. He marches out for a whole month every year with a musket to

perform field duty. He has been told not to perplex himself with theological disputes; for these, ministers of state have settled for him. His children walk out of the house every morning to the school appointed by government. Newspapers interest him little; for, unlike the periodicals of England, they contain only scientific disquisitions to which censors cannot object. He durst not travel without a passport, or do anything, in short, unseen by the functionaries who surround him. Need this well-disciplined boy (for man he is not), wonder at the greatness of England? Of our countrymen it may truthfully be said —

> "Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
> True to imagin'd right, above control;
> While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself a man."

We shall not pursue this inquiry further. Our "impressions" may be at variance with many preconceived notions. Philosophers, whose reputation awes others into concurrence, are not unlikely to associate us contemptuously with those who would drag society into revolutionary chaos; but times of testing are not far distant, and we willingly abide the issue.

THE END.

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